



I'M REALLY A SUPERSTAR

BOOK 01

Chang Yu

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

I'm Really A Superstar

(我真是大明星)

by

Chang Yu

(尝谕)

Synopsis

Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate with aspiring dreams to become a star, but unfortunately has below average looks and height. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

It's like the same world, but wait a minute...many brands, celebrities and even famous works from his world changed and are gone in this new world!

Armed with the profound literary knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming famous!

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

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First Edition: October 2016

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Chapter 0: I Want To Be A Star!

Zhang Ye felt that his life was wonderful.

Last month, he held his 32nd solo concert.

Just a few days ago, he was invited to dinner by the Secretary General of the United Nations.

Yesterday, he was invited to be the male lead for the Hollywood, 3D science fiction blockbuster, “Railway Guerillas”.

As an excellent artist, Zhang Ye had mixed feelings. Did he have any regrets in life? No, his life was perfect. If he was to mention a flaw in his life, uh, it would probably be his bad habit of bragging that he had never managed to get rid of.

Whatever mentioned previously was just nonsense.

Zhang Ye was, in fact, just a fresh graduate. He was an extremely ordinary person in this world. His dream was to become a celebrity. Be it a host, a singer, or an author, he just wanted to become famous. His aim was pretty high. Not only did he want to be a star, he also wanted to become the world’s top superstar. This was his life goal. He had never given up on that thought. Tomorrow, he had an interview at a radio station. He still lacked confidence, unsure if he would succeed at it or not.

Maybe it was because he slept late last night, but tonight he had a

dream where a few lines of words flashed across his mind.

[Installing Game...]

[Authenticating Gamer...]

[Game is installed. You are the game's only player. This is a game that will help the gamer realize his dreams. Have checked the gamer's dreams and goals. Game setting completed. Game line ending completed—help gamer to become the greatest superstar in the world.]

[Game Difficulty: Maximum.]

[Please wait. Randomly choosing new player incentive package.]

[Received reward 'Randomly changing existing world background.']

[Counting down, 5...4...3...2...1..... Game Begins!]

Chapter 1: The World After Being Altered!

Beijing.

The morning of the second day.

At home, Zhang Ye, who had just woken up, was still wondering about the dream from last night. As he yawned, he switched on the television, so that he could watch the news. Suddenly, he realized that there was an additional silver ring on his left pinky. It was clearly not something that belonged to him. He tried as hard as he could to take it off, but it was to no avail. Not only that, but when he rubbed the surface of the ring, a touchable virtual screen suddenly appeared. It was written in the same font as the messages in his dream. It said, “Game Ring initialized. New player incentive package, ‘Randomly changing existing world background’ is in preparation for augmentation.”

Counting down...

Three seconds...

Two seconds...

One second...

Incentive package augmentation initialization!

Following that, Zhang Ye saw an alarming scene.

The HTC phone that he had thrown on the bed began twisting and strangely changed shape. Even the brand changed and ‘TCC’ was engraved on it instead. One of the two pirated Xu Zhimo’s poem collection placed by the window sill suddenly disappeared, while the other became Chen Tianmo’s poem collection.

He could not notice all the changes, as many things within his house were undergoing changes!

What alarmed Zhang Ye the most were the changes on the television. The Changhong-branded television turned into a Feitian brand, which he had never heard of. And the main thing was the content being broadcast on the television!

“Mango TV’s new variety show, ‘Glittering Radiance’ breaks 1% viewership.”

“Wu Bang’s latest movie, ‘White Maiden’ breaks 500 million in the box office.”

“Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi’s new song failed once again. She will focus on the film industry from now on.”

“Yesterday, the work of world-famous artist Dake, “Blue Sky”, was auctioned off in America.”

“Many people in the entertainment circle dedicated songs to the

most influential Heavenly King of film of the 20th century, Chen Weishi's, 10th anniversary memorial concert. Heavenly King Sun Yu teared up on the spot while singing."

Zhang Ye looked at all of this for ten minutes in a state of shock. He still did not understand what had just happened. How did the television and cellphone change brands?

Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi?

When was there a Heavenly Queen named Zhang Yuanqi?

And the 10th anniversary memorial concert?

Where did this Chen Weishi come out from?

How could he not have heard of him? Zhang Yuanqi?

Could it be that [Zhang Ziyi](#) had changed her stage name?

Was 'Chen Weishi' [Eason Chen](#)'s new name?

That can't be right. Eason Chen is still alive!

What sort of movie was "White Maiden"?

Was it a film [Bai Yansong](#) f***ing starred in?

When the f*** did he start filming movies?

Zhang Ye rushed off the bed, in a panic to open the curtains. He saw everything outside changing. The two old trees by the road had disappeared. Replacing them was a flower bed. A high-rise building far in the distance had turned into a shorter building, with only six floors left. And not only had a few buildings that were originally gray in color subtly changed position, even the color of the stairs had changed to a brownish-white!

Ding!

Incentives augmentation has been completed!

Note: The real world's background has been changed into a theoretical balance.

Zhang Ye's face went pale. He picked up that unknown brand phone and examined it. The date and time were right. Today was the day two months after he had graduated from college. After flipping through a few pages of his contacts, he purposely called a few people. His close friends were still the same, but how could the changes in the surroundings be explained? Also, what was this game ring on his hand? Had the game ring really altered reality?

Zhang Ye could not believe it, as he switched on his computer to check the Internet. The more he browsed, the more frightened he became.

It had changed!

Everything had changed!

There was no one in the show hosting industry named “[He Jiong](#)” or “[Xie Na](#)”.

The music industry no longer had people like Eason Chen or [Jacky Cheung](#).

The film industry no longer had people like [Feng Xiaogang](#), [Sun Honglei](#), etc.

In China and in foreign countries, people like [Qi Baishi](#) or Pablo Picasso no longer existed in the world of calligraphy or painting.

The divine song, “[Perturbed](#)”?

[Mo Yan](#)’s novels?

Beethoven’s piano pieces?

The movie, “Transformers”?

The variety show, “[The Voice of China](#)”?

The famous painting, “Mona Lisa”?

They were all gone!

Seeing all of these things being randomly changed by the unknown game, he wondered if these were the game rewards he had obtained as the sole player. However, how did reality become a game?

And what sort of game was this?

“Contra”, or “Super Mario”?

Should he use his head to smash at a wall, causing a small magical mushroom to burst out, which could make him bigger?

Of course, there were things that did not change. Some important historical figures, world patterns and social environments had not changed. The [Master Kong](#) instant noodles on the table were still the same. LV was still a world-famous brand. A lot of things had not been modified. Was this the so-called “randomness”?

Something supernatural had happened!

What the heck had happened?

At this moment, thumps were heard. Someone outside was

knocking on his door. The knocks were quite loud and were definitely done by hammering the door with a lot of strength!

Zhang Ye guessed who it was and pretended not to hear it.

After the person knocked a few more times, the clinking of keys could be heard and the door was suddenly opened!

Zhang Ye looked at the person who came in. He was thinking that even though the world had changed, the landlady was still the same landlady.

A woman in her thirties walked over. She looked very beautiful. Sometimes, the two words “very beautiful” were very hard to use in describing her. For example, she had clearly just washed her hair. Her head was still wrapped in a white towel, but her beauty, which could overthrow states and cities, could not be concealed. Her figure was exceptionally good. Her skin’s elasticity was clearly revealed and it appeared very sharp.

However, one could only understand this beautiful woman’s mean side through being in close contact with her for a few days. She could be as venomous with her words as you wanted. If not, how could she still be unmarried at this age? Just that mouth of hers made many unable to tolerate her!

Seeing that Zhang Ye was at home, Rao Aimin cleared her throat and laughed without a smile, “Kid, are you trying to play hide and seek with me? Why did you not respond when I was knocking all day? Are you playing dead?”

Zhang Ye turned slightly awkward, “Landlady, you came?”

Rao Aimin conveniently sat down in the living room. With a smashing sound, she slammed a calculator onto the table. Zhang Ye had seen her calculator numerous times in the past. Previously, it was a Casio brand, but now it had changed into a new brand that he had never heard of before. It started with a “K”. It even looked like the calculator businesses had been altered. “Why don’t you tell me what I’m here for? I’m here to collect rent!” Her fingers hammered on the calculator in a very well-versed fashion. “You haven’t handed over this month’s rent. Adding up last month’s utilities, I have already calculated them for you. The total becomes 2,582. I have already reminded you several times. Not one cent less is allowed! I tell you, Little Zhang.. I allowed you to pay rent monthly, only because you were from Beijing. Go ask around; which place would not first require you to put up a three-month rental deposit? How much special treatment have I given you?”

Zhang Ye smiled wryly, “Please give me another few more days. I really don’t have any money on hand right now. Once I find a job, I’ll give it to you.”

Rao Aimin elegantly swept her fingers, “If you don’t have any money, get lost now!”

Zhang Ye pleaded, “You know my situation. The rent I previously gave you was all money from my elders. I only have that much money. If you were to chase me away, I can only return to stay with my parents. I had already told them I would move out and be independent once I graduated. How can I just go back with my face

still intact? Auntie, look at our floor. The entire row's commercial and residential apartments are all yours. Your wealth doesn't lack just this bit of money. About this, I have an interview at the Beijing Broadcasting Television Station this afternoon. If I really become a host, I will make up for the rent once I get my salary."

Rao Aimin glanced at him and, with contempt, said, "You? Become a host? Cut it out. With your looks and height, who would pay attention to you in a crowd of people? You only dream all day of becoming a star. You think it's that easy to become a celebrity? If you can become a host, then this old aunt will dare to appear in the Spring Festival Ceremony tomorrow!"

Zhang Ye said, "Anyways, just give me a few more days. I..."

Rao Aimin ignored it, "No way!"

Zhang Ye said, "Don't you see that I haven't even eaten breakfast at all for the past few days? I really don't have enough money."

"What do I have to do with you not eating? Eh?" Rao Aimin said with an inhumane expression.

After fussing for a long time, he managed to get the landlady to leave. After about ten minutes, Rao Aimin, who was in pajamas, came back. She did not knock on the door and immediately used her key to open the door.

Zhang Ye thought Big Sister Rao was here to reclaim her money,

so he carefully said, “Landlady auntie, you...”

Rao Aimin threw a breakfast set onto the table and coldly grunted, “I couldn’t eat it alone. Kid, you lucked out. Let me tell you. Even though jobs are not easy to get these days, you are still a graduate from the Media College; how can you not get a job to make ends meet? Stop clinging to a single tree ‘til you hang yourself on it!”

Zhang Ye was surprised and quickly said, “Thank you. I got it.”

Rao Aimin, with her cold, beautiful face, left by slamming the door.

Zhang Ye felt his heart go warm. Looking at the breakfast on the table, it was still hot. Clearly, it was not leftovers from this older sister Rao. It was definitely something that she had especially went down to buy after she heard Zhang Ye say that he had not eaten breakfast for a few days. Zhang Ye knew older that sister Rao was someone who was warm on the inside, but cold on the outside. She may have a venomous tongue, but she still cared about him. Actually, he also understood what older sister Rao meant. However, Zhang Ye had always had dreams of making it big since he was young. He wanted to stand on a stage, facing the public. As such, he had never considered doing jobs that involved being behind the scenes.

Zhang Ye went out by taking the elevator downstairs.

On the street, Zhang Ye looked all around. He realized that the

road was familiar, yet strange. The billboard commercials were all of celebrities that he did not know. Some business shops were playing the hottest popular music that Zhang Ye had never heard before. As he walked through this familiar, yet strange, street, he found it hard to adapt. He felt like he did not match with this altered world. Many things had changed. Or, it could be said that this was no longer the world from Zhang Ye's past.

It was August. The air was still hot and disturbing.

It was not scientific!

Really unscientific!

Zhang Ye was, after all, a graduate from a prestigious university. Of course, he could not easily accept this reality. What day and age was this? It was no longer an ancient society where superstitions, such as demons and ghosts, existed. Being superstitious only brought harm. This was something even elementary school kids knew. Everything boiled down to science. One had to firmly believe in the power of science. As such, Zhang Ye's eyes turned solemn. He pulled out a one-Yuan coin from his pocket respectfully and he threw it up in the air earnestly. "If it's heads, then this explains that this world's background has really been changed by the game. If it's tails, then it says that everything is fake."

Ding Ling Ling.

The coin landed on the ground. Heads!

Zhang Ye's vision went black. It wasn't fake. Everything was real!

Chapter 2: I Can Save?

Afternoon.

It was August. The air was still hot and disturbing.

That's not right. This description of the environment had already been written.

It was August. The air was still... disturbingly hot. Right, that hasn't been used yet.

This world's Beijing Radio Station had merged with the Beijing Television Station a few years ago. Although they had merged, their offices were separate. Under the radio broadcasting building, Zhang Ye adjusted his western suit. He looked like a dog... a respectful person, before walking in. All the official employees had already started work early in the day. Now, a large portion of the people who entered were interview candidates, like Zhang Ye.

There was still some time; let's examine the ring.

Zhang Ye lowered his head as he fiddled with the mysterious game ring on his left hand. The eye-catching screen could only be seen by him. The people surrounding him did not notice the screen. Zhang Ye felt a chill run down his back. It was too sinister. Could something have gone wrong with his brain? So as to result in such serious illusions? There was a second when he had thought that he would have to eat the brain supplement, Brain White Gold, for life.

The virtual screen had a few options.

[Reputation]: 199,983.

[Items]: None.

[Merchant Shop]: Not unlocked.

[Lottery]: Obtain a treasure chest prize.

(Note: The increment of Reputation is related to the player's fame, exposure, achievement, trust, reputation and other related factors. The items in the Merchant Shop and Lottery can be bought using Reputation points. Reputation is total Reputation gained since the player's birth until today.)

190,000+ Reputation points?

Zhang Ye wondered for a while. He had obtained a few awards when he was in elementary school for writing composition. He also did alright in his studies during middle and high school. He was frequently praised by his teachers. Right, he even had the experience of going on TV. He and his dormitory mates in college were interviewed by a CCTV reporter on the streets in Xidan. Before the reporter could hand over a microphone to him, Zhang Ye had answered immediately, "I'm very happy." Back then, the CCTV reporter was rendered speechless and said, "We aren't asking that, we are asking if you feel..." And before he finished

speaking, Zhang Ye, who seemed to be deep in thought, suddenly said loudly, “Socialism is good.” Well, it was unknown if it had been broadcast, in the end.

Were all these Reputation points obtained from that? To earn 190,000+ Reputation over 23 years? It seemed pretty good? However, Zhang Ye quickly did not think so anymore. When he opened the virtual screen’s options to see what he could buy with his Reputation points, he was rendered speechless for a long time.

The Merchant Shop had not been unlocked, so he could only click on the Lottery choice.

[Lottery]: Requires 100,000 Reputation points. Upon purchasing, the game will randomly choose a treasure chest.

Heavens. After all that he had done in his life, he had gathered enough Reputation points just to draw once in the Lottery? Just short of drawing twice? With the mindset of trying his luck with the Lottery, he touched the screen with his hand. It had a solid feeling. After confirming his selection on the prompted display, 100,000 points were spent and his Reputation immediately became 99,983. The Lottery interface flashed and a virtual wheel appeared. There was a needle and a button. On the wheel were the words, “Consumption Category”, “Stats Category”, “Skills Category” and “Special Category”. Each category had a respective color and its own region. The four regions were different in size. The Consumption Category took up a large portion of the wheel – nearly half of it. Next up were the Stats and Skills Categories. Together, they took up nearly the other half of the wheel. The smallest region was the Special Category. It only took up a tiny

region and was nearly invisible.

A game screen introduction appeared!

Category Explanation:

[Consumption Category]: One-time use disposable consumable item.

[Stats Category]: Permanently increasing a stat.

[Skills Category]: Skill's experience item.

[Special Category]: Adds the purchasing privilege of buying a certain Merchant item.

Note: The treasure chest from the item category where the pointer stably stops will be the item that will be obtained.

Zhang Ye was confused. He could only try by pressing the button to begin the lottery. Ba Da! The Lottery began. The needle on the wheel kept moving as the wheel rotated clockwise extremely fast. After a few seconds, the needle slowed down and finally landed on the biggest area on the wheel, the Consumption Category.

The Lottery was completed!

A tiny golden treasure chest appeared. The prize was

automatically stored in his inventory. And within his inventory appeared an icon of a “small golden treasure chest”! How do you use it? Zhang Ye tried stretching his hand into the inventory. His hand actually entered as if there was a space within it. As he touched the floating Treasure Chest (Small), he grabbed it and opened the treasure chest that no one else could see, while still on the street. With a flash of golden light, the treasure chest opened!

It was a tiny crystal!

Displayed Item: [Save].

Item Description: One-time use disposable consumable item. Saves a record. This save file can only be stored for half an hour.

Save? This was extremely familiar to Zhang Ye. Anyone who had played games knew that saves were used just before closing the game, or to redo a certain event later on. It could only be stored for 30 minutes? Did that mean that it could not be used 30 minutes after it had been used? The save would be invalidated? As for the Lottery and the treasure chests, they were not foreign to him. Many games had a Lottery. Treasure chests of different grades resulted in different grades of items. The probability was also different. Zhang Ye took the Save crystal out. The golden treasure chest immediately disappeared into points of light. Zhang Ye tinkered around with it. Pa! Accidentally, he had crushed the crystal.

Saving...

Saving completed!

At that moment, time seemed to stop for a second. Everything stood still!

When everything was restored, the ring's interface had one more option. "Load Save" was displayed.

The record was saved just like this? Zhang Ye touched his nose, still confused. Newbie incentive? Background change? Treasure chest Lottery? Items? Save? Was he really playing a game?

"The interview is at 10 A.M. Let's hurry."

"Brother Sun, what's the hurry? You will definitely be accepted."

"That's not necessarily true. They will only be hiring two people for the radio host position. I heard that there were more than 20 people that applied for the written interview. The competition is fierce."

"Indeed. The position for hosts are the most popular. Old Zhou and I have comparatively less pressure. I applied to be an editor, while Old Zhou applied to be an operator. There is less competition, since fewer people applied for it."

Some people said this as they walked in.

Zhang Ye looked at the time. He ignored researching the game ring and hurried upstairs. The interview today was too important for him. He had thought through his development path properly. With his qualities and image, should he be a television host? A singer? A movie star? He did not even qualify to be a villain in a movie. He wasn't outstanding and would never become popular. Thinking it through, it was best that he start off as a radio host. The requirement of having good looks were lower by a tiny bit. The listeners would only have contact with his voice, so it was the best position for him to begin in. It was also the springboard for his future development. He could not fail at this!

Second floor.

Radio host interview venue.

There were over 20 people in the corridor. Everyone was a competing against each other, so the atmosphere was peppered with silence.

Zhang Ye glanced around and suddenly felt a chill.

All of the 20+ people were handsome and beautiful... except him.

All of the 20+ people were aged between 25 and 30 and had experience... except him.

Zhang Ye's only advantage was that he was trained specially for the job. He was a graduate from the Media College's broadcasting

department. Besides that, he didn't have a single advantage. After graduation, Zhang Ye had also interviewed at a few broadcasting media companies, but he was eliminated at the interview phase. Zhang Ye knew that it was because he lacked the looks and experience.

“Sun Hongwei.”

“Here.”

“Come on in.”

The first person was brought into the room. The interview was over in five minutes. When the next person was called inside, the people beside him quickly asked about the interview. However, after a few times, no one asked anymore. This was because everyone's interview was different. Some were asked to interact on the spot with a difficult audience. Some were asked to debate on a topic. These differences were here to understand the candidate's overall quality.

“Fifth person, Zhang Ye.” a female assistant called out with a list in her hand.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and stood up. He would be lying if he said he wasn't nervous.

Within the room were eight interviewers. There were both men and women and they looked serious.

Seeing Zhang Ye, at least two of them frowned. It was unknown what they found unsatisfactory.

Zhang Ye gently bowed. He handed over the required recordings of his information and speech to the interviewer before returning to his seat. He began introducing himself, “Dear Teachers [\[1\]](#), how are you? My name is Zhang Ye. I’m 23 years old this year and I graduated from the Media College’s broadcasting major. I...”

A middle-aged man impolitely interrupted, “We have your resume, so you don’t have to repeat it.” He looked down at the information in his hands, “Oh, your written test results barely made the cut.”

The middle-aged woman beside him exchanged looks with him and took out a manuscript. She laid it on the table and said coldly, “There are only two questions for the interview. The first is for you to use your fastest speed to finish reading the manuscript and then read it off script.”

Off script?

It was that simple?

Zhang Ye was overjoyed. Although going off script was not his best trait, it was not too difficult for him. He had undergone systematic training on this, back in college. It was considered part of the basics. As such, he walked up and picked up the manuscript

and looked at it. There were about a thousand words. It was very long. But just as Zhang Ye was feeling confident that he could memorize all these words, the middle-aged woman stretched out her hands and took the manuscript from Zhang Ye's hands after ten seconds.

“Oh? I haven't finished reading it.” Zhang Ye said in surprise.

“That's it. Read it.” The middle-aged woman said indifferently.

The other interviewers did not have any reaction. It appeared very normal.

However, Zhang Ye was in a daze, “Teacher, it was just ten seconds and there were a thousand words...”

The middle-aged man said unhappily, “If you need a day's time to memorize it, then I can just grab anyone on the street to do it. Why would we need an interview? Since we asked you to recite it, recite it! Why are you saying so much nonsense!?”

Zhang Ye was a bit angry, “But...”

“Say as much off script as you can.” The middle-aged woman said impatiently, “Hurry up! There are still more than ten people after you!”

Zhang Ye swallowed his anger and began reciting, “A notary organization, which ensures judicial activities and the stability of

social order in our country, is a special lawful cause. Notarization is a notary organization that depends on natural persons, lawful persons, or...or..." After ten seconds, that was all that he had read.

A few of the interviewers scribbled something on their books.

Following that, the middle-aged man waved his hand, "That's it. There's no need to ask the second question. Next."

Zhang Ye knew that he had failed at his interview once again. He was disgruntled. Weren't these people being too unreasonable? You didn't even tell me how much time I had and asked me to go off script. In the end, you wanted me to begin just after ten seconds? Not to mention reciting it, I want to see you try reading a thousand words in ten seconds! If you can really finish it from beginning to end, then I'll eat the [Chang'e 3](#)! Eh, forget it. The country would not let me eat that.

At the last moment before he walked out of the interview room, he heard the faint voice of an interviewer behind him, "In the future, people with such looks do not need to go through the interview. It's a waste of our time!"

Zhang Ye heard this. Only then did he realize that the moment he entered, he had been given a death sentence. They had purposely given him an interview question that no one could answer, even under the threat of death!

Maddening!

I'm wasting your time?

You didn't even give me a chance to answer! I don't believe it!

Zhang Ye, who was in the corridor, felt like his heart had been wrenched out. He recalled the save record. The time that had passed since he had saved was still under 30 minutes and it was still within the save record's effective time range. He decided to use it as a last resort as he opened up the ring's game interface. Looking at the "Load Save" option, he gritted his teeth as he pressed down on it. He did not know if it would work!

Reading Save...

Reading completed!

[1] He's using a formal mode of address here, kind of like "Sir" or "Mr." in English. In Chinese, they use a more ambiguous word of respect that is also used to address teachers and there will be a play on words in the future, so the literal translation is used here.

Chapter 3: Dumbfounded Interviewers!

His eyes went into a blur!

The surroundings changed!

The sky was blue and the ground was gray!

The first feeling that Zhang Ye had was that of the change in temperature around him. It was August. The air was still hot and disturbing. Eh, why does Zhang Ye like to use this to describe his environment?

It isn't that his vocabulary is lacking, nor is it because he is lacking in literary knowledge, resulting in him knowing only those few descriptive phrases. It really isn't. Seriously, it really isn't. It's because...because...nevermind. You will never understand, no matter how much I explain our artists' world!

“The interview is at 10 A.M. Let's hurry.”

“Brother Sun, what's the hurry? You will definitely be accepted.”

“That's not necessarily true. They will only be hiring two people for the radio host position. I heard that there were more than 20 people that applied for the written interview. The competition is fierce.”

As the changes caught him off-guard, Zhang Ye did not catch his footing and stumbled to the ground. As he helped himself up, he looked around. This was no longer the corridor from before. He was now standing in front of the radio broadcasting station's entrance again. This was where he had previously saved. Even the dialogue of the candidates that had been heard after saving was exactly the same. Looking at the time on his cell phone, he had really returned to a time that was half an hour ago!

God! This...

Let's not think too much. There are important matters to do!

Zhang Ye thought through it once and came around. Now was not the time to research on what had happened. He absolutely needed to get the job of being a host. Saving had given him a chance to redo it again. Even if he didn't understand what had happened, he still had to take advantage of the opportunity. He didn't go up the building. Instead, he searched the internet on his cellphone. As he remembered the first line of the interview, it was very easy to find it. Zhang Ye quickly found the article. It was a research thesis of some unknown student in a university in the South. He guessed that the interviewers had randomly found it on the internet. He only had about 25 minutes or so left. Without saying another word, he immediately started memorizing and reciting it! The 1000-word manuscript was very long. Thankfully, it wasn't some ancient text or classic. As the entire thesis wasn't full of abstruse words, and with every word related to the next and being in accordance with common sense and general knowledge, it wasn't that difficult to memorize it. Besides, Zhang Ye had some knowledge of the law, so he knew some of those words.

He needed to memorize it. Success or failure rested on this!

.....

In the broadcasting building, at the interview venue.

A female assistant opened the door and looked at her list, “Zhang Ye.” After calling once, with no one responding, she repeated, “Is Zhang Ye here? It’s your turn!”

At the end of the corridor, Zhang Ye briskly walked over with his mouth seemingly chanting, “I’m here. I’m here!”

The female assistant looked at him with suspicion. Having seen hundreds of interviewees this year, this was the first time that she had seen someone chanting. Were monks and priests prepared to join the workforce?

In the room.

During the idle time between interviews, the eight people were drinking tea and exchanging their views.

A 40+-year-old Li Honglian said disappointedly, “This batch of interviewees is too average.”

An older Zhao Guozhou also said, “Yeah. It’s much worse than the interviews from half a year ago. What use is having a good

written score? They lack in ability!”

A youth behind him said, “Leaders, there are still quite a few people still to be interviewed. There should be someone good.”

“Hopefully. But I think it’s hopeless.” Zhao Guozhou smacked his lips, “Previously, that Little Xu [\[1\]](#) was alright. If there’s no other choice, our channel will want him.”

Li Honglian leered, “I think Little Xu isn’t bad, too.”

Now, the door was opened after a knock. The next interviewee, Zhang Ye, entered.

The people stopped their idle chatter and glanced at him, sizing him up.

“Dear teachers, how are you?” Knowing that they would interrupt his self-introduction, Zhang Ye simply changed his introduction and felt free. To put it bluntly, he was still disgruntled and angry. This fellow’s temper was usually bad. If people gave him an inch of respect, he would return a foot of respect. “My real name is Zhang Ye.”

Zhao Guozhou burst into laughter, “You still have a stage name?”

Zhang Ye simply replied, “I have two stage names, one is “Zhang Tenglan” [\[2\]](#) and the other is “Zhang Jingkong” [\[3\]](#).”

This world no longer had these two “great people”. The interviewers did not understand that they had been unknowingly ridiculed by Zhang Ye.

Li Honglian was ignoring Zhang Ye, as she had her head lowered to read his resume.

The result was the same. The same scene and the same expressions. This time, Zhang Ye could sensitively detect two interviewers slightly frowning. This was their dissatisfaction with Zhang Ye’s appearance. It was weird. Even in an industry where the audience could not see the face of the broadcaster, the broadcasting host was still expected to have good looks. What did it mean to be good? It meant that one needed to look better than the vast majority of people. It had always been like this for broadcasting hosts.

Zhao Guozhou and Li Honglian, who was sitting beside Zhao Guozhou, sat in the middle and were the main judges. As the two radio hosts that would be hired were to be directly under their supervision respectively, they were very serious with their selection. No one wanted trouble for themselves, so when they saw Zhang Ye with his average looks, they had already crossed him out mentally. Furthermore, Zhang Ye had zero working experience listed on his resume. He still needed some training before he could take over the job, so they did not even consider him for the position. It was not bad being in a specialized major, but there were many that graduated from the broadcasting specialization major. And how many of them had become a host? Only a handful of people who were extremely outstanding had managed to do so.

Zhao Guozhou and Li Honglian exchanged glances and understood the thoughts of each other. This person was definitely not suitable. They would randomly give him a question and shoo him away – to prevent wasting time!

Li Honglian took out a manuscript in the same posture as before and glanced at Zhang Ye, “There are only two questions for the interview. The first is for you to use your fastest speed to finish reading the manuscript and then read it off script.”

Zhang Ye, who came back from a save record, knew their attitude and wish to make it difficult for him, so he stood up and took it without any expression.

As expected, in just ten seconds, Li Honglian had meanly taken away the manuscript. “That’s it. Read it.”

The other interviewers also knew in their hearts. Ten seconds? Even if it was an experienced person who had decades in the industry, that person would not be able to memorize more than a hundred words in ten seconds, let alone a mere graduate. Eh, it should be said that ten seconds was only enough for them to read 200 words. And even so, they would only get about 40-50% of those 200 words right while reciting. And why would that not even pass? That’s because this manuscript had more than 900 words. It was only about a fifth! If one could memorize and recite 300 words in ten seconds, only then was that a perfect score. But everyone knew it was impossible.

They were purposely making it difficult for Zhang Ye and it was to the point where they were just disguising their intentions of telling Zhang Ye that he lacked the qualities and abilities. But what made them feel strange was that Zhang Ye did not have any questioning reaction with the ten seconds of memorizing time. He remained extremely calm and returned slowly to his seat.

Li Honglian fell into a daze as she tried to find anger and surprise on Zhang Ye's face, but she could not find anything.

The other interviewers found it bizarre, too. Was this kid really stupid, really stupid, or really stupid? We'd made it difficult for him, yet he did not have a single reaction? It seemed like they had done right. This silly kid would be useless, even if he was recruited. He was so stupid and not sharp-minded. He would not amount to much.

Zhao Guozhou urged, "Begin! Hurry up! There are many people behind you, who are waiting!"

Li Honglian and the other interviewers immediately gave Zhang Ye a score on his interview results. They did not bother listening before scoring. One wrote 20 points, while another wrote 15 points. They were all very low scores. Following that, they flipped to the next interviewee's resume.

Zhang Ye was not in a hurry, even with their urging. He looked at them calmly and recited in a rhythmic fashion, "A notary organization, which ensures judicial activities and the stability of social order in our country, is a special lawful cause. Notarization is done by a notary organization that depends on natural persons,

lawful persons or the other applications of other groups. Under the legal procedures set up by the courts, matters that deal with the law or documents that are needed to certify the activity require the procedures of a notary activity to be done in accordance with the law...”

When Zhang Ye went off script for a hundred words, Zhao Guozhou raised his head.

When he went off script for 200 words, Li Honglian gasped and looked at him with surprise.

When he went off script for 300 words, all the interviewers placed the things in their hands down and looked at Zhang Ye in surprise!

Zhang Ye was not affected by anyone and kept going on. “Because if the relevant parties provide false materials or fail to go through notarized procedures to obtain legal certifications, then there is a negative effect on the reputation of the publicly recognized bodies. Hence, faith is the most basic requirement in the notary industry...”

In Zhao Guozhou and Li Honglian’s eyes, anyone who could memorize 300 words was a miracle and was something impossible, but Zhang Ye was still reciting!

“This...”

300 words!

500 words!

800 words!

The interviewers' faces turned aghast!

When the last paragraph was recited, Zhang Ye remained at his constant pace, "As an embodiment of integrity, a system that builds on the society's trust, a notary allows people to accept and adopt means to acquire trust." With a pause, he cleared his throat, "Thank you, Teachers. I've finished reciting!"

A female interviewer's pen dropped from her hand. "Lu Lu", it rolled down to the floor!

Zhao Guozhou was in shock and turned his head sideways, "Old Li [\[4\]](#)? This... Was it memorized correctly?"

Li Honglian looked at the manuscript in her hand and gasped, "... 920 words, recited verbatim!"

The leftmost interviewer nearly fell from his chair as he said in surprise, "How did you do it? Ten seconds? You memorized it all?"

Zhang Ye smiled, “I read things a bit faster than others and have a relatively good memory. A glance would be sufficient.”

Ten seconds was just enough to sweep through over 900 words. This wasn't just fast, this was f***ing too fast! The person even wanted to ask if Zhang Ye had previously memorized the thesis, but he knew it was impossible. This thesis was unknown and was randomly found on the internet. Besides, there was no way it could have been disclosed beforehand. Li Honglian also randomly grabbed a topic, so how could that person know in advance!?

F***! Are you even human?

Zhang Ye's act had shocked them all!

A few interviewers were greatly surprised, as if they had seen a ghost!

[1] Little surname will be seen very commonly in this translation of the novel. It is usually used when an older person addresses a younger person, it is also shows a bit more endearment.

[2] Old surname is used in a similar fashion, when a younger person addresses an older person with endearment.

[3] Zhang Tenglan is a play on a Japanese pornstar's name, Wu Tenglan/Ran Asakawa.

[\[4\]](#) Zhang Jingkong is a play on a Japanese pornstar's name, Cang Jingkong/Aoi Sora.

Chapter 4: A “The Song Of The Stormy Petrel” To Shock The Masses!

In the room.

Complete silence.

In fact, they had not even prepared the second question. They planned to brush Zhang Ye off with the first, but now under these circumstances, the eight interviewers looked at each other without knowing how to give a score. According to the on-the-spot performance, giving this young man a hundred points was necessary. No, it wasn't too much to give him 200 points!

He had read it in ten seconds? Recited more than 900 words off script?

What sort of godly person could do this?

Previously, the interviewers thought Zhang Ye was an idiot for not having any expression. However, apparently it was because he was extremely confident. He had never found the thousand words a problem. Correspondingly, it was them, the interviewers, who were idiots!

However, if they were to give Zhang Ye a perfect score, then it was equivalent to hiring him. This young man's written test results may have passed, but it was not outstanding amongst the more than 20 people. The differences between the candidates

weren't huge, so the interview was the best way to differentiate them. 80 points was a very high score, so giving a perfect score meant that he would definitely be ranked in the top two amongst the more than 20 people. Unfortunately, Zhang Ye's qualifications were not acceptable to them. His looks were too average and even a radio host who usually does not need to show his face would still need to show his face occasionally. For example, there would be activities or public appearances. If his looks did not make the cut, it would affect the listeners after they saw him. Hence, good looks and a tall height were essential.

Li Honglian was in a dilemma, "Old Zhao?"

Zhao Guozhou sighed and said earnestly to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, we can tell from this interview that you are a rare talent. Furthermore, you are a specialized course graduate. We should greatly welcome you; that is indeed the case. However, you.. chose the wrong profession. I do not need to talk about your looks. I guess your college's teachers have given you advice on that matter. The radio profession is like that. How about this? I'll give you a backdoor and we don't need to have the second interview question. There are many positions in our radio station. As long as it's a behind-the-scenes position and not a host position, you can choose any of them. I will pass you immediately. Bring your things tomorrow and report for work. If you want to go down the road of being a host, then it is really not easy. Think through my words."

Without a second thought, Zhang Ye said, "Teacher, thank you for your kindness. I know my qualifications make my path arduous. However, I only want to apply to be a broadcasting host." This was his insistence on his dreams. If he were willing to switch to another job, Zhang Ye would have done so long ago. He would

not have remained jobless to this day.

Zhao Guozhou waved his hand. This kid sure didn't listen to advice.

Li Honglian also smacked her lips, "Are you sure? Let me give you a warning. The second interview question is not easier than the first. It's almost impossible for you to pass. Young lad, it's not that we are purposely making it difficult for you. Interviews are like that. We give a question of appropriate difficulty according to the candidate's qualifications. Your qualifications really can't pass the threshold needed for a broadcasting host. That's why our questions are correspondingly harder. As such, you need to have far more outstanding talent in order to mask the qualifications you lack. I advise you to think over Director Zhao's words."

Wasn't this making it difficult?

You are intentionally making it difficult!

Zhang Ye was a very stubborn man, and insisted, "There is no need to think about it further. Please give your second question."

Li Honglian was exasperated at his failure to make good. She shook her head and was also angry. "Alright, I am in charge of the foreign language channel. There are many English-speaking talents in the station, but we are lacking a person with talent in Russian. This recruiter was originally hoping to get someone who had a basic foundation in Russian. If you can compose a modern poem in Russian that makes us satisfied, then I'll give you full

marks for the interview!”

Russian?

He still needed to compose a poem in Russian?

Zhao Guozhou looked sideways at Li Honglian and did not make a sound. It was a tacit consent.

The other interviewers had different expressions on their faces. Zhang Ye had showcased something that had left them speechless. They knew Zhang Ye was someone with ability, but not having good looks in the broadcasting host profession was a lethal deathblow. Except for a very few people with extremely outstanding talent, very few people could break through this situation. Hence, it could be seen from the second question that Li Honglian was not giving Zhang Ye an inkling of a chance. Russian? Zhang Ye’s resume was right in front of them. The foreign language listed there was only English. That was the only foreign language taught in the university. He wasn’t in a foreign language major and, even if he was in a specialized class, a teacher would not be so free as to teach Russian! Without knowing this language, there was no reason to even mention composing poems. If you couldn’t even speak it, how could you compose it?

Zhang Ye had already expected that the second question would not be easy, but he had never expected it to be of such difficulty. Not a single chance was given to him. And it was in Russian? Zhang Ye wasn’t even good at English. He had barely passed the basic eligibility test for graduation, so how could he know some bull**** Russian!? Damn it. I have a harder path ahead, just

because I'm not good-looking? And I need to suffer such unfair treatment and torture? What are you basing it on? What are you basing your decision on, that makes you think I can't make the cut? Why will no one give me a chance? I want fairness! Is that so hard?

Li Honglian's nails were tinkling on her tea cup. "The poem needs to be an original work of yours. Do not read the famous works of the famous Chen Tianmo or Wells. I'm looking at your language skills and also your literary knowledge. These are all related. Begin."

And it had to be an original poem? An interviewer even thought in his mind, "What's the point of carrying on? Just get the next person. Even a person who professionally does Russian would not be able to use Russian to compose a poem, much less a person who doesn't know Russian!

Chen Tianmo?

Wells?

Who are they? Why does it sound familiar?

Zhang Ye suddenly recalled. Chen Tianmo was someone he caught a glimpse of when he searched the internet. He was now one of the most famous poets in the country. In the altered world, Zhang Ye's Xu Zhimo poem collection by the window sill had changed into Chen Tianmo's! He had nearly forgotten that this world no longer had Xu Zhimo or Pushkin. Replacing them were

this world's poets and works he had never seen before. Zhang Ye finally refocused and had a brilliant flash in his mind. If he had never seen the poems in this world, then this world would definitely not have seen the famous poems of his world!

Zhao Guozhou was slightly sympathetic and added on, "Little Zhang, it's not too late to regret now. My offer still stands. You don't have to take the second question's test. I will arrange for a behind-the-scenes position for you."

Don't take the test?

Why should I not take the test?

Zhang Ye was already fed up. They had made it difficult for him so many times. Were they even done? You want an original poem in Russian? Sure! I'll create a poem today just for you! I don't know Russian? So what! Zhang Ye had never learned Russian, but that did not mean he didn't know Russian poems! Were these two sentences in conflict? It was completely not in conflict. Back in his college days, the broadcasting major teachers would create all sorts of difficult problems to train them. For example, Zhang Ye clearly remembered one from the second semester of his third year. Their vocal teacher had brought a Russian pronunciation recording of a famous Russian prose and forced Zhang Ye and company to memorize it. Zhang Ye and his classmates found it torturous and took a month before they memorized it. Those days were like a nightmare. But only after memorizing it did Zhang Ye understand his teacher's intentions. His speaking ability and memory had greatly increased. This way of memorizing something and not through understanding the meaning behind the words was very

taxing. It was likely that all those who came from the specialized class had such a training experience.

“If you can’t do it, let’s get the next person.” Li Honglian began to chase him away as she flipped to the next resume.

Zhang Ye recalled his Year 3’s basic skills and said, “Is prose okay?”

“Prose?” Li Honglian was dumbfounded. You still want to do prose? This was even harder than normal modern poems. Furthermore, it was a foreign language’s prose. To Li Honglian, this was on a completely different level of difficulty. She was the only person present who knew Russian. But when she encountered prose, Li Honglian would find it extremely difficult to read it, let alone compose a poem. This Little Zhang sure was good at raising the stakes. “If you want to choose to do the harder prose, I will not stop you. As long as it’s an original Russian poem, any theme would do.”

“Alright.” After he said that, Zhang Ye closed his eyes and stayed silent. He was adjusting his mood.

“Are you done?”

“Why aren’t you beginning?”

“Forget it. You haven’t even learned Russian. Come again next time for an interview.”

“Can you stop wasting our time? There are still others waiting behind you. Go back. Your qualifications are really lacking for a broadcasting host!”

After not getting a response for a long time, the interviewers became more impatient. They began nagging. None of them believed he could speak Russian. Wasn't this a joke!?

As they spoke with doubt and sarcasm, Zhang Ye sounded out from his diaphragm as his eyes opened. The first sentence he said left all the interviewers present gaping!

“Песня-о-буревестнике, Над-седой-равниной-моря-ветер-тучи-собирает, Между-тучами-и-морем-гордо-реет-Буревестник, черной-молнии-подобный.”

“Ah?”

“He really could speak it?”

“What language was that?”

Zhao Guozhou's eyes glazed over as he looked back at Li Honglian, “Old Li? This is?”

The other interviewers stared back at Director Li. They, too, knew that Director Li knew Russian.

But as they looked over, they saw Li Honglian's eyes staring, and her eyes were even larger than theirs. Without a word, everyone knew instantly!

What the f***!

You can even speak Russian!?

Zhang Ye began speaking faster and faster. In his voice, it was mixed with pride and apathetic emotion. This was because this poem needed to be recited with such emotions!

Gorky's "[The Song of the Stormy Petrel](#)"!

This was a Russian poem that everyone in his world knew. It was even in middle school textbooks. This poem was also precisely expressing the emotions Zhang Ye was feeling at the moment. He recited it with glee. The last sentence was especially nearly shouted out by him!

“Пусть-сильнее-грянет-буря!”

The poem was done!

Everyone turned silly!

Chapter 5: Being Hired!

Silence!

Not a single person spoke!

Zhang Ye was not at all surprised to see them speechless.

Li Honglian was already at a loss of words, “You... That poem...”

Zhao Guozhou could not understand Russian, “Old Li, translate it. How’s the poem?”

Li Honglian cleared her throat with a cough, “That, I...I, too, did not understand it too well. cough I only understood a small portion.”

Ah? Even you, as a person who studied Russian, did not understand it? A few of the interviewers nearly fell off their chairs!

“Prose poems are like that. Russian is also a bit harder to understand. Besides, Little Zhang said it pretty fast...” Li Honglian came up with an excuse.

Zhang Ye immediately said, “Then I’ll translate it into Chinese and recite it once again.”

Even after seeing Director Li being taken aback, a young

interviewer was still unwilling to give up. He wanted to gain back some reputation for his Leader. As Chinese phrases were rich and contained all sorts of variations, it was different from Russian. Chinese was the only way to test a person's ability. I can't understand Russian? Then I can definitely make a fuss about the Chinese translation! I won't let it rest if you misuse a single word! I will fail you! This person still remembered the secret intentions behind his Leader's words. So what if you know Russian? The poem needs to be good, too! You think that you can foolishly pass the test by saying some random Russian phrases? How can it be that easy!?

Everyone had different thoughts as they focused fully on the Chinese version of Zhang Ye's recitation!

Zhang Ye could read some of their minds just by looking at their eyes. He knew that they still thought lowly of him. With a sneer, his emotions were perfectly aligned with his recitation. "Up above the sea's grey flatland, wind is gathering the clouds. In between the sea and clouds proudly soars the Petrel, reminiscent of black lightning. Glancing a wave with his wingtip, like an arrow dashing cloudward, he cries out and the clouds hear his joy in the bird's cry of courage. In this cry-thirst for the tempest! Wrathful power, flame of passion, certainty of being victorious the clouds hear in that bird's cry. Seagulls groan before the tempest, – groan, and race above the sea, and on its bottom they are ready to hide their fear of the storm..."

It was still calm in the beginning!

However as the poem reached its climax, Zhang Ye's tone became

more pressing. His volume increased, “The wind howls . . . the thunder rolls . . . Like a blue flame, flocks of clouds blaze up above the sea’s abyss. The sea catches bolts of lightning, drowning them beneath its waters. Just like serpents made of fire, they weave in the water, fading, the reflections of this lightning–Tempest! Soon will strike the tempest! That is the courageous Petrel proudly soaring in the lightning over the sea’s roar of fury; cries of victory the prophet...”

Why do difficulties always befall me?

Why is the world always this unfair?

But! So what if that was the case! So what if my body was shattered! This is the road I chose! I will not retreat! I have no fear!

Zhang Ye took a final breath and said loudly, “–Let the tempest come strike harder!”

The final stanza of the poem was engraved in the hearts of many in Zhang Ye’s previous world. It boiled one’s blood and, now throwing it into this world, it similarly injected itself into one’s blood!

Zhao Guozhou turned dumbfounded hearing this!

Li Honglian also felt goosebumps!

The young interviewer who was thinking of finding fault with

Zhang Ye's poem was now speechless. He did not even dare to breathe!

Silence!

Seeing everyone stunned by his poem, Zhang Ye felt discharged of his anger. His emotions escaped from the poem, allowing him to recover his calm. This society judged people by their looks and, over time, he had grown accustomed to it. As such, he did not have any scruples, as long as he was selected, "Teachers, I have finished answering the second interview question!"

"Ah... Okay." Li Honglian's soul finally returned to her body. Previously, her thoughts had flown into the tempest together with that Petrel.

Zhao Guozhou said with a hoarse voice, "What's the name of this poem?"

Zhang Ye answered, "This poem's name is 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel'. In Russian, it also has the meaning of a person predicting the storm."

"What a good Petrel!" Zhao Guozhou may not understand Russian, but he could understand the Chinese perfectly. "A flying Petrel, a proud Petrel, a fearless Petrel. That is describing you, right? The power of poems is sometimes very miraculous. Young lad, you have given all of us a lesson today!"

“I don’t dare to take that compliment.” Zhang Ye said.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ye in a different light. Previously, reciting a thousand words off script had shocked them greatly. Now, a casual recitation of a Russian prose poem that was at the level of a grandmaster had completely conquered the hearts of all the people present! His performance had also slapped all the interviewers in the face! Li Honglian had given this question to prevent Zhang Ye from passing the interview. It was clear that she was leading him into a trap, but she had never expected him to give a perfect answer. And the answer even included Zhang Ye’s anger and his unwillingness to accept the situation. It made them, as interviewers, ashamed!

From which stone did this sort of amazing person jump out from?

Li Honglian said with an expression that was hard to read, “That will be all for today. Go back and wait for the news.”

Was he accepted or not? Zhang Ye was not sure either. He only said, “Alright. Thank you, Teachers.”

He walked away and closed the door. Zhao Guozhou, who was all picky with Zhang Ye previously, immediately slammed the table, “My Literature Channel’s broadcasting department wants this person!”

Li Honglian disapproved, “Old Zhao, didn’t you say that you were eyeing that little Xu?”

Zhao Guozhou turned indignant, “Little Xu can be given to anyone, but this person definitely cannot!”

“Are you even being reasonable?” Li Honglian began vying for Zhang Ye, “I’m having first dibs on Zhang Ye!”

“I was the one who had first dibs! Your foreign channel is not well-matched with him. With his literary prowess, he should definitely come to our Literature Channel. Say no more, Old Li. It’s settled. Whatever good seedlings we have later will all be given to you. I will not vie with you!” Zhao Guozhou said without relenting.

“I only want him.. and not anyone else!” Li Honglian said with a cold face.

Zhao Guozhou said, “Last year, I had given up a good seedling to your foreign channel. This year, I’m definitely not giving up. Stop fighting me over this. Later, I’ll give you a treat and, at most, I’ll owe you one!”

.....

Afternoon.

Jiaomen East.

After returning from his interview, Zhang Ye did not go to his

parents' place. He still returned to his rental apartment. The small apartment was about 30-40 square meters, but he still liked it here. After all, this was his first time leading an independent life after graduation. He could not rely on his parents for every tiny thing. He planned to return home, but only after he had accomplished something.

Lunch was sumptuous. It was fresh prawns and noodles. Of course, it was the Master Kong-branded instant noodles.

Without money, Zhang Ye could only make ends meet by eating instant noodles. He did not find it tough while working hard towards his ideal goals and, instead, he found joy in it.

Suddenly, without any premonition, a person opened the door with the use of a key.

Rao Aimin, who was dressed in an autumn dress, entered the apartment, "How was the interview?"

Zhang Ye, who was topless, was at a loss about whether to laugh or to cry as he put on a vest. "Landlady auntie, can you please knock first? I have my privacy, too."

Rao Aimin sat down with her legs crossed and snapped, "What sort of privacy does a little kid like you have? You did not pass the broadcasting host interview, right? I've already told you umpteenth times. Just make an honest living by working behind the scenes. With your looks, who would hire you to be in the spotlight? That is, unless they were blind!"

It was quite a coincidence when the phone rang.

Zhang Ye picked it up and it was the voice of a youth. “Hello, are you Zhang Ye?”

“I am. Who is this?” Zhang Ye had a hunch, but he still could not believe it.

The youth said, “I’m calling from the Beijing Radio Station. You have been accepted and the higher-ups want to inform you to come to the Literature Channel the day after tomorrow to complete the necessary paperwork. Congratulations.”

“Yes. Thank you! Thank you!” Putting down his cellphone, Zhang Ye slapped his thigh. Great! He got it!

The telephone call’s volume wasn’t soft, so Rao Aimin also heard it. She said, surprised, “Aiyah. Hey? It can’t be! You actually managed to get hired? Every dog has his day. Even a rotten egg can be lucky one day!” Her tongue was indeed very venomous as she said, “Even you can be a host? Hehe. People have said that there are endless possibilities in the future for humans, but I never believed in miracles. However, after seeing you today, I finally believe what the miracle of life means!”

Miracle of life, your sister [\[1\]](#)!

Can you not be so disparaging?

Zhang Ye was in a good mood, so he did not retort. He immediately picked up the phone and phoned his parents. He informed them of the good news that he was no longer a jobless person. He was to become a broadcasting host!

Becoming famous and being a celebrity was what he had always dreamed of. Today, he had finally taken his life's first step. Although it was a tiny position and he did not have the looks or the height, but now, because of the game ring's help, his dreams might actually be fulfilled. He remembered the notice displayed in his dream while the game was being installed. This game was to aid him in fulfilling his dreams, in becoming the greatest superstar in the world. Now, the results were striking. The ability to save that he had obtained from the Lottery had helped him reverse the situation. The newbie incentive reward that had changed the literary background of the world had also played a miraculous role. Today, he could use his imbalanced knowledge of literature to build his fame. By accruing Reputation, he could draw at the Lottery, obtaining treasure items to help him fulfill his dreams of being a celebrity!

I'm thriving!

This bro is going to thrive!

Immediately, Zhang Ye felt that even the Earth could not stop him!

Becoming famous? House?

Girlfriend? That was really a problem!

Bungalow? Have you even seen the world!? Can you live in that kind of broken down place? Does it suit the status of a world-famous person? If one wanted to stay, one had to stay in a large mansion! Several tens of thousands of square feet in size!

As for a girlfriend? It has to be at least a super beauty like Rao Aimin! A girlfriend? Finding a girlfriend with my qualities? Are you cursing me!? How can I not go out with three to five beauties at once? Wouldn't it be a loss of face? I need to find at least five! That is just the beginning number!

Rolls Royce car? Can you not be so humorous!? Can you really not be so humorous!? If I don't sit in a bulletproof car when I go out, what happens if I get assassinated? Ah? What to do?

Anyways, he would move up to the peak of the entertainment world, step by step. People would remember him. The world would also remember his bright and mighty name, Zhang Jingkong!

Eh, that's not right. You got it wrong!

It's Zhang Ye!

[\[1\]](#) In this novel, you will see a lot of 'your sister', 'your granny', 'your grandpa', etc. "Your abc" was originally a euphemism for "your mother" or other variations, which is a pretty vulgar curse word in Chinese that's usually translated as the F word.

‘Your sister’ is a common phrase used online. It is a derogatory term; but when used against people, it has a humorous take to it. Most people use it without any malice. It is also usually used in conversations as a harmless retort (similar to ‘screw you’ when used in a joking fashion), and can also magically reduce awkwardness in a conversation. The other variations for different relatives also have similar connotations.⁴⁴

Chapter 6: Laundry Day!

Sunday.

Morning, 7+A.M.

Zhang Ye could not sleep from the excitement. He kept tossing and turning in bed, imagining a better future. However, he heard a knock at the door. Only he and the landlady had his rental apartment's keys. Even his parents did not have it. Without question, it was definitely the landlady inviting herself in.

The small room did not have a hall. The bed could be seen the moment that the door was opened.

He heard Rao Aimin's mature voice floating over, "Kid, are you sleeping?"

Zhang Ye touched his nose and rolled over, "I'm awake. Are you looking for me?"

Rao Aimin sat by the bedside and smiled, "You have been accepted by the Radio Station and are reporting to work tomorrow. Shouldn't you be returning the rent you owe to this big sister?" Saying that, she seemed to conjure a magic trick by pulling out a calculator and smacked on it a few times, "This month's internet fee is also due. You need to add another 80."

Zhang Ye yawned, "What are you saying?"

Rao Aimin repeated, “You didn’t catch that? I’m telling you that your rent is now a total of 2,662.”

Zhang Ye, “No, what was the first line you said?”

Rao Aimin blinked her eyes, “First line? Kid, are you sleeping?”

Zhang Ye immediately covered his head with a blanket, “I’m sleeping!”

“Heh, you damn rascal!” Rao Aimin finally got around and smacked on Zhang Ye’s thigh according to the contours of the blanket, “Do you want a beating? Get up! Stop playing dead in front of me! Wake up quickly! If you can’t pay the rent, then do some housework, like cleaning the place! Return it bit by bit!”

Zhang Ye shamelessly said, “I’m still sleeping.”

“I’ll give you half an hour! I’ll be waiting at home at eight!” Rao Aimin said with her face darkened.

Encountering a landlady who valued money as if it was her life made Zhang Ye suffer in silence. However, he really did not have any money this month. As such, he could only struggle to crawl out of bed to brush his teeth and wash up.

Right, let’s see what the game ring is like now. This was the

greatest thing he could rely on in his future bid to become a superstar.

When he tapped it open, he realized that his Reputation had increased. Yesterday he had spent 100,000 points for the lottery, leaving behind 99,983 Reputation points. However, it had now increased to 99,999. He did not need to think to know that this was related to his interview. He had been so outstanding and he had even used Gorky's most famous "The Song of the Stormy Petrel". It was no surprise to have his Reputation points increased. Now he was just one Reputation point short of having another attempt at the draw.

Reputation is commonly a very general concept. From a game's perspective, it was a very vague word.

Right, now that he had figured out how Reputation points were obtained, he needed to do some household chores for the landlady. He wanted to see if he could add a Reputation point by doing this!

Suddenly, a loud voice erupted from the corridor, "Little Zhang!"

Zhang Ye realized that it was eight as he quickly wore his slippers and went to the landlady's house.

Commercial and residential apartment buildings had long corridors. This corridor was almost all Rao Aimin's property. It was quite obvious what having 20+ apartments in Beijing, with extremely expensive property prices, meant. Rao Aimin could be considered a rich woman. But it was strange that despite staying

here for so long, along with the other renters, he had never heard of Sister Rao having any relatives or friends. She was not married and was also childless. They had also never seen Sister Rao work at a job, so everyone found this beautiful landlady mysterious. No one knew how she was so rich.

Rao Aimin's house was on the same level. It was the biggest loft apartment on this floor. It was the kind where the upper and lower floors added up to more than a hundred square meters in area.

The door opened and Zhang Ye walked straight in. "Landlady, I'm here."

Rao Aimin sarcastically quipped, "Was your Chinese Zodiac sign a pig in your previous life?"

Why are you so slow getting out of bed!?"

Zhang Ye explained, "I was too happy last night and didn't sleep all night. I'm still tired now."

"You just got hired to be a radio host; do you need to make it such a big deal?" Rao Aimin hit him at where it hurt the most, "Now, the radio profession is no longer like what it was 20 years ago. There is the television and there is the internet. How many people still listen to radio?"

Zhang Ye also knew that the radio profession was a thing of the past as he said sadly, "Hai, if only my mom gave birth to me 50

years earlier, then I might be able to grab an opportune time.”

Rao Aimin sarcastically said, “Your mom is just 50 years old; how is she to give birth to you 50 years early? Do you think your mom is a snake spirit!?”

Zhang Ye, “...”

See how venomous her mouth is!?

Rao Aimin ordered, “Cut the crap and get to work!”

Zhang Ye rolled up his sleeves, “Alright, tell me where to clean. I’ll do all your house chores today.”

“Wipe the glass, sweep the floor, wash the sheets and I’ll pass my clothes to you.” Rao Aimin poured a cup of tea for herself and sat comfortably on the sofa. Her legs were crossed, making her look like a lord of the land.

She was wearing a shirt and long skirt that was not considered stylish. Her feet wore black flats. Although her dressing sense was old, beautiful people looked beautiful no matter what they wore.

Hai, time to get working.

Zhang Ye began busying himself sweeping and mopping the floor.

Rao Aimin was a person whose mouth could not rest. Whenever she was free, she would trample on Zhang Ye by nagging, “What kind of wiping are you doing? I’m telling you not to do it haphazardly!”

“I’m not doing it haphazardly.”

“Fine, fine. Go wash the clothes!”

Entering the bathroom, Zhang Ye sighed as he sat down on a stool. He had thrown everything that could be washed into the washing machine. However, there were some clothes that could bleed their color or were not suitable to be washed with the washing machine, so he had to hand-wash them by soaking them and scrubbing. Piece after piece of clothes, Zhang Ye did not idle one bit for the entire morning.

He had no way out. He had lost his human rights by being in debt.

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye finished his task as he felt extreme pain in his lower back.

“Are you done washing?” Rao Aimin glanced at the clothes hanging out in the balcony to dry. It was rare for her to not wag her venomous tongue as she said with satisfaction, “Alright, not

bad. That will do. You can stay behind for lunch.” Putting down the ancient book “Classic of Mountains and Seas”, she went into the kitchen to cook.

The existence of the “Classic of Mountains and Seas” had been modified by the game. There were things that changed and things that did not change in this world. Zhang Ye could only slowly learn and get used to the details.

Zhang Ye was very happy. He had been eating instant noodles for too many days and now he could finally eat a proper hot meal.

He sat on a chair to rest. After taking a few breaths, he opened the game ring’s interface. He realized that his Reputation score had increased by one. It was now 100,000 points!

This additional point was given to him by the landlady?

It looks like his assumptions were correct!

The game ring’s explanation of Reputation was, “The increment of Reputation is related to the player’s fame, exposure, achievement, trust, reputation and other related factors.”

That is to say, if a person were to trust him, admire him or agree with what he did, then his Reputation would increase by one. The Reputation obtained from others could be stacked repeatedly. How did he figure this out?

He figured it out from the interview from the previous day. There was a total of eight interviewers, yet Zhang Ye's Reputation had gone from 99,983 to 99,999. He had 16 Reputation points added. This meant that when Zhang Ye recited the thousand words off script, the eight interviewers had given him a total of eight Reputation points. Later, when Zhang Ye recited the "The Song of the Stormy Petrel", they had given him an additional eight Reputation points. The numbers matched up perfectly!

After figuring out how Reputation was computed, what was left was drawing at the lottery. He wanted to see what he could get this time!

Zhang Ye looked forward to an item that could allow him to turn into Superman. He would be so happy if he could be worshiped by the entire world.

However, that was unrealistic upon further thought. Some people could become Spiderman from the toxins injected into their body from a spider's bite, while there were others who had pieces of iron placed within their body to become Iron Man. Some people became Batman by spending many years with bats.

Well, if that had any scientific basis, Zhang Ye felt that... the chance of him becoming an Instant Noodles Hero was more likely!

He drew at the lottery, spending 100,000 Reputation. His remainder was zero!

The lottery interface appeared as Zhang Ye deliberately blew at

his palms. With a rub of his hands, he pressed on the button that began spinning the wheel!

It began!

The needle was moving very quickly on the spinning wheel!

“Special Category! Give me a Special Category!” Zhang Ye muttered to himself. However, from the wheel’s setup, even a fool would know that the Special Category was extremely rare. Although he did not know what it meant by the introduction text, “Adds the purchasing privilege of buying a certain Merchant item”, it was definitely not wrong to hope for a rare item, as that increased its value.

However, that one to two percent chance of good luck did not befall Zhang Ye. The needle stopped and it was still pointing towards the largest Consumption Category.

Treasure Chest (Small) dropped!

As he opened the chest, light blinded him!

Inside was something that looked like a stick of chewing gum!

[Unlucky Sticker]: Effective once it's stuck on. Bad luck will surround the person. Lasts for 5 minutes.

Chapter 7: First Day Of Work

Monday.

The weather god was not happy, so the haze was heavy.

This was Zhang Ye's first day of work. He wore a western suit and a tie. He came, once again, to the Beijing Radio Station respectfully and found the Literature Channel department upstairs.

The radio station's coverage was the Beijing-Tianjin-Hebei area. Some small cities in the northeastern regions could also receive the signal. Although it could not be compared to the Central Radio Station, its coverage and listeners were much greater than other local radio stations that were similarly ranked.

The Leader's office.

Zhang Ye knocked on the door gently. After hearing a "come in" from inside the room, he pushed open the door and entered. Sitting behind the office desk was a person Zhang Ye had met during the interview. He was Zhao Guozhou, who was in his 40s. He was the person in charge of the Literature Channel. Be it the radio station or the television station, this position in Beijing and several areas was called Director. Of course, there were exceptions; for example, Southern and Northern Hunan would call this position Master.

"Leader."

“Hello, Little Zhang. Sit down. Have you brought all the documents?”

“I’ve brought them all.”

“Great. Someone from HR will do the hiring procedures for you, but there’s no rush with that. Drink some water and, after that, I’ll first bring you to the office in order to introduce you to everyone.”

“Okay, thank you for the trouble.”

Zhang Ye was very mindful of his speech, even during this simple exchange.

After a while, Zhao Guozhou led Zhang Ye with a smile to the Literature Channel department’s office on the same floor. It was a large area and there were about 30-40 desks. As today’s programs might have already been pre-recorded, everyone did not look too busy. Some were playing games, while others chatting.

Only when they saw their leader come did they stop playing and chatting.

“Leader.”

“Good morning, Leader.”

Everyone greeted.

Zhao Guozhou nodded and slapped Zhang Ye on the shoulder. “Everyone, stop what you are doing. I’m introducing a new comrade. Zhang Ye is a broadcasting major graduate from the Broadcasting College. He will be one of us, from today onwards. Please welcome him.” Although the Media College was its current name, it was previously known as the Beijing Broadcasting College. Its name was changed only in the past few years, so many people still called it by its previous incarnation out of habit. “...There might be some schoolmates of Little Zhang here. You are his senior brothers and senior sisters. Everyone, please take care of this rookie.”

The welcoming applause was sparse. Some people gave an obvious questioning look.

Zhang Ye grabbed the opportunity to say hello and gave a brief self-introduction.

Following that, Zhao Guozhou called over a youth. He looked to be about the same age as Zhang Ye and could not be much older than Zhang Ye. However, there was no need to compare their looks. He was much more handsome. “Tian Bin. Ah, you are radio host. Bring Little Zhang around these days to get him familiar with the business.”

Tian Bin offered to shake Zhang Ye’s hand, “Hello, Little Zhang. You can ask me anything if you have any doubts.”

Zhang Ye immediately used two hands to receive the handshake, “Brother Tian, I’ll be troubling you in the future.”

Zhao Guozhou said to Zhang Ye, “Little Tian is the radio host of our channel’s ‘Late Night Ghost Stories’. Learning from him would be helpful to you.” Previously, the Literature Channel had ghost stories on the late night channel, but the program name was different. It was probably changed by the game ring.

After all the necessary procedures were done, Zhang Ye went to do the paperwork formalities for his hire. After he was done, it was already 10.30 A.M. Only then did he return to his office desk in the corner.

A corner desk is usually popular amongst people, as the leader will not be able to see it, allowing one to skive. However, this corner was different. Firstly, it was not far from the entrance and secondly, there was a water fountain here. People came to and fro, which made it a busy spot.

As a rookie, Zhang Ye could not do anything. Although his position as a radio host gave him wages higher than the office secretary or editors in the office, he was, after all, a rookie. No special seat would be left for him to choose.

Tian Bin was sitting across from him with a board separating them.

Zhang Ye looked around, as he had nothing to do. No one had given him any work, so he stood up and asked, “Brother Tian,

what do you think I should do or learn?”

Tian Bin glanced at him, but his expression was clearly no longer the same as the one he had in front of the Leader. He did not care about him and said, “Familiarize yourself first.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye was not able to ask anything more.

At noon in the station’s cafeteria, Zhang Ye took the opportunity to greet his colleagues in the same office, “Hello, Sister Wang. I’m new, so please take care of me.”

Wang Xiaomei’s gaze swept across his face and gave an unfeeling “Uh”, before turning away.

Zhang Ye had wanted to shake her hand, but now he got himself into an awkward position.

Previously, he had gathered from everyone’s conversations that Wang Xiaomei, who was about 30 years old, was one of the starlets of the office. She was the top girl in the Literature Channel. The “Talk About the World” she hosted was the celebrity program that had the highest ratings of their channel. It was a humanities and history program, where the past and present were discussed. Wang Xiaomei was good at hosting and her looks were good.

Although she was not as ridiculously beautiful as Rao Aimin, everyone who saw her would evaluate her as a beauty.

Only Zhang Ye was not smitten by her, because although Wang Xiaomei looked pretty, she had no characteristics to her beauty. She was lacking in temperament, which made her pale in comparison to his landlady.

For an entire day, Zhang Ye tried to build personal ties with people, but it was to no avail. It was as if everyone was not friendly with him. He seemed dispensable.

Tian Bin was as such.

Wang Xiaomei was as such, too.

Only when it was time to knock off did Zhang Ye realize it when he happened to chance upon a conversation between the Literature Channel's phone editor, Tian Bin, and another beautiful woman.

The beautiful woman was most likely Tian Bin's wife, as the two of them were holding hands. She had probably come to meet her husband after their work hours had ended.

"Brother Tian, how did Zhang Ye get hired?" the phone editor asked.

Tian Bin curled his mouth and shook his head, "Who knows? Just his looks makes him fail."

The phone editor sighed, "That's right. How can a person with such looks become a radio host? I seriously have no idea what the

channel was thinking. I think I could do a better job than him.”

Tian Bin asserted, “Zhang Ye will definitely not be famous.”

The phone editor echoed, “Let’s not even talk about being famous. He might not even be able to get a program. All of our programs in the Literature Channel have permanent hosts. He can, at most, be a replacement host or a guest host to take over for someone who’s sick. Do you think he can have his own program? I don’t even think that will happen next year. Let him endure through it. Heh, if not for the previous replacement host being transferred to the News channel, would he have been hired with his looks? It would not even be his turn to enter the Literature Channel as a host.”

Tian Bin’s wife laughed, “Even such a person was hired? What a joke.”

Tian Bin said, “The leader even got me to lead him around. I don’t have that time.”

His wife said, “Then just ignore him. If he doesn’t have a program, the channel will probably transfer him to another department.”

The three of them walked as they chatted. They were unaware that Zhang Ye, who was by the company entrance, had heard them. Speaking ill of me behind my back?

Still want to transfer me away?

What sort of people are they!?

Clearly, the editor was jealous of Zhang Ye's good luck. The other radio hosts also did not think Zhang Ye would accomplish much. To them, Zhang Ye a replacement host, who was no different from any ordinary article. As a result, this scene unfolded. No one in the Literature Channel valued him.

Who told you I won't be famous?

Who told you that I can't go on programs?

Wait and see. I'll let you open your eyes!

People chased after fame and fortune in their lives. Zhang Ye was not greedy, as he only wanted fame and not money. He would put all of his effort and energy into becoming famous, heading towards his final goal that was set by the game ring's settings, which was to "become the greatest superstar in the world"!

Hard work would always pay off. By abandoning all desires and to only strive for fame, he did not believe that he could not make it big!

As for other things, like money?

Well, what is money? How can it be compared to being famous?

He had always treated it like dirt. He really did not care about other worldly things, such as money. He really did not care...

Eh, wait!

Zhang Ye suddenly stopped at the Western entrance of the station. He had used his foot to step on to something. Seeing that no one was looking at him, he bent down and picked up a dime that someone had dropped on the floor. He surreptitiously stuffed it into his pockets, before he carried on walking.

Right, where was I?

Oh, right!

Who told you that I can't go on programs?

Eh?

Who told you that?

Chapter 8: Trying The “Unlucky Sticker”!

A week passed.

That afternoon, Zhang Ye was sitting in his office, eating by himself.

His lunch was a bun, a bun and a bun. Finishing three buns was enough to fill his stomach.

After a few days of exploration, he was now familiar with his job, the equipment and the interpersonal relations in his department. Zhang Ye learned quite a lot. But of course, all of that was self-learned. Tian Bin, who had been assigned by the Leader to bring him around, had ignored him completely. After getting used to the work environment, Zhang Ye finished whatever was in hands, as he waited for an opportunity. He had not done a single program over the past week. It would even be good if he could be a standin host, but all of the eight radio hosts were each healthier than the last. No one got into a car accident or got struck by lightning. Hai.

“Little Zhang.” a person beside him called out.

Zhang Ye glanced over and said in a lukewarm fashion, “What is the matter?” He still remembered the feelings he had, when he had seen this person for the first time. It was of great shock. There was a moment that Zhang Ye’s mind unconditionally sprouted out a phrase—aliens have finally invaded Earth!

Right, go ahead and think what he looks like!

This person's name was Li Si. It was a very native name. It was ranked alongside Zhang San and Xiaoming as the three most widespread names in the country. The reason why Zhang Ye gave him such an attitude was because the person who had been speaking behind his back with the Tian Bin couple was this phone editor. He had even criticized Zhang Ye for his ugly looks. Just thinking of it made Zhang Ye want to laugh. Shouldn't you look at yourself in the mirror first? No matter how I look, I am at most average. What about you? No matter what, you can only be described with a poem!

You are like the clouds in the sky.

You are like the thick haze.

You are like the bright moon.

You are like the dust in the wind.

—Uh, well you just aren't like a person.

Li Si put down a bunch of A4 paper. "Brother Tian will be beginning a new novel on the program tonight. The last novel, 'Ghosts at the Zero Point' has finished recording and broadcasting yesterday. Today, we will begin with "Recalling Spirits", and we have gotten the copyright for the story last week. The plan is to prepare for 50 episodes. This is the script for the first two episodes." The phone editor's job was generally to vet the listeners who call in during a live broadcast. However, nowadays, as it was

mostly pre-recorded broadcasts, the phone editor's job was to do some text editing for some programs. Tian Bin's "Late-night Ghost Stories" had always been arranged, annotated and audited by Li Si.

Zhang Ye said, "Why are you giving me this?"

Li Si looked at him and said, "Help Brother Tian to edit a few paragraphs. These paragraphs are a little political and the standards for broadcasting and publishing are different, so we need to edit it. Oh, I still need to mark up some words and other jobs. The program tonight will be broadcast live, so there isn't enough time."

Zhang Ye had been assigned by the leader to be led by Tian Bin. Since he could not say no to this task, he took it and edited it.

In the afternoon, just before getting off work.

Zhang Ye had finished the editing and had also read the first few chapters of the novel. He found it average and very cliché. According to his understanding, "Recalling Spirits" was a very popular supernatural novel these days. The simplified Chinese edition had been selling like hotcakes; however, when Zhang Ye compared it to the supernatural Tomb Robbers novel in his mind, the difference was great. This world's supernatural novels were weaker in entertainment value and continuous suspense to the Tomb Robbers novel. When Zhang Ye checked the web to gain some understanding, he realized that this world did not have anything similar to Tomb Robbers. No one had written it and the state of the novel industry was in its beginning stages and was lacking in richness.

Suddenly, Tian Bin arrived for work. It was common for those who had night programs. Usually the host who had caught up to the live broadcasts would only come to work in the afternoon or at night.

Zhang Ye handed him the prepared scripts, "It has been edited." He no longer called him "Brother Tian", as this fellow was a very vengeful person.

"Li Si gave the task to you?" Tian Bin read it once and said, "Oh, that will do. These modifications will do." He did not say any niceties.

Li Si arrived at this moment and discussed the script with Tian Bin.

Just as Zhang Ye stood up to get off work, the work that he had been eagerly looking forward to for a week came.

An assistant from the editor team came looking for Zhang Ye. After seeing him, the middle-aged man quickly stopped him, "Little Zhang, are you getting off work?"

Zhang Ye responded, "Yeah."

The deputy said, "Hold on a while. I have something here."

“No worries. Tell me where you need me.” As a rookie, he had to be more hardworking. Zhang Ye knew this deep down.

The assistant looked at the documents in his hand, “At night, besides the broadcast of the first episode of “Late-night Ghost Stories”, there will be another broadcast. It’s the golden time period’s interview program. We have invited a guest, so there is a need for an additional host to help attune the mood. The Literature Channel only has you as a standin host. Uh, I’m just not sure if you are up to the task. After all, you have just been here for a week and you might be lacking in experience. It would have been fine if it was a pre-recorded program, which we can fix by re-recording and editing the material. However, we can’t do so for a live broadcast. If any problem happens, it’s an on-air accident, so I need to make sure.”

Zhang Ye immediately promised, “I have no problems with it. I am already familiar with my work. You can rest assured!” He had been waiting for this!

The assistant from the editing team gave a faint “oh” and asked Tian Bin beside him, “Teacher Tian, Little Zhang is led by you? Do you think he is up to the task? If you don’t think there will be any problems, then I’ll let him try it out. The people for the program have been rushing me and the broadcast will happen soon, so we are in a hurry to prepare it.”

Zhang Ye looked at Tian Bin.

Zhang Ye was hired to be a broadcast host, so he had to go on a show one day. Now, he had the opportunity and, typically, people

would not hinder his future prospects and would say some niceties.

However, Tian Bin's reaction was far from expected. After staying silent for a few seconds, he frowned, "He has just come and isn't familiar with the business. Forget it."

Forget it?

The assistant from the editing team was stunned and acknowledged it tersely.

When Zhang Ye heard it, he turned annoyed, "I'm a broadcasting major, and have had practical lessons, so I'm already very familiar. I know how to use all the equipment, too..."

Tian Bin interjected in a manner as if he was very experienced, "Little Zhang, I know you are from a specialized major and have good foundations. However, a live broadcast is different. It tests one's spontaneity. You are still far from that and I'm saying this because I'm responsible for you. You should first slowly gain experience in broadcasting." With a simple sentence, he had destroyed the chance for Zhang Ye to go on a program. As for the reason, Tian Bin had obviously noticed that Zhang Ye's attitude towards him had changed. He didn't even call him "Brother Tian". Tian Bin sneered in his heart and naturally took the opportunity to suppress him.

The assistant from the editor team had no other alternative but to keep the program layout and say, "Alright, then our channel's Teacher Chen doesn't have a program today, right? I'll get Teacher

Chen to make the appearance.”

With the opportunity lost, Zhang Ye immediately turned hostile, “Teacher Tian, I have not offended you, right? You did not give me any help on my job to give me experience. You never answered my doubts. Now, you don’t even know what my abilities are and you say I won’t do? You even took away the chance for me to be a last-minute assistant host? And you spoke behind my back to scheme against me? Did I kill your father or your mother? Is there a need to be this ruthless?”

Tian Bin did not expect Zhang Ye to dare to speak to him in such a manner and angrily said, “You repeat that again!”

Li Si also rushed forward and said, “As a rookie, how can you speak to Brother Tian like that? Are you rebelling?”

Everyone in the office turned their gazes towards them to watch the commotion. Everyone’s eyes were staring, with no one coming forward to stop them.

Tian Bin pointed at Zhang Ye, “This kid can’t even appreciate my kindness! I’m protecting you by not letting you go on air! It’s to let you build up your experience! And you actually yelled at me? And still said that I schemed against you behind your back? Are you maligning me?”

Zhang Ye said coldly, “You know what you said back then with Li Si!”

The two began to quarrel and no one wanted to be in the weaker position. Finally, a few colleagues in the office came forward to stop them. Actually, everyone knew that Tian Bin had the bad habit of speaking behind people's backs, so they knew that Zhang Ye would not have said this without reason. Furthermore, Zhang Ye was being asked to be a substitute host. Not only did Tian Bin not care bringing the rookie around, he had even made him do all his dirty work. And when the rookie finished the dirty work, you still didn't let him go on a program? This was indeed quite unreasonable. No matter who it was, they would definitely not be happy about this!

Tian Bin and Li Si walked out angrily.

Zhang Ye stared at their backs as he scoffed. He knew that people had to tuck one's tail between one's legs and behave himself at times; however, when people bullied him, he would not be courteous to them. Tian Bin had pushed it too far! Beat him? Then wait to get fired. Scold him? It was likely that would have the same end result. This was a job Zhang Ye had a hard time getting. He definitely could not lose it. He still needed to use the radio station as the first step to becoming famous!

Wait!

That Unlucky Sticker!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of the new item he had won at the lottery last week. He did not know how effective the item was and had never planned on using it. Whatever, since we're in this state, let's try using it on you! The game ring was what he would rely

upon in the future. He had to understand how the items within were used and how effective they were. With his livelihood at risk, how could he not experiment? He really did not know how bad the bad luck would be!

Chapter 9: The Extremely Unlucky Tian Bin!

After work.

“Hey, did you hear about it?”

“I just went for dinner. What happened?”

“The rookie nearly fought with Tian Bin.”

“Ah? Seriously? What happened?”

Many people in the office began speaking in whispers. Everyone loved a commotion.

Zhang Ye did not go home either. He rubbed the game ring to open his inventory and took out the chewing gum-like object he had previously taken out from a treasure chest. He opened the package. And at this moment, Tian Bin had come back in from outside. As the two of them sat across from each other, their seats were in close proximity to one another. If Tian Bin wanted to get to his seat, he had to pass by Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye quietly stuck the Unlucky Sticker onto Tian Bin's trousers with a finger. This thing could not be seen by anyone other than Zhang Ye!

Pa!

Tian Bin had the feeling that Zhang Ye had touched him when he walked past. However, when he looked down, he could see nothing, so he coldly glanced back at Zhang Ye.

The game ring made an announcement!

The Unlucky Sticker has been used. Effective for 5 minutes. Countdown begins. 4:59, 4:58...

Although Zhang Ye's antics got on Tian Bin's nerves, his mood today was still good, overall. "Recalling Spirits" was currently the most upward-trending ghost story and he had spent a lot of effort securing the audio & broadcast rights to the novel. A few other provinces' radio stations had launched a bidding war to secure the rights, but in the end, Tian Bin had won the rights. He had actually resorted to under-the-table methods and had went directly to the publisher, instead of the author, who was a rookie. He negotiated with the publisher's management and promised a higher price for the rights. As to how the publisher would negotiate the payout with the author, it was none of Tian Bin's business. He had only promised the publisher that the bid price would not be revealed to the author and that the station and the publisher would be the only ones gaining from this deal.

Tian Bin saved no effort, as he wanted to make use of this novel to help boost the listenership of his "Late-night Ghost Stories" segment, attract more sponsorship and gain a name for himself.

Beep, beep. Another short message came.

Tian Bin looked at his mobile phone. It was a message from the publisher's vice-president, wishing success to Tian Bin's radio segment, as well as a reminder to not divulge the fees agreed upon for the novel's audio & broadcasting rights.

Tian Bin smiled and, as he replied while he walked, something happened on the office desk to his left!

A female colleague was thinking of taking her lunchbox and getting off work, but when she stretched out her arm, she did not pay attention, causing the lunchbox's lid to crash to the ground with a "ding dang" sound.

Tian Bin just happened to step on it and slip to the ground. With a slam, he crashed to the ground!

"Aiyah!"

"Ah, Teacher Tian!"

"What are you doing?"

"Sorry, are you alright?"

Tian Bin was in pain. But as he stood up, he waved his hand, "Forget it, forget it."

He picked up the phone and saw that the message interface was gone, so he created a new message and typed, “President Li, please rest assured that we would not be asking about how you split the profits with the author. We will not be revealing our end of the deal with Li Gen either. This is not our first time working together, so you can trust me.” After writing this, Tian Bin scrolled to President Li’s contact to send out the message, but at this moment, the colleague opposite was preparing to knock off from work. When she was passing Tian Bin, she accidentally knocked into him. The silk fan she was holding fell and landed, spread out on the floor.

Tian Bin lost his balance, stepped on the fan at the same time and then came crashing onto the ground once again.

“Brother Tian!”

“I am so sorry!”

“You..... Aiyoo, my back. What’s going on!”

This time, people in the office paid more attention. Two falls in the space of a few seconds?

How unlucky could it get?

Tian Bin stumbled onto his feet, so angry that he wanted to give a good scolding. He took a look at his phone and realised that while he was falling just now, he had scrolled to the wrong contact,

which just so happened to be the author, Li Gen. President Li and him both had the surname of Li. Therefore, their contacts were just beside each other.

Tian Bin felt really angry and planned on choosing the correct contact again.

But all of a sudden, Li Si walked up from behind at a fast pace, “Brother Tian!”

Tian Bin turned his head around, “Peng!!”

The fluorescent light above his head exploded without a warning!

The light tube’s pieces came falling towards them and gave Li Si a scare. His reflexes caused him to place his hand forward to protect himself, but instead hit Tian Bin on his chin.

Tian Bin screamed out, “Putong!”

As he fell backwards onto the ground, his hands tightened and, at the same time, the message was sent!

Li Si rushed to help him up, “Brother Tian! Sorry! This...”

Tian Bin was nearly in tears, “What are you doing!? Do you not have eyes!?”

Li Si scratched his head and said, “I’m sorry, Brother Tian. I wasn’t aware. Who would have thought that the light would explode?”

But when he picked up the phone to take a look at the screen, Tian Bin’s face changed. Damn it! How did it get sent!?

He wanted to save the situation, but it was already too late!

This scene played out in front of Zhang Ye. He saw clearly with his eyes how Tian Bin fell and was knocked into. Their colleagues were laughing, thinking, “What bad luck Tian Bin has today!”

Three times!

He had fallen down three times!

Didn’t you check the almanac before leaving the house?

But this was not the end. Just as the effects of the Unlucky Sticker was ending, the Literature Channel’s person in charge rushed in!

“Tian Bin.” Zhao Guozhou called loudly.

Tian Bin acknowledged, knowing that something was wrong, “Leader.”

Everyone looked over, without knowing what had happened.

Zhao Guozhou screamed, “What the hell are you doing!”

“Eh?”

“The author of “Recalling Spirits”, Li Gen, just called and demanded that the contract be voided and for us to stop the broadcast of his novel!”

“And if we infringed upon his copyright, he will send us his lawyer’s letter!”

“Wasn’t this matter supposed to be handled by you?”

“Why has it become my problem now?”

Tian Bin didn’t dare to say a word and just looked down.

The rights for the novel “Recalling Spirits” were all with the author and the same went for the audio rights. It was down to trust that the author allowed the publisher to negotiate on his behalf. Therefore, strictly speaking, without the author’s written permission, any agreements were not legal. This was how it was for “Recalling Spirits” and Tian Bin had only signed a contract with the publisher. If the author had taken his part of the payment, then the contract would have been in effect. But even so, if the author wanted to, he could have the contract voided!

Zhao Guozhou chided him for a full ten minutes.

Finally, the Literature Channel's several managers arrived and everyone was discussing the issue at hand. Only then did Zhang Ye and the others understand what had just happened. It was now known that Tian Bin had an agreement with the publishers of "Recalling Spirits" for the novel's audio rights. He would keep the agreed price a secret from the author and let the publisher keep a part of the profits. Actually, this was very common in the industry. Even if Tian Bin did not purposefully hide the details, as long as the publisher did not mention it, the author would not have known. But somehow, Tian Bin's message with all the details of the deal was sent wrongly to the author!

Isn't this a nail in the coffin?

Isn't this disgusting?

Cancelling the rights wasn't too much. If it were any other author who saw that message, the outcome would have been much worse!

Tian Bin explained, "Leader, this time it was my mistake, but I feel that we can continue with the broadcast. The contract has already been signed with the publisher, actually....."

Wang Xiaomei, who had not knocked off yet, replied with displeasure, "Are you going to fight the court case?"

A head of the editorial team also chipped in, “It definitely cannot be broadcasted!” “Who will be responsible when problems arise?”

They were a public institution and profits were not the main problem; responsibility was.

Everyone was discussing back and forth, but finally Zhao Guozhou slammed his hand on the board, “Change the novel. All departments who have suitable ghost story resources, help out. Tonight’s broadcast cannot be cancelled. Use the shortest time and settle the new novel’s copyrights!” Zhao Guozhou pointed at Tian Bin’s nose and said, “It’s all on you! Wait for your punishment!”

In contrast, Tian Bin looked like his father had just died!

While Zhang Ye’s anger simmered, he realized the Unlucky Sticker had only been in effect for five minutes. Just a short five minutes had passed and Tian Bin’s luck became like this? This item is too miraculous! It looks like, in the future, besides the nickname “Zhang Jingkong”, another nickname is necessary. Yes, how does “[Famous Detective Kogoro Mori](#)” sound!?

Chapter 10: ‘Ghost Blows Out The Light’ Is Born!

Outside the office unit, the sky was completely dark.

It was past 11 at night, and they were just less than 30 minutes away from the live broadcast at midnight!

“Has it not been done?”

“Leader, I really can’t find one!”

“You have to find one, even if you can’t! Look at what time it is!”

“Yes. Then, then I’ll try again. I will do my best!”

Many people in the office worked overtime. More than ten people hurried about, trying to save the situation. If an idiom was used to describe the situation, it would be “all hell broke loose”!

“Leader.” Tian Bin asked carefully.

Zhao Guozhou waved his hand, “Go to the broadcasting studio and wait there first!”

Li Si ran inside the office and said, “There’s still no way. I have inquired about more than ten supernatural novels. Their audio

rights have been sold to other websites or radio stations. I have also contacted the Beihe province's radio station regarding some of their novels, hoping to broadcast them in a cooperative manner, but they refused. Also, there are some more common horror novels, but due to the tight time schedule, there is no way of contacting them. Some of them don't even have a way of contacting them."

Zhao Guozhou slammed the table, "There's not a single book?"

Li Si said bitterly, "Supernatural novels are now in short supply. The market is still in its nascent stages and there are only just slightly more than ten books that are mature works. Radio stations from everywhere are snatching them up, too."

An editor said, "The worst situation is for us to delay one to two episodes. We can then buy the copyright for them over these two days. Following that, we can resume broadcasting when we have the contract signed."

Zhao Guozhou said fiercely, "This program has been ongoing for five years without a break. If it goes off the air, who will take up the responsibility? Besides, we have advertised the program over the past few days. Three of our channels have been continuously promoting the new novel for today's "Late-night Ghost Stories". Who doesn't know that the most important day of a novel is its first day? Although people do not know what book is to be broadcast, with such widespread publicity, there would at least be four to five times the usual listenership waiting for the broadcast today. Halt the broadcast? Are you going to say it? Today's program has to be broadcast, regardless of anything. Hurry and try

to make contact! I don't believe that we can't sign a single supernatural novel!"

As "Recalling Spirits" was the hottest supernatural story today, the station had struck the iron while it was hot by promoting it. They had never expected that this large-scale promotional campaign had turned into a noose around their own necks!

Tian Bin said softly, "If we really can't make it in time, then..."

Zhao Guozhou shouted, "Even if you can't make it in time, you still have to make it! Since this trouble was caused by you, wipe your own ass!"

Tian Bin did not dare to make a sound as his forehead sweated profusely. He felt oppressed, but he could not release his anger. Who knew that such coincidences would happen? If he had not slipped due to that lunchbox lid, he would not have closed the message window with President Li and he would not have sent the message to the wrong person. If he had not fallen because of a colleague that brushed past him, he would not have chosen the wrong name. If the fluorescent light did not explode and cause Li Si to hit him, he would not have wrongly pressed the send button. Tian Bin had never bungled up so badly in his entire life. However, with all these coincidences happening at the same time, Tian Bin found it very odd! Now with the program on the brink of a major incident, Tian Bin might even be faced with disciplinary action. He did not know how he had offended the Heavens. Why was he being toyed with? Tian Bin looked at Zhang Ye, as if he had seen a ghost. Ever since he had an argument with Zhang Ye, he had been unlucky!

.....

Midnight.

Number five live broadcast studio.

This was the Literature Channel's dedicated broadcast studio that was very well-equipped.

Zhang Ye and another staff member entered to test the devices. The staff member checked the headset, while Zhang Ye tested the microphone. There were still ten minutes to go, before the live broadcast entered countdown. Without the novel's copyrights, there was no way to proceed with the live broadcast. What was there to say? This was not some talk show, where one could talk anything under the sun. This was a ghost story program. People switched on their radios late at night just to listen to this. Without any material, there was no way of going through with it.

Across the studio was a transparent glass with a soundproof room on the other side. Typically, that was where the phone editor sat. After finishing his job, Zhang Ye went over. Zhao Guozhou, Tian Bin and company began to enter, one after the other.

A female assistant alerted them, "There are still three minutes remaining."

Zhao Guozhou said to Tian Bin, "Go on up!"

Tian Bin's intestines had turned green, "Leader. How, how can I go on up? I can't say anything without a story!"

Zhao Guozhou, who was also experiencing tremendous amounts of pressure right now, bellowed, "Do you think that I don't know you can't say anything without a story!? But what can we do now? Eh! You tell me what I can do!" Pointing towards the studio, he said, "Quickly go in there! The program will be for an hour! I don't care how you are going to hoodwink it, but just do it!"

"There's no way to hoodwink for an hour." Tian Bin refused to go on up.

His other colleagues looked at each other. Up until now, there was not a single solution!

The female assistant looked at the time, "There's still another minute. 59 seconds...58 seconds..."

Wang Xiaomei, who was the Literature Channel's top star and one of the backbones of the channel, had also stayed behind. Seeing that Tian Bin had not moved from his seat, she reprimanded him, "Quickly! If you don't even go on air for your program, then it will be a broadcasting incident! Think carefully!"

A lesser leader of the Literature Channel also said, "Go on up first, before saying anything!"

Tian Bin still remained motionless. His expression was miserable!

The female assistant reported the time quickly, “There’s still ten seconds...nine seconds...”

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly clenched his teeth and made a decision. You can’t do it? You may not be able to do it, but I can! Wasn’t he still gloomy about not being able to have a program? Wasn’t this an opportunity for himself!? No novel’s copyright had been given to them? Zhang Ye still remembered a few tomb raiding stories from his world! Although he did not know if that world’s novels would work in this world, he had to at least try! Taking in a long, deep breath, he primed his expression. His entire aura changed. As the female assistant was counting down the time, Zhang Ye took three steps first and then two steps into the studio. With his ass on the seat, he pushed the button that controlled the audio volume as he wore the headset.

Everyone was stunned, with their mouths agape!

“Little Zhang!”

“What are you doing?”

“Why did you go on up?”

Everybody did not understand what Zhang Ye was doing. Without a single word of a novel’s script, how was he to do a program? Are you going to have a live broadcast just like this? Are

you trying to pull something from thin air?

Only Tian Bin heaved a sigh of relief and felt lucky.

Three seconds. Two seconds. One second. The live broadcast began!

With it done, no one could pull Zhang Ye out. The hearts of Zhao Guozhou and many others were now in their throats. How was Zhang Ye, who was a rookie that had just started work a few days ago, going to resolve this situation that had such a huge mishap? Who knows if it would turn out even worse!?

Leaving it up to fate, Zhao Guozhou and company gave up!

On the other hand, Zhang Ye appeared calm and, in fact, seemed slightly excited. He calmly said, “Hello, everyone. This is the “Late-night Ghost Stories” program. I will be your DJ today, Zhang Ye. With the last novel that was highly appreciated coming to an end, we will usher in a new work today, ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’!” [\[1\]](#)

Ghost Blows Out the Light?

What was that?

Zhao Guozhou and company were stunned!

Zhang Ye adjusted his tone and said with a low, deep voice. “Introduction. Grave robbing is not like touring, composing poetry, or creating art; we can’t be that elegant, leisurely, adoring or respectful. Grave robbing is a technical skill, a skill for breaking...” Zhang Ye said it neither quickly, nor slowly as he narrated, “All of these stories began with an incomplete book my father left me. That book is the ‘Mystic Secret of Feng-Shui, Yin and Yang in Sixteen Characters’. However, no one knows what happened to the last part of the book; the only thing left is the first part. What’s in the book is mainly about the secrets of how to read geomancy and the structure of tombs.” The words and the tone used were very steady.

Zhang Ye had chosen this book firstly because “Ghost Blows Out the Light” did not exist in this world. Secondly, this book had been really popular. Be it in its sales and or its resounding response, it was number one in Zhang Ye’s world at the time it was published. Ignoring the comparison with other supernatural novels, it had led far ahead, when compared against the most mainstream romantic novels back then. Thirdly, it was because back when he was practicing how to go off script and recite, he had used this book. Thus, he could still faithfully recite the content at the beginning of the novel. Even if there were mistakes or errors in his memory, it would not matter too much, as it did not affect the plot.

[1] Ghost Blows out the Light is a famous novel in China. NomYummi on Gravity has actually translated the first chapter as a teaser! [Check it out here](#)! Portions of the translation was using NomYummi’s original translation. Thank you to NomYummi!

Chapter 11: Having His Own Program!

On air.

As Zhang Ye narrated the story, he spoke more quickly. It was at least much faster than Tian Bin's speed. This was like how the personalities of people differed. Narrating a chapter also depended upon one's character. Most of the time, Zhang Ye described the story at a fast to very fast pace. Of course, at important parts of the story, he would slow down when it was required.

“First chapter. The Funeral Doll. My grandfather is called Hu Guohua and his ancestors were large landowners known far and wide. During their most glorious period, they purchased in the city three alleys that linked together forty houses. They were also involved in some politics and trade, donating provisions and assisting in transportation.”

Outside.

Everyone did not know what was going on. No one had expected Zhang Ye to take over the job of narrating a ghost story and they were worried. From listening to the first few paragraphs, no one had much anticipation for the story's content. Was this a supernatural novel? It was too plain. Was this an autobiography? After describing for so long, it was all matters regarding the main character's grandfather? And grave robbing was mentioned earlier on? Was robbing graves considered supernatural? There had never been such a novel of this type before. To them, only works that had been accepted by the market and had experienced the trial by fire of readers were considered good. However, Zhang Ye's grave

robbing novel was something they had never heard of. As such, they immediately labeled it as something that “was not up to mark”.

However, this view only lasted for ten minutes.

When Zhang Ye described how the funeral paper doll made by the craftsman came to life and asked to marry Hu Guohua, Wang Xiaomei felt a shudder. Zhao Guozhou’s gaze turned serious as the entire atmosphere of the studio chilled down!

The funeral paper doll had let Hu Guohua dig up her grave for riches. Eventually, when Hu Guohua could not resist the temptation, his liver was eaten by the paper doll. When the plot reached this intense point, everyone’s breathing had also tensed up!

Tian Bin was stunned when he heard this. As this was a midnight program, many people working for the channel did not listen to it. Most people would have slept by that time; hence, they would not know much about ghost stories. However, Tian Bin was a DJ who narrated such stories. He dabbled with all these ghostly stories on a daily basis, so he had the ability to distinguish things. Initially, he had deemed it impossible for this grave robbing novel to have any market, as it had never appeared before. But as he listened, Tian Bin felt his pores contract. It was as if Zhang Ye’s mouth emitted a chill. The story had captured Tian Bin immediately!

Was this an original work of his?

How could this be possible!? He could write such stories?

Tian Bin did not believe. Neither could Wang Xiaomei and company believe!

Only Zhao Guozhou had a vague idea of the situation. Thinking back to how Zhang Ye composed the poem, “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” during the interview, Zhang Ye had managed to surprise all of the interviewers. This was a very talented person. Else how could he be granted special permission to be hired with his looks? Zhao Guozhou had grabbed Zhang Ye from Li Honglian’s hands forcefully into his Literature Channel. Now, it seemed like he was prescient.

One o’clock in the morning.

An hour passed by very quickly.

The number of people outside were the same as before. No one, including Zhao Guozhou, had left early. They were all listening to the story.

The female assistant gestured to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye nodded to signal that he got the message and he stopped his story at a suitable spot, “Dear listeners. That will be all for today’s broadcast. I welcome you to carry on listening in for the story tomorrow. Thank you, everyone. This is your DJ, Zhang Ye.” Pushing a button to broadcast music, Zhang Ye took off his headset

and heaved a sigh of relief. It would have been a lie if he said he was not nervous. He had made some mistakes during the process and nearly embarrassed himself. Thankfully, he had the basic foundations, hence Zhang Ye was still pretty satisfied with his first broadcast. There was still some room for a few flaws.

A staff member walked in quickly. What followed was a replay of prime-time programs, so he had to adjust the equipment.

Zhang Ye walked towards the room that Zhao Guozhou and company were in. After pushing the door open, he first apologized, “Leader, sorry. I took the initiative to take over the broadcast without discussing with everyone. Mainly it was because there was no time. I did not want the program to have any broadcast incidents and go off-air, too, so I suddenly thought of a plot and idea I previously had. I followed my thoughts and narrated the story. Since it’s my original work, then it would not cause any problems with copyright. I also thought pretty simply, uh, anyways, sorry to everyone. If the higher-ups want to pursue the matter, I will take full responsibility for it!”

No one had any response as they were silent.

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes, “Leader, I...”

Suddenly, Zhao Guozhou raised his hands and slowly clapped!

A middle-aged man in the editing team also raised his hand and clapped vigorously!

Following that, a round of applause sounded. It caused quite a commotion in the radio station's building late at night.

Zhao Guozhou grabbed Zhang Ye's shoulders and smiled, "Are you still apologizing? You have saved this situation at such an opportune time! Without you going on up, we don't even know what would have happened to the program. Besides, your 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was written so well. There's nothing to say about the quality and neither can I pick on your language. I find it much better than the supernatural novels that our station has to pay top dollar for. Great, I knew I did not make a mistake choosing you!"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Thank you. I'm flattered."

The female assistant also grinned, revealing her canines, as she secretly gave Zhang Ye a thumbs-up.

Li Si's eyebrows were knitted tightly. Tian Bin was also not in a good mood as he stared coldly at Zhang Ye.

Zhao Guozhou clapped his hands to attract everyone's attention. "Alright, everyone has been busy all night. You have all worked hard today, so go home and take a rest." Again, he spoke to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, do you still have a follow-up to this story? Tomorrow you can just carry on narrating it. 'Late-night Ghost Stories' will temporarily be hosted by you!"

Me?

This program was temporarily mine?

There was no need to mention Zhang Ye's pleasant surprise. He was, of course, overjoyed. He had just started work for a week and was a rookie amongst rookies. Without any experience, he was given a program that he could call his own? He had seized the opportunity at the most opportune time as he immediately said, "Thank you for the Leader's trust. I will definitely do well!"

Tian Bin could not accept hearing this, "Leader, letting him host? Then, what about me..."

Zhao Guozhou said impatiently, "What about you! You didn't even dare to sit on the seat during the last few seconds! If not for Little Zhang rescuing the situation, we would have a live broadcast incident! You shall be a stand-in host for now! And take some time to reflect!" After covering his mouth to yawn a few times, he walked out tiredly.

"Leader!" Tian Bin shouted.

Zhao Guozhou went home without even looking back.

Wang Xiaomei stared deeply at Zhang Ye, before returning.

Zhang Ye glanced and said to Tian Bin, "Teacher Tian, I'm sorry. I will consult you if there is anything I do not know in the future." He did not kick Tian Bin while he was down and did not turn arrogant upon being successful. He calmly said some pleasantries.

Zhang Ye was pretty impressed with his own bearing. Look at me being so refined!

Tian Bin was so angry that his eyebrows were tightly knitted!

Earlier that day, Tian Bin had been all-powerful and had repressed the rookie, Zhang Ye, due to his qualifications. In a few hours, his program had been taken over by Zhang Ye! With winners crowned and losers vilified, it could be said that nothing could be taken for granted in this world! Tian Bin bit his molars as he believed that it was still to be determined as to who had the last laugh. The most important thing was to see the listenership ratings when they were released tomorrow. If the first day's rating was still at the bottom, even after all the promotions, then Zhang Ye might be kicked away even if he did not make a mistake. After facing disciplinary action, the program would still be Tian Bin's!

Chapter 12: Tidal-Like Good Comments From Listeners!

The next day.

Zhang Ye squeezed in the subway to get to work. He heard two men, who had just got on the train, speaking nearby. The topic of conversation made Zhang Ye's ears perk up.

“Old Zhao, did you listen to ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ last night?”

“Of course, I did. I listen to that program every night without fail. Eh, I thought you didn't listen to the radio?”

“I don't listen to it, but my wife does. Yesterday, she forcefully made me accompany her and had me listen to the program. You should know my wife, right? She has so much courage. If she sees a gangster late at night on the street, just her voice will scare the gangster away. She listens to ghost stories just so she can sleep. She had never felt so afraid before. And strangely, yesterday, they had broadcast a new ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, which scared her so much that she woke me up. I told her not to listen to it if it's so scary and just switch it off, but she refused and was adamant about tuning in.”

“Haha, yesterday's ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ was awesome. Although I was not fear-stricken, I did find it creepy deep down inside and could not sleep well. It was very good.”

“I also accompanied my wife and listened till 1 A.M. It was indeed good.”

“I will carry on tuning in today. I really want to know what happens in the tomb later.”

“That host is a rookie, right? His name is Zhang Ye? I find his narration very good. His speed was very appropriate, as the host from before spoke too slowly.

As the two people continued to chat, they did not know that the Zhang Ye they were discussing was just a few meters away from them.

Zhang Ye felt good hearing that. This feeling was so good. Opening his game screen to look at his Reputation, it was now at 10,677.

Having bought the second ‘lottery’ ticket yesterday, his Reputation had been depleted all the way down to zero. His Reputation had grown by more than 10,000 in a night. One had to know that ever since Zhang Ye was born, he had only managed to gain 200,000 Reputation in his more than 20 years of living. Now, with just a night’s time, he had nearly matched what he had previously gained in a year. This speed was indeed very fast. There was indeed no mistake in choosing a radio station as his first step towards becoming famous. Besides, his Reputation would slowly increase. It would increase by one or two sporadically. It was the standard practice that every episode of “Late-night Ghost Stories”

would be edited by specialized staff before they placed the recording on the radio station's website. Clearly, the gradual increase in Reputation was from people who did not listen to the live broadcast the previous night and were instead from people who listened to the sound bite on the website and gave Reputation points to Zhang Ye if they found it good.

Getting off the subway and onto the platform.

Zhang Ye first went to a roadside store to buy cigarettes. His addiction was not too bad, as he would smoke two sticks whenever he encountered a good situation.

“What cigarettes do you want?” the boss asked.

Still Red River? This was the cigarette brand that Zhang Ye usually smoked. However, realizing that he was now at least a celebrity, smoking a 6 CNY cigarette did not match his status as a successful radio host and a would-be famous world celebrity. Smoking a 6 CNY cigarette would be too embarrassing. A celebrity had to appear like a celebrity. They had to display their financial ability and their social image at every moment.

As such, Zhang Ye waved his hand, “Give me a pack of Double Red Joy!”

...Alright, this pack is 6.50 CNY.

.....

Reaching the office.

There were many colleagues who had dark circles under their eyes, as they had worked overtime until very late yesterday.

Zhang Ye entered and was already accustomed to being ignored by everyone. He was preparing to take his seat to begin working. Now that he had his own program, it could be considered a promotion, so he naturally had a lot more things to do.

“Little Zhang, you’ve come?”

“Good morning, Teacher Zhang.”

“I heard the program. It was awesome.”

“Right, I could not come back yesterday, as I had something going on. I also listened back at home. I heard that it is an original work of yours? And without a script? Speaking whatever you thought on the spot? Amazing!”

“No ordinary person can go on a live broadcast without a script.”

“Teacher Zhang is from a specialized major, so this is nothing.”

A few colleagues smiled and greeted Zhang Ye. Their attitude was very friendly.

Zhang Ye did not make a timely reaction. Teacher Zhang? What Teacher Zhang? Are they...calling me that? Realizing this, Zhang Ye quickly turned humble, “Teacher Qian, Teacher Wu, Brother Wu, please don’t call me teacher. I’m still new and am just a student. I still need to learn a lot from all you seniors. Just calling me Little Zhang would do.” As a person working in the media industry and someone facing the public, “Teacher” was a form of “salutation”. It was not too much, but Zhang Ye knew his boundaries. With his present qualifications, other people may respect him by calling him teacher, but he could not accept it.

By exchanging pleasantries, this was the first time Zhang Ye actually had a deep exchange with his colleagues.

The reason was clear. Previously, people ignored Zhang Ye because he was just a stand-in DJ. He did not have the looks, so no one thought he could make it big; hence, no one bothered to build a relationship with him. But now, things were different. Tian Bin had made a mistake and Zhang Ye had saved the situation at the last minute, preventing a broadcast incident. His story was also very good and he was temporarily made the host of the program. He had went from being a substitute to a main host, so the attitude of his colleagues naturally had a subtle change.

Was this how the world worked?

The way humans reacted was normal, so Zhang Ye did not make a fuss about it.

Of course, there were still many in the office who pretended Zhang Ye did not exist. This was in the character of some of them, while there were others whose work had nothing to do with Zhang Ye. Although everyone shared an office, they all had different responsibilities. A portion of them even had good relations with Tian Bin.

Behind him, a female clerk walked over with a cardboard box in her hands. Inside, there were stacks of bound letters. After passing some letters to a few program hosts, she came by to the corner and was about to put the letters on Tian Bin's table through habit, but after thinking it over and seeing that Tian Bin was not around, she glanced at Zhang Ye and passed them to him. "Teacher Zhang, these are letters from the listeners of 'Late-night Ghost Stories'. Some of the letters are for Teacher Tian. As the postal service was slow, some of them were received only today. Some of them are yours. They were mailed out by the listeners early this morning."

Zhang Ye said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." The female clerk walked away.

Zhang Ye breathed in as he opened the letters. It was like the experience of a newly-wedded bride.

The first letter was written by a child. His words were crooked and very innocent, "Hello, Teacher Zhang. The story you narrated is so good. My mother had wanted me to go to sleep early and even beat me up, but I still did not switch off the radio and listened to it secretly under the blanket. I will listen to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' from now on, daily!"

Zhang Ye smiled and, with some thought, he picked a pen and wrote, “I am Zhang Ye. Thank you for your letter. You should sleep early and listen to your mother. Don’t stay up late at night. ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ is uploaded on the Literature Channel’s website, so you can listen to the broadcast online.” After he finished writing, he found the female clerk and received her help in sending his response to the young listener, according to the sender’s address. After returning to his seat, he carried on reading his letters.

Second letter: “Today’s story is better than all the trash ghost stories from before by 10,000 times. This is the supernatural novel that resides in my heart!”

Third letter: “I am a taxi driver who works the night shift. ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ is an awesome story. I will continue supporting it!”

Fourth letter: “This is the best supernatural novel I have ever heard! I just want to say thank you to the program team! Thank you, Teacher Zhang! I finally do not find the nights boring!”

There were more than ten letters and Zhang Ye read each and every one of them. He picked out three letters to respond to.

He then switched on his computer, so that he could read the letters in his e-mail inbox. Ever since taking over “Late-night Ghost Stories”, someone had given him the password to the program’s inbox. After logging in, he realized that there were more

than 80 unread e-mails. This mail was not written as formally as the hand-written letters he had received. There was more online slang.

Liuliu59: “‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ is too cool!”

Edhska115: “Great, Great, Great, Great!”

Qqqry: “Teacher Zhang, say a bit more each day. I strongly request for the program to be extended. I have already recommended ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ to many of my classmates and friends. I will be calling all of them up at night to ask them to tune in. Hehe, I’ll give you a ‘like’ and be your fan in the future!”

So many good comments?

Zhang Ye found it to be extremely beautiful!

Look at this. Look at this. This is the voice of the people!

Chapter 13: The Listenership Rating For The Program Explodes!

At 9 A.M., it was time to work.

Zhang Ye was busy replying to letters from his listeners.

Tian Bin and Li Si walked in together, late by a few minutes. But in an institution like this, the rules were more lax than in the private sector.

After Tian Bin arrived, the atmosphere became a little awkward.

Everyone's attention was focused on both Tian Bin and Zhang Ye.

As victors were always more gentlemanly, Zhang Ye made his greeting, as if nothing had happened, "Teacher Tian, good morning." It was as though they had not quarreled the day before.

Tian Bin ignored him, thinking begrudgingly, "That Zhang! Don't get too c*cky. That 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' might not get you anywhere. Grave robbing? This was something illegal. These two words are already not positive and you are finished if the listeners do not accept it. When the ratings reach a new low, it will be time to get off your high horse. You won't be jumping around for much longer. The listenership ratings will be announced soon. Wait and see!"

Tian Bin was waiting for the listenership ratings.

Zhang Ye was waiting for them, too. He, too, didn't really know how accepting the listeners were. Although he had received a lot of letters of praise, there were still some critics, some of which were quite harsh. Although this was just a small sample of the audience, what the actual results were still depended upon the whole listener base.

The door outside opened and Zhao Guozhou walked in with his pot belly as he came for his inspection. He passed on some instructions to his old comrades and spoke with an editor, before setting his eyes on Zhang Ye with a little laugh, "Little Zhang. Uh, yesterday's performance wasn't too bad. Whether the rating is good or bad, your story was just too timely." Speaking of this, he spoke to someone, "Oh, right. Are the ratings for yesterday out? Why didn't anyone give it to me?"

Wang Xiaomei raised her head, "I just came from upstairs. They are still at it, but it should be ready soon."

Suddenly, the female assistant, Xiaofang, who helped Zhang Ye the night before, briskly walked in with a form. The moment she stepped in, she took a quick look at Zhang Ye and handed the form to Zhao Guozhou, "Leader, the ratings have been released. These are the overall statistics for yesterday!"

Zhao Guozhou acknowledged it and took a look, but he couldn't help but be taken aback, "Did you take the correct one?"

Xiaofang, with a wry smile, said, “Of course, I did. The statistics department directly handed it to me.” While saying that, her eyes drifted over to Zhang Ye’s direction again.

The leader’s comment could not help but stir up everyone’s curiosity. Well? Was there anything wrong with the ratings?

“Everyone, stop your work for a bit. I will be announcing the rankings.” This was a daily affair of the Literature Channel. Zhao Guozhou would, almost without fail, announce daily the rankings for the previous day, so as to apply pressure on everyone. The top-ranked star segments with high listenership had high advertising fees and high bonuses. Segments that ranked at the bottom faced the risk of being cut, like Tian Bin’s hosted segment “Late-night Ghost Stories”’ previous novel, “Ghosts of Midnight”. There were many parts in the middle which had been edited out and the ending was directly broadcasted. All in all, a total of over 10 episodes were removed due to the lack of listeners.

There was no choice.

The station always replayed the day’s programs after 1 A.M., meaning that “Late-night Ghost Stories” was the last program of the day. Listener numbers were already limited due to this reason. How many people would want to listen to the radio this late at night? Segments that appeared very late at night, like this one, would never have a chance to be compared with the segments that were broadcasted between the golden hours of 7 and 8 P.M. The amount of people listening in could even reach a result that had a difference of ten times. Including the weekend, the Literature Channel had slightly over 20 segments in total. “Late-night Ghost

Stories” was always ranked at around 20th place, which meant it was either first or second if you were to count from the back. Even a lightning strike wouldn’t be able to move it. It was not that the segment was bad. They had the most loyal listeners amongst all of the Literature Channel’s segments. It all boiled down to the extremely limited audience base and late night timing, so how could it ever fight for a place among the top spots? It would definitely be an international joke!

Zhang Ye eagerly looked on with hope, but without any ambition. As long as it was not in last place, he would be fine with the result.

Zhao Guozhou announced, “First place, “Talk About the World.”

This was Wang Xiaomei’s segment. She and her team were not surprised. Several years had passed with Wang Xiaomei’s segment always being ranked at the top, without losing its place even once. Not only at their own station’s Literature Channel, the amount of ratings received was one of the highest amongst the Beijing Radio Station’s radio channels. It had a prime-time slot and a pretty female host, so other than the traffic and news channels, her segment had always outdone all the other segments.

“Second place.” Zhao Guozhou read from the list, “Entertainment Daily.”

The Literature Channel, which included the entertainment circle’s news, could not be compared with the News channel in terms of its audience base. But they had their own fixed audience base, as well. This segment was also a standard fixture for second

place.

It was time to reveal the third place.

But Zhao Guozhou held back for a long while, like he was reading off the ratings graph.

“Old Zhao?” one of the managers who was close to him said suspiciously.

Zhao Guozhou remained in his paused state for a short moment before announcing, “Third place.....” Stretching his tone, he finally said, “The third place goes to..... ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’!”

What?

“Late-night Ghost Stories” placed third?

Upon hearing this, Tian Bin freaked out from the inside! He was still wondering if Zhang Ye could carry on the tradition of being in the last place, but somehow the results were as such! Were the statistics compiled incorrectly? That must be it: a compilation error! He knew his segment the best of anyone here. Tian Bin was wondering, “How could this unpopular program , which was on its deathbed, achieve such a high listenership?”

Li Si was staring out of his gaping wide eyes!

Zhang Ye did not expect such a result either and was shocked by it!

Not to mention anyone else, the whole office was temporarily in shock. No one could believe their own ears!

“Late-night Ghost Stories” placed third? This is not a joke, right? This segment was always ranked last or the second to last in the Literature Channel! Alright, as this was the first broadcast for a new story and the promotions were more than ever before, logically, the listenership would increase a lot. This was because listeners would always be curious and a new story would always attract them to find out what story would be broadcast. If it was any good, they would continue listening in; otherwise, they wouldn’t. Thereafter, the listeners would dwindle in number before settling on a steady number. But even if a new story could increase the ratings, this was too much of an exaggeration!

Straight to third place?

Even doing better than the 5 P.M. and 9 P.M. segments?

Doesn’t this mean that all the listeners pulled in by the promotions never turned off or changed channels once they heard the beginning of “Late-night Ghost Stories”? Almost all of them were retained by this story? That reason allowed the ratings’ average to be pulled up by so much?

Even Wang Xiaomei, who was the host with the best ratings,

reacted to this. Even her segment could not retain all of its listeners. Who doesn't switch channels if they found the program boring? That's why, even when the listenership rating was high at the beginning of the segment, it would slowly decrease towards the last half hour of the segment and, as such, the average rating would go down by at least half!

But what's with "Late-night Ghost Stories"?

The average listenership was too scary!

Instantaneously, everyone looked at Zhang Ye differently. A rookie who had just arrived, a novel 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' that no one had ever heard of – these led to the late night segment securing third place in the ratings? Holy ****! You must be on drugs!

Chapter 14: A Late-Night Segment Has Actually Turned Popular!

“Those are the top three for ratings.” Zhao Guozhou was very pleased. He praised, “I would like to now commend the team for ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’, especially Little Zhang. For a late night segment to achieve a placing in the top three for its first broadcast, it is unprecedented and should be entered into the record books. I’ve seen the listenership ratings graph and there isn’t much of a difference between the upper and lower ratings throughout the program. Starting from midnight, it was always on a high and this shows the affirmation the listeners have about the plot. And because of the explosion of ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’, this channel’s overall rating also rose. Let’s have a round of applause for Little Zhang and wish that he would keep working harder!”

Bba Bba Bba.

Everyone reacted with applause.

But Tian Bin did not move; he couldn’t accept the truth!

Zhang Ye clasped his hands in appreciation, “It’s all thanks to the Leader’s help and everyone’s support; it wasn’t down to me alone.”

“Talk About the World” listenership 3.17%.

“Entertainment Daily” listenership 2.29%.

“Late-night Ghost Stories” listenership 0.98%.

“Laughter Daily” listenership 0.92%.

“People’s Broadcast Station News Highlights (Affiliate Broadcast)” listenership 0.89%.

Sixth place....Seventh place.....the ratings had very little difference.

This time, the segment in last place was “Old and Young Story Club”, taking over the last place position of “Late-night Ghost Stories”, with a listenership of 0.27%.

After Zhao Guozhou finished announcing, he summarised the previous day’s results before letting everyone return to their work.

Zhang Ye sat back down and got himself busy. On the surface, he was calm. But inside, he was bursting with excitement. If no one was around, he would have smiled until his mouth went crooked. Only after it sunk in did he calm down and analyze the reasons for the program’s popularity. The most important reason should have been because of market and environmental factors. The ghost stories and supernatural novels of this world was still in their infancy stages, so not many good works have appeared, yet. The ones that could be considered good numbered around 4 or 5 novels. In Zhang Ye’s view, these top novels would only be considered to be so-so; therefore, the market still hungered for more. Now, Zhang Ye had brought to them a story full of novelty about grave robbing, a story that was already tested and well-

received in his world. The key was that this story was being first released on radio. It was an original story that was not available anywhere else in the market and so it was not in anyone's imagination that it would achieve such great results.

That afternoon, the recording schedule was confirmed.

The female assistant, Xiaofang, came looking for Zhang Ye while holding a slip, smiling sweetly, "Teacher Zhang, it's time to do the recording for tonight's program. You have Room 7 from 10 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. Don't go any later than 11:40 A.M., because there is another recording after that. Well, in the afternoon, Room 8 has a lot of free slots. If you are up for it, I will book the timings for you? We can book three hours at the most."

Zhang Ye considered this, "Okay, then thanks for the trouble. Book it for however long it is available for. I will try to record three broadcasts by today." Of course, it would be good to prepare a few broadcasts in advance while in good health and spirits, rather than to rush at a later time. Besides, in this line of work, having one's voice in a good condition was imperative. If he caught a cold, it would definitely affect the quality of the broadcast, so it was better to be prepared.

"Sure." Xiaofang blinked, "Then, should I help to prepare your manuscripts?"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, saying, "No need for that. I don't have any manuscripts. Let's go straight to recording."

No manuscripts? Xiaofang couldn't help but look at him admiringly. Even the colleagues around who heard that were impressed. Ignoring the composition skills of the newly-arrived Teacher Zhang, just his off script reading skill was one of a kind in the Beijing Radio Station. Even for programs that demanded spontaneity like interviews, the host would still require a script of some sort for a guide, not to mention a program like story-telling!

Tian Bin watched with envious fury. Look how everyone is behaving. It's just a good result for the first broadcast and that's to be expected. I don't believe that the next few broadcasts will bring such high ratings. The station had been promoting it so strongly, so, of course, the first broadcast would be highly-rated. Tian Bin also had a broadcast for a novel last year and on the first day of the broadcast, he had received ninth place. But the next few broadcasts' ratings dropped exponentially by the day. In the end, it became last place as usual. Such is the law of programs in the late night segment and no one has ever managed to escape the claws of this curse!

Wait and see what happens tomorrow and the day after! I will watch you cry when that happens!

Tian Bin was already confident of his judgement!

Other Literature Channel colleagues, even Zhao Guozhou, had similar thoughts. Luck probably played a part for its first broadcast rating. No matter what, this was a late night segment: a midnight segment, in fact. This timing had the lowest audience numbers, so the ability to take third place would be lost for sure. It would even be normal for it to slip to around the tenth place.

However, the way the situation progressed caught everyone by surprise!

There was a slight dip in the listenership for the second episode of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. After all, even the best things would not be well-liked by everyone. If there were people who liked it, there would be people who disliked it. It could not be forced. After listeners who contributed to the first episode’s listenership rating left, the results dropped to the segment to sixth place for the entire channel. However, immediately following the third episode of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, it ushered in another explosive breakthrough. It returned, once again, back to the third spot in the entire channel. Very clearly, although a small fraction of listeners had left, a large group of listeners gradually came in to replace them!

Zhang Ye’s deep voice flowed from the radio, “Thousands of pieces of timber were used to build up a pyramidal tower that stood above-ground. There were red sparkling stars above the tower and, using the weak light to see, the foundation of the wooden tower was about two hundred meters wide, made of cement. Thousand-year-old cedar wood was used to build the tower’s body and it had a total of nine floors. Each floor was filled with dried skeletons, wearing all sorts of strange ancient costumes. There were people of all ages and genders. Each piece of wood was engraved with Tibetan runes. Is this a tomb? Who could have built a tomb of this size underground?”

Many listeners in the city of Beijing felt an eerie chill while listening nearby their radios!

Zhang Ye was listening to his own program at home, too, while checking the internet for messages and comments, enjoying it thoroughly.

“I’m finished! I won’t be able to sleep, again, tonight!”

“Me, too. This part is too exciting!”

“Can you not leave us with a cliffhanger? Why did it end here today?”

“Strongly requesting for a bit more! I will not be able to sleep at ease!”

The listeners’ feedback was very positive. The posters included the old, the young, both males and females. It covered almost all ages!

About ten minutes after the program ended, Zhang Ye noticed on his Weibo a bigwig account’s comment. The verified account belonged to a famous Central TV producer, Hu Fei, who had a following of over 600,000 fans. He posted, “Yesterday, a director from the station recommended to me a late-night radio program called ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’, telling me that the novel being read was really awesome. At first, I didn’t quite believe it and, with a skeptical attitude, I listened to five episode broadcasts. But in the end, I was really impressed. I felt pleased, as I have read many supernatural novels, but none of those had amazed me this much. The country needs more of such great works.”

Below the post, many fans rushed to re-publish it.

“‘Late-night Ghost Stories’? Never heard of it. Is it that good?”

“If Teacher Hu says he is impressed, then it must be pretty good!”

“Haha, even Teacher Hu is recommending it? Looks like everyone’s aesthetic style is the same. I began listening to ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ from the first episode and cannot help myself!”

Seeing this, Zhang Ye felt good. This was the greatest affirmation he could receive!

...

The next day.

“Late-night Ghost Stories”’s ratings for the past few days had been released!

First episode: 0.98%

Second episode: 0.69%

Third episode: 1.01%

Fourth episode: 1.14%

Fifth episode: 1.27%

After nearly a week of broadcasts, even though Zhang Ye's program was still in the top three, it was still a far cry from the second-placed "Entertainment Daily". It was not likely to take second place any time soon, but it had already firmly rooted itself at third place, since it was comfortably above the fourth placing. Moreover, the rating was increasing ever so slightly by the day, meaning that there was still a lot of potential for improvement!

Upon the release of the rating results, many skeptics were shut down, including Tian Bin.

A miracle had been created! The success of "Late-night Ghost Stories" made it unbearable for many to lay their sights on it!

Colleagues expressed wonder and admiration. As an unexpected competitor, the rise of this late-night segment was too sudden!

Even the traffic, music and news channels knew of Zhang Ye! That's how it was in the station; what secret could remain a secret?

"Hey, Ah Li."

"Old Meng? What's up?"

“I heard an awesome person came to your Literature Channel? He pushed the late-night program’s listenership rating to third place? It is catching up with the ratings of prime-time programs? Is that true?”

“Yes, it’s true.”

“Awesome, too awesome.”

“You have not heard ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, yet, right? If you listen to it, you will not be surprised. It’s a really good piece of work. And it has opened up the tomb robbing genre for supernatural novels. It is the founder! You may not know this, but for the past few days, the amount of letters sent in by listeners everyday is just crazy. There would be at least a hundred letters a day!”

“Really? Then I must really give it a listen!”

Zhang Ye was passing by, when he heard the discussion between the two. With a slight tinge of happiness, he understood now that he has firmed up his standing in the station. “Late-night Ghost Stories” had become a star program of the Literature Channel and by continuing to contribute to the listenership, Zhang Ye’s place as a radio host will rise, too!

Chapter 15: Opening A Treasure Chest Again!

Weekend.

Jiaomen, inside the rented room.

It was Zhang Ye's day off. "Late-night Ghost Stories" was a nonstop weekly program. Since the Saturday and Sunday segments were pre-recorded already and left to the female assistant, Xiaofang, to broadcast, Zhang Ye could afford to stay home and be lazy. He woke up past 10 A.M. and stretched his body, before getting out of bed. The first thing he did was to bring up the virtual game screen to check on his achievements for these past five days. His Reputation points were at 110,000. Other than the first broadcast, which grew his Reputation slightly by just over 10,000, and the second broadcast, which added slightly less points, the remaining broadcasts, in total, added over 20,000 Reputation points a day. Seeing his Reputation grow so rapidly, Zhang Ye couldn't be more pleased.

There were enough points to draw at the lottery once again.

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye spent 100,000 Reputation points to open up the lottery, "This time, I'm not wishing for a Special Category. Giving me a Skills or Stats Category would do. I've already played it twice, but have still not seen what is in the other categories!"

Tapping on it!

The needle began moving!

Stats Category...Special Category...Skills Category...

The needle slowed down and constantly moved past many other regions. Just as it was about to stop on the Skills Category, a slight jerk made it move forward. It did not hold!

Missed by just a bit!

Fine, it's still a Consumption Category!

Zhang Ye accepted it as he opened the lid of the Treasure Chest (Small). Inside the chest was a clear bottle with a small wood stopper!

"Invisibility Potion": Stealth mode activates after drinking it. Lasts 5 minutes.

Seeing the game ring's introduction to the item, Zhang Ye kept the potion bottle into his ring, as if it was something that did not matter. The inventory was like a spatial storage bag. As for the item he had drawn, he was clearly not very pleased. What's the use for this? To peep in the ladies' room? Don't be ridiculous. Zhang Ye had always been a gentleman. He would not do such nasty things. He had never even thought about it. Besides, the time limit was just a short five minutes. It was not enough to see a thing!

Outside, sounds from a commotion could be heard.

After washing up, Zhang Ye opened the door to take a look. A bunch of tenants were crowding around in the hallway.

“Landlady auntie, the rooms are already expensive, yet you want to raise the rental?” a university student said angrily.

“Yeah, you are killing us. This is exploitation!” a white-collared female shouted.

Standing in the middle, Rao Aimin had a face which didn’t care for emotional pleas. She squinted her eyes and confronted all of them, “Houses are so expensive right now. Everyone else is increasing their prices. Do you think I am a charitable organization? If you don’t want to stay, there are others who want to. Hmph, to think you dare to argue with me. You, Little Zhao, when you owed people money and they came looking for you, who lent you the money to pay it off? And you, Little Xue, when you didn’t have enough for your school fees, who helped you?”

The university student’s temper suddenly subsided. Speaking softly, he said, “Didn’t I return it all back to you already?”

Rao Aimin staring with her beautiful eyes, “Paid back and that’s it? Have you all forgotten the good I’ve done for you? Eh? You ingrates! If you aren’t staying, scram!”

Many of them stopped speaking, slowly moving back to their

rooms.

The others, who had not benefitted from Rao Aimin's help, continued to protest the increase, but were scolded back into their rooms. Her mouth was vicious; any ordinary person would never be able to win an argument against her!

After everyone dispersed, Rao Aimin spotted Zhang Ye, "Hey, Little Zhang. Get over here!"

Zhang Ye wanted to hide, but it was too late. Begrudgingly, he followed her to her place.

After the door closed, Rao Aimin dragged her slippers-wearing feet to the coffee table, where a low-distribution cultural newspaper laid. She flipped it open to a page, "I accidentally saw this in the papers I bought this morning. Not bad, kid. You were mentioned in the papers." She shook the papers and spoke in a strange manner, "Recently, Beijing Radio Station's Literature channel's 'Late-night Ghost Stories' broadcasted a story called 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. It attracted some good attention and even created history in the ratings of a late-night segment, gaining big success. It has even subtly broken the situation of physical and web publications for supernatural novels. According to this reporter, this story is an original work of the segment's DJ, Zhang Ye. Hence, the success of this program cannot be replicated."

It was also the first time Zhang Ye realized he was in the papers as he rushed forward, "Let me see that."

“Although the distribution of this newspaper isn’t very wide and is a bit biased, it’s still not bad. You had such results just after entering the radio station?” After attacking him once, Rao Aimin sat with her legs crossed and quickly changed the subject, “When are you paying the rent? If you can’t pay, then clear the debt by doing house chores. It’s about time to clean the house again!”

Her attitude flipped faster than flipping a book!

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, “Landlady auntie, see, I’m already now in the papers and am a person with status and fans. Can I...”

Rao Aimin did not wait for him to finish, “What status do you have? Your only status now is a debtor!”

Zhang Ye bargained, “I can do house chores for you, but you need need to provide me lunch and dinner.” He was almost unable to afford instant noodles.

Rao Aimin leered at him, “You even gave a condition?”

Zhang Ye grumbled, “I have not even eaten lunch. I can’t work, if I don’t eat.”

Rao Aimin clearly was reluctant as she curled her mouth before entering the kitchen. Afterwards, she threw a plastic bag with buns inside, “There’s only this! I bought it in the morning!”

Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He wolfed them down right

there and then without even heating it up.

Rao Aimin said disdainfully, “You only know how to eat. Did you not eat in your previous life? However, let me tell you that eating buns can kill!”

Zhang Ye had finished eating two buns in a blink of an eye as he nearly choked, “Eating buns can kill?”

“Why would I lie to you. There was a resident here who died last year because of eating buns. Who doesn’t know that!” Rao Aimin recalled.

There was indeed a person who had died last year. Although Zhang Ye was not here back then, he had heard about it after moving in. He was immediately scared out of his wits. In his previous world, he had heard of Sudan Red G, gutter oil and melamine which were big problems for food hygiene. Zhang Ye was already frightened. And now hearing that someone near him had died eating buns, his face turned white, as he cherished his life greatly. He tried to vomit out the buns that he had just eaten, but failed in doing so. Just as he felt like he could not tolerate it any further, he quickly asked, “How did that person die? Was it terrible?”

Rao Aimin swept the dust off her legs and sighed, “It was terrible, so terrible. That day, after he went out to buy buns, he got hit by a large truck, killing him!”

“He died from a collision?” Zhang Ye nearly fainted. “Then, what

has that got to do with eating buns?”

“I did not say there was any connection.” Rao Aimin was in stitches, clearly having teased Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye, “...”

Rao Aimin was feeling good as she smacked Zhang Ye in the head, “Alright, kid. Quickly tidy up the place after eating. Also, fill up the bathtub for me. I want to take a bath.”

Her smiles were like flowers and her expressions were sultry!

Although Rao Aimin teased Zhang Ye often and she had a bad temper, was older, had frequent mood swings, was cold to others, loved money like it was her life and was very venomous with her words, still.. she was very pretty!

In Zhang Ye’s dreams, he also wished to marry and have such a beautiful woman as his wife!

Hai. But upon further thought, it was quite useless. So what if you had a beautiful wife? After seeing her for so long and getting used to her, it would all be the same. It did not matter if she looked pretty or not. What? You don’t believe that? Let’s give an example. Who wouldn’t find his wife beautiful before marriage to the point of dying for love? But after being married for seven years, if you were to look into the eyes of your wife for more than a minute a day, then you can be considered to have been stung by your

conscience and have rekindled your feelings!

Oh, of course, if you are outraged and say things like, “Bullsh*t, even after another 50 years, or even 500 years, I will still find my wife to be as pretty as a flower, one that can topple countries and is the world’s number one beauty.” Well, then I don’t even have to ask. Your wife must be beside you reading this book!

Chapter 16: The Door Opened!

Rao's house.

Second floor, in the bathroom.

"The bath water is done." Zhang Ye shouted from inside.

The landlady seemed to be on the phone and, after a while, she responded, "I can't bathe. I need to go out and will only come back in the afternoon!"

"Ah? What are you doing?" Zhang Ye asked.

"What I do is none of your business!" Big Sis Rao's voice was never friendly. "I'll leave the house for you to tidy up. Clean it well. Especially those windows on the South side. I'm leaving. Remember to close the door after you leave and don't touch my items!"

With a slam, the door on the first floor closed.

There was only Zhang Ye in the house. After he grumbled and complained a few times, he did not sit idle and began working hard. He knew Big Sis Rao was tough on the outside, but soft on the inside. Many of the tenants may complain about her venomous tongue, but many of them had received help from her. Zhang Ye was one of them. Every time he hadn't eaten, wasn't it Big Sis Rao who settled his meals? Hence, he knew to be grateful. Since he had

agreed to clean up her house, he naturally did so properly. After working hard all day, Zhang Ye was done and was covered in sweat. It was already noon, so he finished the remaining two vegetable-stuffed buns.

As the ancient saying goes, when the belly is full, the mind is among the maids...Er, that's not right.

As the ancient saying goes, one should have an afternoon nap after having one's meal and get a well-deserved weekend.

Zhang Ye did not plan on going against the ancient sayings. However, he could not rest with his body sweaty. He eyed the bathtub in Rao's house with evil intentions. All Zhang Ye had in his bathroom was a shower tap. It wasn't thrilling enough, while Big Sis Rao's bathtub was a big bathtub. Zhang Ye had never enjoyed the sensation of bathing in a bathtub. Furthermore, he had filled it with hot water before, so it would be a waste not to use it. So although Rao Aimin had warned Zhang Ye not to touch her things, Zhang Ye did not heed the warning. After all, she would only return in the afternoon.

Her house had two bathrooms and the bathroom in question was in Rao Aimin's bedroom, upstairs.

The bathroom was large and the bathtub was very wide. Touching the water, Zhang Ye found that it was still warm.

Zhang Ye closed the door and began taking off his clothes. He threw his underwear and T-shirt into a clothes basket that was

beside the washing machine and laid down in the bathtub. After he pulled the white curtain, he comfortably heaved a sigh of relief. Soon, he closed his eyes involuntarily as it was an extreme enjoyment.

Half an hour...

One hour...

Unknowingly, he had fallen asleep.

When Zhang Ye opened his eyes again, he was awoken by the slamming of a door nearby. He realized the water's temperature was no longer hot.

“Phew, this damn sun is really burning me up!” The voice of a woman speaking to herself came from beyond the curtain!

Who was talking?

The landlady was back!

Zhang Ye immediately reacted. His face was green. Sh*t, why is she back so early? Didn't she say...Heh, what do you mean early? He had slept so soundly. Zhang Ye was in a panic. He felt like he had been caught red-handed and felt extremely embarrassed. But no matter what he did now, it was useless. Zhang Ye tilted his head and looked through the gap of the curtain, thinking of admitting his mistake.

However, just this peek made it worse!

Zhang Ye felt his nose turn warm. He nearly couldn't control it!

About two meters away, Rao Aimin had taken off her top and threw it into the washing machine. She did not wear much, it being Summer. Her back was facing Zhang Ye and she was currently bending her arms to unhook her bra. And soon, the nude-colored embroidered bra was taken off and thrown to the side. Her hands moved down as she cursed at the weather, while she began taking off the gray skirt she was wearing. With an unbuckle, the dress fell to the bathroom floor. After taking a step forward, Rao Aimin used her toes to fling the skirt into the washing machine.

The landlady was always a person whose actions and words were swift like lightning!

How swift was it? It reached the point...where just as Zhang Ye was about to shout out to her, the landlady had taken off her bra and skirt at a speed which you can call as swift as lightning! Now she was bending over to take take off the pantyhose that covered those perfectly elastic legs of hers.

Zhang Ye quickly held back the voice that he almost released. He remembered the scene of him coming to this place while looking for a place to stay, back in his previous world. The 30-square-meter room he was currently renting was originally rented by a jobless young hooligan. He had drank too much with a friend one day and,

together with his friend, insulted Rao Aimin sexually. With his own eyes, Zhang Ye saw Rao Aimin, a female, beat the two hooligans from upstairs all the way to downstairs, with them not even being able to hit back. They ran away with their faces bruised. With the room empty, it was rented to Zhang Ye. As such, Zhang Ye knew how powerful the landlady was and was always in awe.

She had almost stripped off everything!

He had also almost seen enough!

It was already too late to say, “Sorry, I’m here!”

Zhang Ye did not want to end up being beaten up like those two hooligans. Although the world background was different now, there had not been any fundamental changes in his interpersonal relations. The landlady was still that woman who had the ability to fight against two young males single-handedly. What would be his outcome if she kicked him with all she got? Furthermore, Zhang Ye was just taking his first steps in becoming a well-known radio host. If he was caught peeking, then wouldn’t it be embarrassing? He definitely could not let the landlady discover him. With a flash of inspiration in his mind, he quickly made a decision. He did not dare to make any big actions, as he was afraid the sound of the water splashing would reveal his presence. He could only quickly and gently open the game ring’s interface and take out the invisibility potion that he had drawn in the afternoon. Quickly, he opened and drank down the transparent liquid!

In a second, Zhang Ye could see his body turn transparent and it

seemed to merge with the water. He had magically disappeared!

The game virtual screen began counting down!

4:59, 4:58...

Coincidentally, after taking off the nude-colored stocking, Rao Aimin turned around and pulled open the bathtub's curtain and looked inside.

Zhang Ye did not have the mental facilities to consider the miracle of being invisible as his body tensed up. He did not even dare to breathe. Under these circumstances, it was very difficult to hold his breath. He endured it so much that even his eyebrows stood up. The fragrance of a mature woman impacted his nostrils!

That skin...

That body...

As for Rao Aimin, she really did not see Zhang Ye, who had disappeared because of the invisibility potion. She muttered to herself, "That kid Zhang Ye did not release the water, even after knowing I was going out. Was he waiting for me to use it to water the plants? To think that he became a host with such slow thinking. This is the first time I heard of radio stations being charity organizations. They will take in anybody!"

Zhang Ye was wondering how much she hated him for her to

scold him even when he wasn't around.

Some people may have a spiked tongue on the surface, but what was said was usually done in a joking fashion. However, Rao Aimin's spiked tongue came from her bones. She loved to scold, taunt and put down people. Wasn't this so? Even with Zhang Ye not being around, Rao Aimin had no intentions of being light with her biting remarks, even in private.

“Hai, let's see if the water has cooled down!” Suddenly, Rao Aimin reached out her hand towards the water without any warning!

Zhang Ye's soul nearly flew out due to his fright. Seeing the landlady's hand move towards his thigh, sh*t! He was about to be discovered!

Chapter 17: Little Zhang, Quickly Run! *

Zhang Ye couldn't just sit around and do nothing. His invisibility was just an illusion; it was a trick. He could still feel his body physically exist and the landlady could naturally be able to touch him, too. It wasn't as if he had completely disappeared. If he was touched, not only would Zhang Ye have to endure Rao Aimin's fury, but his greatest secret would be exposed, too. The game ring – no one could ever know of its existence. Not everyone could accept something so illogical and out of this world. And so Zhang Ye's reaction was abnormally fast and agile!

A split second!

A second split!

At this moment of danger, he.... He did nothing!

Well, luckily Rao Aimin's hand did not dip herself into the water. It was only deep enough to test the water temperature with half of her palm.

"It's still warm." Rao Aimin said to herself. She bent over and released the bathtub's water. At the same time, she turned on the hot water faucet to fill up the tub.

Invisibility time duration was still valid for four and a half minutes!

Zhang Ye was glad that he had not washed his hair, nor had he applied shower foam and that his body was rather clean. Otherwise, any floating things on the water's surface would have given him away. There's only one plan left – RUN!

Over there, Rao Aimin was already unable to withstand the hot weather and could not wait for the water. She took a step forward with her tight and beautiful legs and, with a tip-toe, she stepped towards Zhang Ye! At this moment, Zhang Ye could not remain motionless. Noticing that the landlady's gaze was not on the bathtub, he took advantage of the hot water splashing down to conceal his moves. He bent his waist and carefully avoided those white legs of hers and stood up from the bathtub immediately following that! At the same time, Rao Aimin's other leg had made the stride as she stood in the bathtub, too!

“Oh?” Maybe it was due to the turbulation Zhang Ye had caused while standing up, but Rao Aimin felt as if something was amiss as her face turned vexed.

Twenty centimeters!

The two people were separated by such a tiny distance!

Zhang Ye held his breath and did not make a sound. He didn't even dare to blink!

After observing the surroundings, Rao Aimin seemed to brush away her suspicions. With a splash, she sat down in the bathtub and let out a comfortable sigh of relief.

There were still three minutes left of invisibility!

Rao Aimin's hip was nearly about to touch Zhang Ye's legs, which were still in the bathtub!

Zhang Ye knew that he could not wait any longer. Seeing the landlady cross her legs in midair as she reached out to take the shower gel from the counter, he took the opportunity to quickly pull a leg out of the bathtub, which was quickly followed by the second leg. Although the sound of him coming out was drowned by the rushing water, it still seemed abnormal. Rao Aimin, who was lathering the shower gel, frowned and focused once again. Her senses were very keen.

She was met with silence again!

Two more minutes left! Another 1:59!

During the periods when he could not move, Zhang Ye could not help but check the landlady's body out. His throat was dry, but he did not dare to swallow. It was extremely uncomfortable!

Slender!

Well-proportioned!

This was the body evaluation Zhang Ye gave to the landlady.

Although he had never dated because of his looks and height, with the advanced information age, he was no stranger to females. Even if he had not seen it in person, how could he have not seen it in pictures? However, Rao Aimin's body lines were something Zhang Ye had seen for the first time. It was too well-proportioned and was perfect in all the right places. Even at her age, she did not have the slightest flab anywhere. There was not even a tiny amount of fat on her belly!

Beautiful and a nice figure!

Look at her and then look back at himself?

Hai, sometimes the Heavens were unfair. Some people had things that he would not be able to obtain, even if he worked hard all his life. If he had such excellent looks like Rao Aimin by being handsome and tall... The thought about becoming a celebrity? To ability to develop his career? It could at least reduce the hard work he needed to do by a decade!

It would be great if this world did not judge people by their looks. This was something that Zhang Ye had always felt helpless against. Look at the television programs from his world. What sort of rotten programs were "The Voice of China" and "Super Boy"!?

Why weren't there competitions like "The Leg Hair of China"?

Why weren't there pageants like "Super Leg Hair 2014"?

If the artistic realm did not discriminate and had ranks in the artistic world, then if he could make leg hair become popular, then Zhang Ye would not have such a low starting point. He would not have needed to endure the criticisms and difficulty in becoming an unseen radio host.

Forget it. There was no time to think about this!

Zhang Ye walked sideways as he slowly moved around the bathtub's curtain. After spending thirty seconds, he managed to reach the outermost part of the curtain. The opening to the curtain was also where Rao Aimin's head was. Rao Aimin was enjoying her bath and had already lathered up a lot of foam with her hands. Zhang Ye took a final reluctant look at her fully-foamed body, before squeezing out of the curtain. He had also accidentally touched a strand of the landlady's hair, but thankfully she did not notice it.

The hair tickled him when it brushed past Zhang Ye's thigh.

There was less than 20 seconds left to his invisibility!

Zhang Ye did not have time to reminiscence, as he gently grabbed his clothes from the washing basket beside the washing machine. He silently took a few deep breaths. Thankfully, the landlady threw her clothes onto the washing machine and not into the clothes basket, or else she would have felt that something was amiss after seeing Zhang Ye's clothes.

Next, he needed to leave the bathroom. There was no way to hide

the sound of opening the door, but Zhang Ye could not care less. Waiting any further would expose him, hence he carefully held the door handle!

Ka!

The door made a sound!

Before he could rush out, the voice of the landlady came in a killing fashion, "...Who?"

The curtain was sewn, but it was not impossible to look out. Zhang Ye knew this, so he did not even wait before rushing out the bathroom. Only then did he pretend to open a door from the outside and say in a cold sweat, "Uh, Landlady auntie, it's me. Are you back?"

Rao Aimin's voice came from inside, "Oh, it's you. Heh, why are you still in my house? Why didn't I see you when I returned home?"

Zhang Ye immediately answered, "Oh, I was outside helping you wipe the windows."

"Really? You sure are quite dedicated. Alright. I'm still bathing. Since you did well, you can come here for dinner tonight!" Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, then I'll go back first."

Rao Aimin said, “Alright, scram.”

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief as the duration of the invisibility potion expired. Seeing his body slowly turning visible, he wore his clothes and dried the wet stains he had left behind with a cloth to remove the evidence of his crime... After cleaning up the scene, he left Rao Aimin’s house.

Today, his heart nearly failed!



* Note: This chapter has been [retconned](#) by the author. This chapter is supposed to be rewritten by the author, but he has not done so. It is provided as is. However, note that the events can be considered as filler. It is likely the author is retconning the perverted personality of Zhang Ye.

Chapter 18: The Channel's Number One Girl Doesn't Acknowledge Him! ^{*}—

A new week.

Zhang Ye came early, as there was a meeting early in the morning.

The small conference room in the Literature Channel's office area nearly could not fit everyone. The main director, Zhao Guozhou, said with glee, "I have a piece of good news to tell everyone. Our Literature Channel's overall average listenership has exceeded the music channel for two consecutive days for the weekend. We have once again taken over the top three spots in the station. There is no way to separate this result from everyone's hard work. I suggest that everyone give a round of applause for yourself."

Bba Bba Bba!

Everyone clapped and cheered!

As the news channel and the traffic channel were special, there was no way to compete for the top two spots in the Beijing Radio Station. It was the same for television programs. How could a variety show or drama show compete with the Central News broadcast? No one would compete, except for certain heaven-defying programs or events, as there was no point and no meaning. However, third place was something to compete for. The third place was always something the music and literature frequency

channels competed for. The competition had always been fierce over the past couple of years. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief after regaining third place from the music channel, having been suppressed by the music channel for months.

“Next, I will announce the listenership for the weekend.” Zhao Guozhou picked up the document.

“Talk About the World” listenership 3.19%, 3.27%.

“Entertainment Daily” listenership 2.13%, 2.22%

“Late-night Ghost Stories” listenership 1.39%, 1.42%.

“Laughter Daily” listenership 0.92%, 0.93%

The two numbers were respectively for Saturday and Sunday.

Zhao Guozhou announced from first place, “Talk About the World”, to last place, “Old and Young Story Club”, and finally summarized his speech while looking at everyone, “There’s no need to talk about Xiaomei. ‘Talk About the World’ has always been number one in our channel and its listenership has always been very stable. Right, I need to specially praise Zhang Ye this time. For us to finally exceed the music channel, we cannot ignore the contributions “Late-night Ghost Stories” has made. It managed to go from last place all the way to a segment with great listenership and that was all thanks to Zhang Ye. And maybe it was because it was the weekend with people sleeping later, which made

“Late-night Ghost Stories” have another jump in its ratings. Very good, Little Zhang. Keep it up!”

Zhang Ye humbly said, “Director Zhao: yes, I will.”

Tian Bin gritted his teeth as he glanced at him with a complex look.

The number one girl, Wang Xiaomei, the other hosts and the staff looked at Zhang Ye. They all had different thoughts about seeing this rookie host who had such outstanding results.

Zhao Guozhou nodded, “Next, let’s discuss about the week’s tasks.”

Zhang Ye did not like meetings, as they would make him sleepy. It was the same during college. He always could not help but sleep after reaching a certain point. But surprisingly, he did not sleep today. As the talks droned on, Zhao Guozhou suddenly jumped up on the meeting table and danced the Rumba. Zhang Ye was instantly interested as he watched with worry at those old legs dancing and relished the sight. And then...well, Zhang Ye woke up. He noticed the host of “Old and Young Story Club” beside him. Fifty-plus-year-old Teacher Feng was pulling at his arms to wake him up. Zhang Ye immediately gave Teacher Feng a grateful glance. Hai, but he slept again.

Zhao Guozhou was still droning on as he said to Wang Xiaomei, “Xiaomei, for tonight’s “Talk About the World” live broadcast at 8 P.M., it would be the rare topic on emotions. You will need to have

intensive interactions with the listeners, so are you well-prepared?” “Talk About the World” was a more open segment. It would talk about almost anything under the sun, including about society and emotions,

Wang Xiaomei said in a relaxed fashion, “Leader, be rest assured. Although most of the shows were pre-recorded over the years, I have done several live broadcasts, too. There shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Then, that’s good.” Zhao Guozhou smiled, “I’m at ease with you hosting it.”

Wang Xiaomei asked, “I’m now lacking a guest. The counselor, Teacher Jiang, we invited the last time can’t come, as he’s out of town. We were informed only this morning, but if there’s really no one, I can do it alone.”

Zhao Guozhou gave some thought before saying, “It’s better if there’s a guest.”

A small director suggested, “Why don’t we get one of our channel’s hosts to make a guest appearance?”

Zhao Guozhou’s gaze suddenly landed on Zhang Ye and, with a blink, he seemed to have an idea, “Little Zhang, why don’t you go? You are about the same age as Xiaomei and you are both young, so your values and emotional aspects should be similar and work well together. You can also use this opportunity to promote our channel’s late-night program. What say you?”

Zhang Ye was stunned, “I’ll follow the Leader’s instructions.”

Zhao Guozhou made his decision, “Alright, then let’s have it that way.”

This was naturally a good thing for Zhang Ye. Although his ratings had improved by leaps and bounds, breaking records, it was still a great distance away, when compared to the station’s top program, “Talk About the World”. They were completely not on the same level. If he could take advantage of her show to benefit his, it would be the best outcome. Besides, Zhang Ye never gave up the opportunity for him to have an appearance. His goal was to be famous, so every opportunity to make an appearance was an opportunity for him to raise his Reputation points. Zhang Ye was dying for such an opportunity!

However, it was clear that Wang Xiaomei was reluctant to accept this as she said unhappily, “Director Zhao, shouldn’t you find a teacher with more experience?”

Zhao Guozhou said, “Little Zhang goes without a script, be it a live or pre-recorded broadcast, and you are doubting his ability to speak? I don’t think there is a problem.”

The meeting ended.

People shuffled out from the conference room.

Zhang Ye definitely had to talk to Wang Xiaomei about the live broadcast. As he ran to catch up with Wang Xiaomei, “Teacher Wang.”

Wang Xiaomei stopped, “Little Zhang, what’s the matter?”

Zhang Ye thought in his mind that wasn’t it clear what he was doing, as he said, “About the live broadcast, shouldn’t we...”

Wang Xiaomei cut him off, “This episode’s live broadcast does not have a script. We will just listen to the connected listener’s questions and give solutions. You do not need to speak much during the broadcast. You also should not speak, unless I allow you to do so. I have my rhythm, so you should just follow mine. Do not express too many of your personal opinions and recommendations in matters of the heart. I don’t think you have ever dated, so leave all the technical questions to me. If you were to say something wrong or give a wrong suggestion, you will influence my program’s listenership and the listeners’ trust!”

Zhang Ye, “...”

After Wang Xiaomei dropped those words, she left.

Zhang Ye thought, “Did I provoke you? Why do you need to do that? I didn’t do anything to you, yet you had already attacked me repeatedly. Don’t you trust your colleagues? And what was that attitude? I’m, after all, our channel’s host with listenership rates that place third; can’t you give me the most basic amount of respect? And to not let me express my personal opinion. just

because I have never dated? You sure are funny. Thinking about the times back in school when so many young girls chased after me, but I never bothered paying any attention to them. This bro's relationship experience is completely...completely...*cough*, forget it. Let's not brag anymore.”

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Chapter 19: Someone Wants To Commit Suicide During A Live Broadcast!

At night.

“Talk About the World”’s broadcast studio.

Ten minutes before the broadcast began, Zhang Ye, who was the guest, came inside. Wang Xiaomei was already here, head bowed and busy with her preparations. She did not bother to look at Zhang Ye. Her phone call editor was also in the room, a youth whose face had many moles. Compared to Wang Xiaomei, he was much nicer.

“Teacher Zhang, you have come? Please, take a seat here.”

“Okay. This is my earpiece?”

“Yes, please put it on and test it. I will adjust it for you.”

“Yes, it sounds just nice; the mic is fine, too.”

“Then, the live broadcast is nine minutes away. I will go to the other side.”

The phone call editor went into the soundproof room. With every minute that passed, he gave a gesture to signal.

In the last thirty seconds, Wang Xiaomei suddenly said, “I’ll repeat it; do not speak without thought and follow my views and rhythm.”

Zhang Ye replied indifferently, “Alright.” She was, after all, more experienced than him. Regardless of results or experience, Zhang Ye could not compete. Moreover, he was here with hopes of promoting his program. Therefore, he did not take her attitude to heart.

Three, two, one. The broadcast began!

Wang Xiaomei fiddled with her equipment. She said, smilingly, “I hope everyone is well. Welcome to ‘Talk About the World’. I am your DJ, Wang Xiaomei. Some of you might know that today’s live broadcast topic is about the matters of the heart. We are fortunate to have a guest with us today. He’s our very own channel’s “Late-night Ghost Stories” host, also known as the author of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, Teacher Zhang Ye. Please say a few words to our listeners.”

Zhang Ye immediately spoke into his attached mic, “Hello, listeners and friends. I am Zhang Ye. I’m very honoured to be here today with Teacher Wang to listen and try to solve everyone’s matters of the heart.”

Wang Xiaomei followed up, “The hotlines are already open. If you have met with any love issues, please feel free to call in.”

On the broadcast platform, there was a computer shown, which displayed the listeners' and website's real time comments. Just as expected of the Literature Channel's top program, the discussion atmosphere was very strong.

User3577: Love topic program? Haha, this is great. Let's see Teacher Wang take on love issues!

User1041: Teacher Zhang Ye is here, too? My wife and I are listening to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" every night these days!

User5502: "Ghost Blows Out the Light"? It's a ghost story, right? There aren't any good ghost stories these days. I've been let down by supernatural novels long ago!

User2890: Friend above, that's where you are wrong, I guarantee you that "Ghost Blows Out the Light" is different from any supernatural novels you have listened to before; it's a classic amongst classics!

User5502: Is that so? Then, I will go give it a listen tonight.

User0019: Just the title alone sounds good. I will listen to it tonight, too.

A star program's promotional effect is really good. Zhang Ye knew that tonight's broadcast rating should be able to go up a little more.

On the other side, the phone call editor signalled; the call screening was done. Of course, such calls have to be screened. After all, it was a live broadcast and there would be troublemakers. As such, a professional phone call editor had to judge and pick, filtering for the correct topics and the reliable callers.

Wang Xiaomei nodded, “Okay, our first caller has connected.”

“Hello? Is it me?” It was a female listener, excited, “Is it really me?”

Wang Xiaomei said softly, “Haha, yes. How can I help you?”

The female listener quickly answered, “Teacher Wang, Teacher Wang, you are my idol. My boyfriend and I both like you very much....” Upon saying that, her tone became a sigh, “But my boyfriend has been ignoring me recently. In the past, he wouldn’t get angry with me and now, he’s been throwing his temper at me every day. He even goes to the internet to chat with other girls and flirts with them. I peeked at his messages and they all say “Are you awake?”, “Have you slept?”, “Good night.”, and “Remember to eat on time.” He has never been this concerned towards me before! Teacher. please tell me... What should I do?”

Wang Xiaomei frowned, “Lady, towards these kind of men who don’t care about you, my suggestion has always been to break up. Such kinds of messages of concern might not seem like a big deal. It could be concern for ordinary friends. But let me tell you, this is actually a big issue. If it goes on, it could get dangerous. It also shows that his heart is not with you. If you mention an intention to break up, you are also sending him a message of where your

limits are. If you bear with it, he will only be more encouraged and get further and further away from you. If that is so, why not just break up now? See if he is willing to change; if he does, you can consider being with him. If not, then it goes to show that he really does not care about you. It's better to end it early in that case."

The female listener replied, "Is that really so?"

Wang Xiaomei looked at Zhang Ye, "What do you think, Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "I feel it's better to communicate first. A relationship is basically between two people. It might be because you have him too tight on a leash, leading him to feel like running away." Noticing Wang Xiaomei's stern eyes, Zhang Ye added, "If communicating doesn't work, Teacher Wang's suggestion could be a way out, too."

On the computer display, the listeners had big reactions.

"Teacher Zhang Ye is a troublemaker!"

"You should just break up with this kind of guy. Teacher Wang is right!"

"Correct. If it were me, I would have given that guy a good scolding! Whatever does he mean by a problem between the two!?"

"Haha, I like listening to Teacher Wang's talking down about

people; it's so forthright. Teacher Zhang Ye, don't make trouble!"

One phone call.....

Three phone calls.....

Five phone calls.....

Wang Xiaomei was talking down to all of them! She advised them all to break up!

Wang Xiaomei obviously thought that Zhang Ye spoke too much and did not follow her directions, so for the next few calls, she did not even ask for Zhang Ye's views. Zhang Ye sat in his seat for a good half hour without saying anything. Zhang Ye wasn't too happy either; he was here as a guest to express his views. Oh, but you are good, forcing me to express views that are yours? Based on what!

"Our program is coming to an end soon. Let's go for a commercial break and we will be back to answer the last call." Wang Xiaomei signalled with a finger to her phone call editor.

Zhang Ye simply switched off his mic since he was prepared to not speak anymore.

During the commercial break, Wang Xiaomei stared coldly at Zhang Ye, "What did I tell you earlier?"

Zhang Ye retorted: “We were just giving our own opinions; what’s the problem with it? I feel that matters of the heart should be given advice; as to whether they will break up or not should be left to themselves. We are only giving a point of view and our thoughts to them, not encouraging them to break up. This encouragement is well-liked by the listeners, but they just want to see the world burn. Who doesn’t like some excitement? But what about the couple? What about their feelings?”

Wang Xiaomei was on fire, “Do I need you to teach me?”

Zhang Ye threw back his arms, “So I will not say a thing anymore; you talk.”

The two of them were very unhappy. Zhang Ye did not care about respecting seniors anymore; anything can be solved amicably, but not something concerning principles.

After the commercial break, the live broadcast continued.

Wang Xiaomei suppressed her anger, “Let us answer the last call.”

“Hello?” A voice of a very quiet female, young and likely not over twenty five years of age, spoke.

“How are you? What issues did you encounter? You can tell it to us.” Wang Xiaomei said.

But it was this last call that had a big problem. The girl said “My name is Xiao Li and I am twenty-three years old. I am a third year university student and my boyfriend graduated this year. But, his family arranged for him to further his studies overseas and he will only be back after five years.”

Wang Xiaomei questioned, “Where will he be going?”

The university student said, “New York. I know that if he leaves, our relationship will end. So I am trying my best to make him stay, but he refuses. He even made me promise to wait for him, saying that he will marry me when he is back after five years. But, I don’t believe it.”

Wang Xiaomei, seemingly unaffected by Zhang Ye’s words earlier, instead became more persistent in her way of handling these matters, “Lady, if your boyfriend really loves you, I think he would choose to stay behind. But it seems that he puts his career and development over your love. Such a guy doesn’t deserve to be kept. If you really wait for him for five years, then you are really silly. I don’t believe in long-distance relationships; even if the love is strong, it will fade, eventually. End it sooner than later; you should think about it.”

The university student replied weakly, “I’ve already thought it through.”

“That’s good.” Wang Xiaomei pleasingly said, “That is all we can help you with.”

The university student laughed lightly, “Thank you, Teacher. I know what to do now. This phone call will serve as the last message from me. I hope my boyfriend can hear this.”

Oh no! There was something unusual with the call.

Wang Xiaomei sensing something was wrong, “What are you doing?”

The university student replied lightly “Holding my boyfriend’s razorblade. Without him, there is nothing for me to live for anymore. Goodbye!”

Zhang Ye shivered in fear!

Wang Xiaomei suddenly felt anxious!

Chapter 20: That “The Furthest Distance In The World” Poem

Committing suicide?

The razor blade is already in her hand?

The atmosphere in the broadcast room immediately changed!

Wang Xiaomei was a veteran broadcasting host in the station and had seen all sorts of situations, especially unexpected incidents during a live broadcasting, like a listener calling in to curse or a piece of equipment failing; however, this was the first time she had encountered a person wanting to commit suicide during a live broadcast!

Listeners by the radio immediately exploded in their reactions. Boatloads of messages began flooding in!

“Is that true?”

“Teacher Wang, quickly say something! Don’t let her commit suicide!”

“Quickly persuade her! She’s just a twenty-two-year-old child!”

“Why is she taking things so hard? Miss, you must not die! How can you do this to your parents?”

However, the messages left by the netizens obviously could not be seen by the young lady!

Wang Xiaomei gasped as she quickly said to the female university student, “Sister! Sister! You must not commit suicide! Listen to what this elder sister has to say!”

The female university student replied, “There’s no need to say anything more, Teacher Wang. I’ve already decided that I can’t live on in a world without him. The distance between Beijing and New York is the world’s greatest distance. By leaving today, I hope that I can be closer to him. I believe we can be together in Heaven, forever.”

Wang Xiaomei shouted, “Why are you so silly!”

The female university student said, “I’m not silly; it’s because I love him.”

“Put down the razorblade first!” Wang Xiaomei hastily said, “This is you being irresponsible to yourself! It is also being irresponsible to your family! How can you just die like that after your parents painstakingly brought you up? You are too selfish! Have you thought about what others feel? Have you thought about how sad your parents and friends will be after you leave?”

With a life on the line, Zhang Ye could not be bothered to argue with Wang Xiaomei. He signaled to Wang Xiaomei to stabilize the girl as he ran out of the broadcasting room into the telephone

editor's room. He closed the door and shouted, "What are you dazing around for! Quickly, call the police!"

The telephone editor panicked, "Call the police? Right! Call the police!"

Zhang Ye directed, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Give her telephone number to the police! Find out her address and quickly go to her rescue! If not, it will be too late!"

The telephone editor immediately followed his instructions, "Hello, is this 110?"

Suddenly, the door leading out was pushed open as seven people rushed in!

The group was led by Zhao Guozhou. He angrily shouted, "What the heck? Ah?"

The telephone editor pretended he was busy on the phone with the police and did not dare to respond to Director Zhao's question.

Zhao Guozhou had a bad temper and immediately slammed the table, "How did you screen the telephone? Eh? How can you let just any telephone call through? What were you doing!?" If the call was not chosen, then the female university student would not have listened to Wang Xiaomei's extremist advice and might not have decided on committing suicide. Taking 10,000 steps back, even if the girl eventually chose to take her life, at least it wouldn't have

been during their Literature Channel's live broadcast and would have had nothing to do with their radio station. However, now with the telephone call having been connected, to the listeners, it was clear that the girl had decided to end her life due to Wang Xiaomei's words and their program. With the negative news, it was obvious that their radio station would be pushed to the tip of the plank. "Talk About the World"? The Literature Channel's number one listenership program? Those were all jokes! From the pressure of public opinion, their program would definitely face being taken off the air! There would be no way to recover from this!

The Literature Channel's deputy was also extremely anxious, "How is it, now?"

The telephone editor put down the phone and said, guiltily, "The police have said that they will need at least an hour to find her address and her house. They asked us to delay as long as possible!"

The "Talk About the World" program editing team turned pale, "An hour? There is no way we can do it!"

Zhao Guozhou shouted, "You have to do it, even if you can't! Hold on to her! Definitely do not allow her to commit suicide! Or our Literature Channel is doomed! All the programs will suffer a devastating blow!" They were working in the media, so they definitely knew the power of public opinion and the media!

The back door opened once again!

The radio station's leader also rushed in, "Old Zhao!"

Zhao Guozhou came forward, "Station Head Jia! Why are you here?"

This was an old man, who was also the Beijing Radio Station's Deputy Station Head, "You're asking why I'm here? I'm here to see the trouble your program has caused! Immediately settle it for me!"

Zhao Guozhou said, "We will definitely do our best!" He said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang! Go back and persuade her! You must hold her for at least an hour! You can ignore the programs after this! Everything will be delayed!"

Zhang Ye responded and ran back into the broadcasting room.

In here, it was soundproof, so there was no noise, only Wang Xiaomei's continuous persuasion.

"Sister, you are still young. This elder sister is experienced, so you must hear what I say." Wang Xiaomei said earnestly, "Just now, what I said was a bit extremist. Actually, if the both of you still have feelings for each other, it is not impossible. I have handled several such cases where the men are in a distant land for many years, but the relationship between the two when he returns is still as good as ever. In the end, they got married and had kids, leading a blissful life. Why can't you?"

The female university student laughed, “The distant land you say is at most in the south and north of China. Taking a plane or a train will allow them to quickly meet. But it’s different between me and my boyfriend. Beijing and New York are on opposite sides of the world and is the world’s greatest distance. Also, due to the financial limitations and the issue with passports, we will probably never meet in the entire five years. I know this more than anyone else. Thank you, Teacher Wang. Thank you for your consolation. I have already made my decision. Let me say sorry to my parents and friends here. I’m really sorry.”

Ba La!

The sound of the blade sounded again!

At this second, Deputy Station Head Jia, Zhao Guozhou and all the members of the management outside covered their mouths and turned silent!

Wang Xiaomei shouted, “No!”

The female university student felt liberated as she said, “Goodbye.”

Zhao Guozhou’s lips turned pale. It’s over! We can’t hold on anymore!

The other female staff members of the Literature Channel all screamed as they covered their ears. They could not bear to see this

scene!

Wang Xiaomei still wanted to persuade her, but she was already at a loss for words. The female university student was clearly a youth in the literature and arts department. She was artistic and very sensitive. She was immersed in her world and nothing could penetrate into it. This sort of person was the most terrifying, as there was no way of persuading such a person! Wang Xiaomei had already tried her best, but at this moment, she, as the person who always helped solve the emotional problems others, had claimed to speak for women, but felt powerless and weak for the first time in her life!

She was just 22 years old!

She was still a university student!

She was ending her life, just because of a relationship?

Zhang Ye's face sank as he angrily turned on his microphone and rebuked, "Lady, do you know what sort of person I hate the most in my entire life? It's self-righteous artistic youths, like you!"

Wang Xiaomei was shocked, "What are you saying!?"

Zhao Guozhou and the telephone editor outside were stunned!

At this moment, on the brink of disaster, why are you provoking her? Do you really want her to commit suicide?

“Why?” The female university student remained silent for a moment before saying, “I’m not self-righteous! I understand the gap in our feelings very well!”

Zhang Ye coldly sneered, “This is why you are self-righteous. There is no distance for feelings. You previously said the distance between Beijing and New York is the furthest? That’s simply ridiculous!”

“Why? Isn’t that the furthest?” The female university student asked.

Zhang Ye pondered before saying a famous poem from his world.

“The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between opposite sides of the world. It is that you don’t know that I love you, when I stand in front of you.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not that you don’t know I love you when I stand in front of you. It is when I cannot say I love you, when I love you so madly.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not that I cannot say I love you, when I love you so madly. It is that I have to bury it in my heart, despite the unbearable yearning.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not that I have to bury it in my heart despite the unbearable yearning. It is when we cannot be

together, even when we love each other.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not that we cannot be together, when we love each other. It is when we turn a blind eye to it, despite knowing true love conquers all.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between two distant trees. It is when branches cannot depend on each other in the wind, despite growing from the same root.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not when branches cannot depend on each other in the wind. It is when the trajectories of stars cannot cross, even when the blinking stars look at each other.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not when the trajectories of stars cannot cross. It is when they are unable to find each other after crossing trajectories.”

“The furthest distance in the world is not being unable to find each other. It is when we are doomed not to love, even when we coincidentally meet.”

The air turned still and the atmosphere quiet.

The deathly feel in the broadcast room suddenly turned gentle.

No one had heard of the poem Zhang Ye had said. A few women were even mesmerized by the poem.

At the final stanza, which was the critical ending stanza, Zhang Ye used his magnetic tone as a broadcasting host to recite it slowly, “The furthest distance in the world is the love between the bird and fish. One is flying in the sky, the other is looking upon the sea.”

The furthest distance?

Flying bird and fish?

This sort of interpretation of distant love was the first time everyone had heard it. Wang Xiaomei’s expression turned complex. The telephone editor was entirely convinced, while Zhao Guozhou and company were deep in thought!

This poem had really shocked everyone present!

It was a heartfelt shock that came right from within; it was hard to be described with words!

Chapter 21: The Person Who can Cure a Cultured Youth is Another Cultured Youth

The poem was done reciting.

After seeing that the female university student did not answer for a long while, he carried on, “This poem is called, “The Furthest Distance in the World” and is also called, “The Flying Bird and Fish”. Today I’m giving it you. Is Beijing and New York very far? I do not think so at all. You can still meet again, you can know each other again, you can fall in love again and can be together once again. Are you going to be defeated by this trivial geographical distance? Then your feelings isn’t anything worth mentioning. Lady, don’t use distance as an excuse. Do not use distance to avoid reality. In my opinion, the distance between you isn’t far. Think of the flying bird and think of the small fish. If you are stubborn and insist on being self-righteous, then I will not say another word if you were to slash down with the blade!”

“ ... ”

There was complete silence on the other side of the line.

Following that, the sound of a girl sobbing could be heard, “Flying bird...and fish...*sob*...Flying bird...and fish...”

Upon hearing the sobbing, everyone in the broadcasting room were excited. Previously, she had appeared too calm, but now she had cried? This meant she was moved!

The female university student said while sobbing, “Teacher, then...what...should I do?”

Zhang Ye gave a thought, “I do not know what you should do either. This is your path, so you will need to find your own path.”

“But...*sob*...I don’t know how to walk down the path...” The female university student pleaded for help.

Zhao Guozhou, who was behind the glass, gave Zhang Ye an exaggerated gesture! The other Literature Channel staff were also secretly worried. Why can’t you tell her what to do and save her? What do you mean, “You should find your own path?” What if she wanted to end her path there and then?

Wang Xiaomei kicked Zhang Ye in the shin.

However, it was as if Zhang Ye did not feel it.

The female university student cried, “Teacher, you tell me...what I should do...I trust you...*sob*...I can’t sleep every day...What should I do...Everyday...I’m groggy...at night...I can’t see any future...”

With her crying, Zhang Ye became calm, “Lady, I do not have the right or the way to help you decide your own path. Even if we tell you, you might not listen to it. You need to think it through carefully. Let me give you another poem. I hope it can enlighten

you somewhat.”

Another poem?

The people outside held their breaths again.

Zhang Ye said deeply, “The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light.”

Again, this poem did not exist in this world, but it was famous in Zhang Ye’s world. It was [Gu Cheng](#)’s “A Generation”. The entire poem only had those two verses. It was very short, but it contained within it a lot of energy. It was difficult to dissect and analyze the meanings within the poem. It could only be said that different people would have different insights. Zhang Ye gave her this poem, hoping she would be enlightened. At least, when Zhang Ye was previously lost, this poem had accompanied him for a long period of time.

“The dark night...gave me black eyes, but I use...them to seek the light.” The female university student repeated it again and slowly stopped crying.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

The female university student suddenly spoke, “Teacher Zhang Ye, thank you. I think I know what I should do. I will wait for him.

I also want to wait for him. Regardless of the final outcome, I will not try to commit suicide again. Thank you. Your two poems... I will remember them for life!”

Zhang Ye said, “I wish you happiness. I also believe a good lady like you will be happy.”

The netizen listeners in front of their computer screens started sending in messages in an explosive manner, breaking all historical records. No number of refreshes were enough to show all of them!

“Heavens!”

“Teacher Zhang is too good!”

“Right, this is the first time I’m seeing a broadcast host who can speak so well!”

“‘The Furthest Distance in the World’? This poem has too much feeling!”

“I think the later poem was the best. The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light. It’s a superb poem, a superb poem for the ages!”

“No wonder he is able to write a divine work like “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. I finally understand Teacher Zhang Ye’s artistic standards. It is evidenced by these two poems!”

“Saving a life is better than building a seven-storey pagoda. I’ve decided to support and listen to “Late-night Ghost Stories” every day!”

With the situation assuaged, Wang Xiaomei let out a long sigh of relief and quickly said to the listeners, “Thank you to everyone listening in to ‘Talk About the World’. We will meet you again tomorrow at the same time.”

With the transmission cut, the live broadcast ended!

Wang Xiaomei slumped into her chair as if she had lost all strength.

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile as he touched his neck. He was also covered in sweat. D*mn it, to think I met a suicide situation on my first time being a guest! Can it even get any better!? Thankfully, he had the wisdom of the ancients and managed to somehow convince the lady!

The outer door opened as people rushed in.

Deputy Station Head Jia was no longer around. Zhao Guozhou was the first to enter and he said loudly, “Well done, Little Zhang! You did beautifully!”

“It was really thrilling!”

“Indeed, our Teacher Zhang is talented!”

People began to admire and praise him!

Zhang Ye’s telephone editor, Xiaofang, also gave him a thumbs up from behind the crowd, “Teacher Zhang, those two poems were too great!”

Words could kill, but words could equally save. Today, everyone who listened in to the live broadcast learned this. By seeing this all at once, there were a lot of mixed emotions.

Wang Xiaomei stood up and daringly said, “Leader, today it was my responsibility. I will accept any punishments the station will mete. I was too provocative in my words.”

Zhao Guozhou looked at her and did not criticize her, “Write a self-reflective piece and hand it to me tomorrow. Actually, it is not all your fault. That female university student had already prepared to commit suicide. Even if she did not make the phone call, she would definitely have committed suicide. From another perspective, by us counseling her, it’s also us saving a life. Right, but make sure to be careful in the future. We need to greatly consider the listener’s emotions and capacity to accept. This live broadcast can be said to be a lesson for all of us. It is also a form of experience.”

The matter was done.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Wang Xiaomei looked towards Zhang Ye, “Those two poems were composed by you?”

Zhang Ye could not say no. After all, these poems did not exist in this world, “Yes.”

“You can even compose poems?” Wang Xiaomei found it unbelievable.

Zhao Guozhou, who was about to leave, heard this and turned around and laughed, “All of you might not know how Little Zhang was accepted during the interview, right? It was because of a prose, “The Song of the Stormy Petrel”. Our entire Literature Channel’s combined efforts probably cannot even match Little Zhang’s artistic talent in poems.” Saying that, he reminiscenced and recited from the beginning. Zhang Ye never expected that Zhao Guozhou would actually be able to recite his poem verbatim. Clearly, he loved the prose so much. “...That is the courageous Petrel proudly soaring in the lightning over the sea’s roar of fury; cries of victory the prophet: Let the tempest come strike harder!”

When everyone heard this, they were stunned!

“Good poem!”

“It’s written so well!”

“This poem was also composed on the spot?”

Each of these poems was more stunning than the last. Only then did everyone recall what had just happened and an interesting thought arose in their minds. Hipsters were a kind of disease and so were cultured female youths. How could one cure this disease? The answer was simple; use a cultured male youth that was more artistic than the cultured female youth!

Chapter 22: Appearing On The Newspapers!

Nighttime.

Past ten in the evening.

Many people had gotten off of work. Zhang Ye went to the recording studio alone to work overtime. As he did not manage to get a slot to record in the day and the broadcast was delayed by “Talk About the World” at night, he could only record if it was this late. The first few episodes that he had recorded had been depleted over the weekend. So he needed to record “Ghost Blows Out the Light” episode for tonight in one and a half hours. Time was tight.

“The grave robbing military officers were working hard. Every corner in any tomb that was dug up had to...Ah, it’s not right!”

“A candle was lit up inside any tomb that was dug up and placed on the southeastern corner.”

“If the southeastern candle goes out, then one had to put back the treasures they had gotten, Kowtow three times respectfully and return by the original route.”

This recording session was different from the past. There were stumbles along the way. Zhang Ye was also finding it tough. He never expected that this day would come so soon. Actually, he had previously memorized this book during in his school days to train his off script skills, but he had only done so for the beginning. No matter how good his memory was, he was unable to recite the

hundred thousand characters of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. He had only memorized the early portions, so now was the problem. With the material he had memorized back then depleted, he quickly reached spots where he did not remember very well. Although Zhang Ye knew the direction of the plot and knew the details clearly, it was, after all, not the original version. A lot of the time, he had to create his original material. The literature and textual aspects of it were greatly weakened. He still knew where he stood. Clearly, this would definitely seriously affect the listenership rates.

Pause. Deleting the paragraph. Re-recording.

Only after a long while did he manage to finish it before midnight.

He had managed to bamboozle past this for this episode, but he did not know what to do for the next episode. Sigh. If there were problems with quality and the listenership rates dropped, then what would happen!?

After finishing his work, Zhang Ye leaned on a window and smoked. The station prohibited smoking, but since there was no one late at night, it did not matter.

Ring, ring, ring. Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

Zhang Ye was wondering who had called late in the middle of the night. He picked it up, “Hello?”

The other party was male, “Hello, is this Mr Zhang? I’m Beijing’s repor...”

Before he finished speaking, Zhang Ye thought it was a fraud and said, “I don’t care if you are Beijing or Double. Don’t you dare tell me I hit the lottery. I have already hit the lottery 47 times this year. Including the three BMWs and two Mercedes cars, the total prize money is 12,213,000. Don’t you dare tell me my daughter has been kidnapped. Then you need to help me first find a wife. And don’t you dare tell me you are promoting a ham sausage. Truthfully, I only have 1.50 in my pocket. If I were you, I would hang up immediately and not spend five minutes and manage to take the 1.50 in my pocket to buy your ham sausage after using all your effort. That tiny bit of commission isn’t even enough to pay the telephone bill.” Against frauds and promoters, Zhang Ye was very experienced. “Alright, time for you to speak.”

If it was anyone else who had encountered a hooligan like Zhang Ye, they would have hung up.

However, the man on the other side did not. He said in a speechless manner, “I’m not selling Beijing ham. Man, I’m Beijing Time’s reporter. Is this Mr Zhang Ye?”

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “Reporter? Hai, it was a mistake, it was a mistake. I thought it was a scam.”

The man said, “It’s alright. I got your number through a friend, who works at the radio station. The main reason is because of today’s ‘Talk About the World’, which I listened in on. Our editing team is very interested about your two poems. We might publish

this matter in the papers tomorrow, so we are informing you first. Also, I want to ask about the name of the second poem, as you did not mention it during the broadcast.”

Zhang Ye was enlightened and, after thinking, said, “The second poem is called ‘A Generation’.”

The reporter was amazed, “‘A Generation’? This title doesn’t seem to fit?”

The title “A Generation” was actually more fitting for another topic. The original author, Gu Cheng, had intended it for the thoughts and determination of an era and society. When Zhang Ye read it to the female university student, had not adhered to the title’s meaning. It had lacked the great meaning that was so significant. But as Zhang Ye respected the original author and had used the wisdom of the forefathers, how could he then change the poem’s title, too? Cultured youths, oh, cultured youths, when you break down such kind of a person, what is leftover would be stubbornness. Zhang Ye was not an exception; he abided by his principles.

So what if it did not fit? He knew the title was different from how he had expressed it tonight, but this was a work by a great poet from his world. A classic ought to be respected, Zhang Ye thought to himself. Even if the author cannot see it, regardless of any reasons, can going against this principle be excused? Going against morality can be excused? The answer was obvious.....Hehe, of course, it’s excusable!

Zhang Ye answered “Publish what you feel is suitable. As long as

it can be published, you can do whatever you want. I'm fine with it even if you had to give it a dreamy title to increase the sales!" He was a man of principles, but sometimes he was also a man of no principles! This was Beijing Times! It was not the same as the small publication that published reports of "Ghost Blows Out the Light"!

The reporter nearly vomited blood upon hearing that. He was just freely expressing his thoughts; who would have thought that Zhang Ye had no lower limits? He was a modern poet, an artist who could compose such a classic poem.. yet he would allow his poem's title be changed so easily? Damn, do you even have the conduct of a scholar!? How could there a scholar like you! The reporter who was astounded, replied with a cough, "I didn't mean that; I was not implying that you should change the title. It's better we keep it as "A Generation"; it's your work, so I can't be deciding on it."

"Alright, then." Zhang Ye replied uncaringly.

After speaking for a brief while, they hung up.

Zhang Ye's strong point is that he did not have any fear. After the line was cut off, he could no longer suppress his excitement. He was going to be in the Beijing Times? A little more fame had come again! It was another step towards his goal! Oh, right. I should take a look at my Reputation. He opened up the virtual game screen!

Reputation points: 95,344.

What? Why are there so many points?

Zhang Ye was startled. He had just used up all his Reputation points on Saturday morning. According to the Reputation gained from “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, there should be around 20,000 gained Reputation points daily. Over the weekend, he had about 40,000 Reputation points. Including the holiday, which might have given him a little more, he should have slightly below 50,000 Reputation points. In short, today’s “Talk About the World”’s live broadcast had brought him over 50,000 Reputation points? This was really worthy of the Literature Channel’s top program! Just the number of listeners were a big difference! Of course, Zhang Ye’s outstanding performance could have helped contribute; the two poems were just right for the circumstances. It must have conquered a lot of listeners!

Chapter 23: Becoming Slightly Famous!

The next day on the way to work, while walking past the subway's west newsstand, Zhang Ye asked, "Has the Beijing Times newspaper arrived? How much?"

"A dollar." the owner replied mechanically.

Zhang Ye took out some money, "Give me a copy."

The owner took the money and handed a copy over, "Okay, take it."

Zhang Ye, broke as hell, felt bad giving the dollar. But it was unavoidable; money ought to be spent that had to be spent. He held up the paper and flipped through it page by page. When he arrived at the subway and pushed through the crowd at line 10, a sparkle appeared in his eyes. He flipped to the center page, saw his name printed across the page with the headlines especially attention-capturing – "Two Poems Saved a Life"!

Yesterday night, on Beijing Radio Station's Literature Channel program "Talk About the World" special, during the call-in session for the "Matters of the Heart" topic, a female university student attempted suicide on the air over her boyfriend's plans to further his studies in New York. The program host, Wang Xiaomei, attempted to talk her out of it, but failed. In the end, the guest of the show, the Literature Channel's "Late-night Ghost Stories" host, Teacher Zhang Ye, saved her life with two poems!

The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light – A Generation.

The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between opposite sides of the world. It is that you don't know that I love you, when I stand in front of you...The furthest distance in the world is the love between the bird and fish. One is flying in the sky, the other is looking upon the sea. – “The Furthest Distance in the World”, also named “Flying Bird and Fish”.

The above are the poems in their original form.

According to sources, the two poems were composed on the spot by Teacher Zhang Ye. Our reporter also contacted Teacher Zhang for an interview late last night. Although it was just a phone call, he was awed by Teacher Zhang Ye's literary talent.

Ah?

Awed by my literary talent?

Zhang Ye blushed a little. He had taken the reporter to be a ham salesman. Literary talent, my ass!

The report continued: We have to mention here a side story. At midnight, the editorial department was rushing the report. After seeing the two works, they were moved. An explanation and review of the two poems were done, but when handed over to the head editor for checks, we were held back from publishing it. After

reading the poems, his own words were, “Delete all the reviews and analysis. Do not use the old way of writing the report. ‘Flying Bird and Fish’, a modern poem like this would immediately hit it off with the reader. And the other, ‘A Generation’, the strength in this cannot be explained by words. This is a great modern poem. Whether or not the author is a rookie, the only word to describe this poem is ‘Great’. Maybe the author’s fame and current era’s background are not enough to make this poem well-known throughout the world, but I believe time will prove much. A few years or maybe a few decades, or even a few hundreds years down the road, the future generations will remember this poem and remember a person – Zhang Ye and his ‘A Generation’. Our generation, their next generation and the future generation of the next generation.”

The review was highly positive. Zhang Ye’s heart fluttered.

...

Department.

“Morning.” Zhang Ye walked into the office.

Assistant Xiaofang was the first to welcome him, smiling and revealing her small canine teeth, “Teacher Zhang, you came at the right time. We were just talking about the report in the Beijing Times. Have you seen it?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “I’ve also seen it.”

Xiaofang giggled, “People were chatting before about it. You are the first person in our Literature Channel to go in the Beijing Times in the recent years.” She was happy for Zhang Ye. “This is, after all, the Beijing Times. Even though it’s limited to the capital area, the circulation numbers are in the hundreds of thousands. Most people don’t have such a treatment!”

The old host, Teacher Feng, of “Old and Young Story Club” looked over and gave high praises, “Teacher Little Zhang, I heard the rebroadcast last night. I listened to the two poems again and again. Hai, indeed the younger generations will surpass us in time. I’m about to retire soon, so this station will be in the hands of you young people.”

Zhang Ye quickly said, “It’s not as serious as you make it out to be. My literary standard is still far from accomplished. I came to the station with a learning attitude. Today, it will still be the same. I’m hoping to receive lots of advice from every Teacher.”

Tian Bin and Li Si had already came to work.

Zhang Ye also noticed him and saw the rage in Tian Bin’s eyes. He was jealous and ignored Zhang Ye, before sitting at his desk. After having Zhang Ye rob the position of main host of “Late-night Ghost Stories” from him, Tian Bin was now a stand-in DJ. He usually did not have any work to do and only stood in when there was a shortage. He had not gone on a program for days, so it wasn’t strange that he was mad.

However, Li Si’s attitude today was completely different. It was clear he did not want to speak, but for some unknown reason, he

suddenly stopped just as he was about to turn around, "...Teacher Zhang, morning."

Zhang Ye looked at him, "Oh, morning."

Li Si nodded with his head and then returned to his seat. It seemed like he had given in and had sized up the situation.

Seeing this, Tian Bin's expression turned worse. His popularity was always average amongst his colleagues. Previously, he would often speak about people behind their backs, so it was not strange that he was abandoned by the masses today.

Later on, the top celebrity of the station, Wang Xiaomei, came in. She did not look towards Zhang Ye and greeted a few old comrades and friends she had good relations with, before surprisingly saying to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, quite a number of letters from my program's listeners were written to you. I will get an assistant to give it to you in a while." Although her attitude did not seem to change, one had to know that Wang Xiaomei had never privately addressed Zhang Ye as "Teacher Zhang". A change in salutation clearly showed a subtle form of recognition.

Twenty minutes later, Zhang Ye received the letters from the listeners of "Talk About the World". In the generation where the internet was pervasive, this world was similar to Zhang Ye's world. Few people wrote letters, but Zhang Ye remained serious about it. Words written on a piece of paper felt more real and sincere.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang Ye. I heard the program yesterday. I'm

also a parent, so I won't say much. I'll just thank you for that child's parents."

There was a total of 37 letters and all the feedback from the listeners was very positive.

Zhang Ye then went through the official e-mail inbox of "Late-night Ghost Stories". He read every mail sent by the listeners and then read the comments left on Beijing Radio Station's website. Suddenly, he saw a link and upon clicking it, he realized his "The Furthest Distance in the World" had been posted on a large discussion forum!

There had been 750,000 views!

There were more than 3,000 replies!

"This poem is too touching!"

"Why are there so many views? Isn't this the early stages of going viral!?"

"It has gone viral online, too? When I saw this poem in the Beijing Times in the morning, I was impressed. However, I prefer 'A Generation' more."

"I'm a moderator for the literature section on a website and an outright literature lover. I have always liked modern poems and I especially like writing them. I have always thought that I write

very well and have left many modern poems in the literature section. However, after seeing Teacher Zhang Ye's two poems, I now know what it means to be the frog in the well. This is a real modern poem and what I wrote wasn't!"

There were praises and there were, of course, doubts.

"What rotten poem is this? It's just so-so."

"Right, it's too lame. One moment the furthest distance is this, then the next moment the furthest distance is that. There is no precision!"

No matter how well anything was done, it could not satisfy everyone. Zhang Ye knew this, so when he logged on, he wore an anti-troll fire vest before leaving a message. He did not have any strengths; only his attitude was good and tended to be more peaceful and calm. Seeing all the cursing, he only smiled and had the bearing of a literature writer and great poet.

He answered in style, "...I f**k your second granny's lungs! Just so-so? Do you even f**king know literature? Eh? You dare think lightly of this divine work that can last the ages!? You all are a piece of s**t! A stinking piece of ****!"

People immediately felt the rush, "Eh, why are you cursing?"

Another netizen chimed in, "#3256 is right. All of you don't understand art!"

Another netizen said, “How can there be criticisms for a poem this classic? I really don’t understand the aesthetic values of others!”

“Right, this is a poem that has saved a life. Still so-so? Then write a poem to save a life for me to see!”

Under Zhang Ye’s lead, those people who had left their negative opinions were drowned by their spit and no longer posted. Seeing the warm enthusiasm, Zhang Ye logged off without his face red or heart throbbing excitedly. He did not feel that he was wretched. This was the attitude a literature writer had!

Lao Tze said this before: take actions when the right time comes!

Chapter 24: Giving You Another Poem!

Zhang Ye sat in front of the computer, watching the praises given to him online. Past 10 A.M., a commotion sounded out outside the Literature Channel's office area. It was quite loud!

“Let us in! I want to find Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“This is an office. This place is restricted for non-staff!”

“We just want to say a few words and leave. We definitely won't give you trouble!”

“That still will not work. Go to the registration desk and wait for a while. Make an appointment first!”

After some pushing and shoving, a man and woman squeezed their way in. A security guard was half-heartedly blocking them, which many people could tell. Maybe it was due to a small meeting having just ended, but there were several Music and Traffic Channel staff who were walking past. They were curious over what was happening. Finally, even Zhao Guozhou was startled by this commotion as he came out of his office to probe the issue.

“What's going on?” Zhao Guozhou frowned.

“They are adamant about coming in! They refuse to listen to what I have to say!” the security guard explained.

“We want to find Teacher Zhang Ye! Just letting us meet with him once would do! Just once!” the male-female duo shouted.

Upon seeing the situation, Zhang Ye had no choice but to stop the work on his hands and squeeze through the crowd, “I’m Zhang Ye. Who are you?”

They rushed up and tightly held Zhang Ye’s hands, “Teacher Zhang! Thank you! Thank you! You are Xiaoli’s benefactor! You are also my benefactor! I want to thank you! Thank you!” As he said this, tears welled up in his eyes. It was not easy for men to cry, so this scene looked odd.

Zhang Ye was flabbergasted, “What benefactor?”

The quiet girl beside also started crying after seeing her boyfriend cry, “Teacher Zhang, I’m Xiaoli. If it weren’t for the two poems of yours yesterday, I might have...”

Everyone immediately had a moment of realization!

Zhang Ye also understood, “It’s you. Is this the boyfriend you mentioned? Don’t cry. All of you, don’t cry!”

The man had tears of remorse, “I only knew about it yesterday night. If you have not persuaded Xiaoli, we would have been separated, forever in different worlds! You are our family’s benefactor!”

Xiaoli suddenly opened her bag and took out a long red banner, “This was rushed by my parents to be made overnight.” Her boyfriend stepped forward quickly and pulled it open!

Shua!

The banner spread out in front of everyone!

“Gratitude of one speech, in mind for life”!

With that, the two of them stood properly and bowed deeply to Zhang Ye!

Such a situation moved Zhang Ye greatly as he helped them up, “To think you went through the trouble. There is really no need to. There is really no need. I didn’t do much. All that matters is if you healthily and safely live on. Hehe, you are not fighting anymore? Have you discussed it well?”

The man bit his lip, “I’ve thought it through; I’m not going overseas!”

Xiaoli exclaimed, “No way! Your parents have already arranged it for you!”

“Who says one can only be successful in one’s career by studying abroad? I can develop myself domestically, too. I will explain it to my parents. It’s alright, even if they do not agree. I will convince them. I will stay behind and accompany you. Once I graduate, we

will get married!” the man said with determination.

However, Xiaoli remained resolute, “Definitely not! You have to go! Even if you don’t want to! I have already thought it through; I will wait for you. I’ll wait for you, no matter how long it takes!”

“Xiaoli!” The man’s eyes turned red again!

Xiaoli gently hugged him, “As long as you are well, I’ll be fine with anything!”

Upon seeing this scene, many people in the office clapped in their hearts. The power of love was always infectious.

“Isn’t this good.” Zhang Ye laughed.

Zhao Guozhou also said, “Next time, be well. Don’t do something stupid.”

Xiaoli said embarrassingly, “I won’t. I’m fine as long as he lives well. I will not make him worried ever again.”

Suddenly, someone made a suggestion, “Teacher Little Zhang, give them another poem.”

“Right, right.” Assistant Xiaofang said, “Let Teacher Zhang give you another poem.”

Zhao Guozhou also found it interesting, “This suggestion is good. When you get married, remember to invite Teacher Little Zhang as your marriage witness.”

Xiaoli was flattered, “How can I accept it. Teacher Zhang’s words are like gold. I don’t dare to ask for one after he gave me two poems.”

Zhang Ye touched his nose. With the leader saying that, he had to give a poem, so he said, “Alright. Let me think.”

The Beijing Times had highly appraised and published Zhang Ye’s modern poem, which was proof of his literary prowess. Now that Zhang Ye was about to compose another poem, many people perked up their ears. The staff from other departments who were outside also tried to get in on the action!

“Don’t block.”

“Move to the side; I can’t see.”

“Sister Chen, come quickly. There’s another poem.”

“What poem? Whose poem?”

“It’s the one from the Literature Channel that went on Beijing Times. That poem is very popular online now.”

“The author of ‘Flying Bird and Fish’? Wow, then I must listen to it. Wait for me to go in.”

Many people squeezed into the large office as nearly a hundred pair of eyes stared at Zhang Ye!

Xiaoli and her boyfriend was looking forward to it the most. They did not even bat an eyelid!

Zhang Ye never expected the situation to be so grand with so many audience gazing at him. He turned more cautious for he could not embarrass himself with a lousy poem. Well, what poem should I use? Which poem was most appropriate? Zhang Ye recalled a moment, as long as you are well, I'll be fine with anything? Got it! He slowly spat out his words, “Xiaoli, the words you said previously are quite nice. I will use your words as the foundation for the poem I'm giving you.”

The room turned silent.

Zhang Ye slowed his breath and recited.

“The passage of time is like water, ever so silent.”

“If you are living well, then the skies are clear”

Zhao Guozhou immediately applauded, “Good poem!”

When her boyfriend heard it, he immediately took it down on paper, afraid he would forget it!

Xiaoli did not move and closed her eyes, as if revelling in the poem. After a while, she bowed at Zhang Ye once again, “Thank you! You are forever my teacher!”

“If you are living well...then the skies are clear?” A female staff member seemed to feel her eyes fog up upon hearing this. It was unknown if she had recalled something or was moved.

Wang Xiaomei and Xiaofang also mumbled to themselves and the way they gazed at Zhang Ye was no longer the same. Such a poem affected the feelings of women more. The poem was light and the words were simple, but the overflow of feelings it gave surpassed a thousand words. It was difficult to believe that this poem was the same male composer of “Flying Bird and Fish”. Furthermore, it was composed on the spot!

What sort of literary talent was this!

Zhang Ye’s single poem completely astonished everyone!

Even Tian Bin who was not far away did not say anything. Some people felt that the two poems given to Xiaoli during the broadcast were not composed on the spot by Zhang Ye, and were actually written prior, as they did not believe he was so talented. But now, this poem composed at this moment in time shattered the doubts of many!

Actually, this poem was very famous in Zhang Ye's previous world. It was spread on the internet, especially the last line. There were all sorts of claims about who the original author was. Some said it was Lin Huiyin. Some said it was Lin Huiyin's dad. Some said it first appeared on the internet and another line was added in the show, "Empresses in the Palace". It was not much different from "Flying Bird and Fish". Zhang Ye treated it as a collective work of predecessors. Anyway, no one in this world had heard of these people. There was no dispute to those poems being his alone!

He said it was his?

She said it was her dad's?

Then he said it was her third aunt's?

Hai, isn't that so troublesome and tiring? Putting the controversy to an end, Zhang Ye decided to unify it; this poem is mine. There's no need to thank me, just call me [Lei Feng](#) [*]!

[*] Lei Feng was a soldier of the Chinese army in Communist legend. He was reported to be altruistic in his actions, but there is controversy that his image was part of Communist propaganda.

Chapter 25: There Are Advertising Sponsors!

Lunch time.

The poem that Zhang Ye gave to the young couple was once again relished by the radio station's colleagues. One could easily hear people discussing about it at any time of the day.

“Little Zhang, you are eating instant noodles again?” The director came in.

Zhang Ye hurriedly swallowed the last mouthful and smiled, “Yeah, I just need to fill my stomach.”

Zhao Guozhou asked with concern, “Eating like this isn't healthy. Is it because you are tight on your living expenses, as you haven't been paid? Hehe, if that is the case, don't worry about it. I have something to announce in while.” Looking at the office, he said, “Is everyone back from lunch? Then put down what you are working on for a while. As the scene in the morning had wasted some time, well, I'll be announcing the listenership rates for yesterday.”

Everyone looked over.

Zhao Guozhou found a seat to sit down, “First place, “Talk About the World”. The listenership is...” He purposely dragged out his tone, “4.09%!”

“Ah?”

“Is that true?”

“Above four percent?”

“Our rating broke four percent?”

It was clear that Wang Xiaomei was surprised by this.

Zhao Guozhou said in a satisfactory manner, “All these years, Xiaomei’s segment has been our channel’s number one in ratings, but it always averaged around three percent. Everyone, you didn’t hear wrongly. We have really broken four this time. And I can happily tell you that the broadcast ‘Talk About the World’ yesterday was fourth in the entire station, on average. We are only just behind the News Channel’s two news segment and the Traffic Channel’s ‘Safe All the Way’. This is an unprecedented result for our channel. Everyone, please congratulate Xiaomei.”

There was applause and cheers!

The colleagues were also beaming. If the performance was good, the year-end bonuses would also be multiplied, so it was a joyous occasion for everyone in the Literature Channel.

Wang Xiaomei explained, “Thank you everyone. However,

yesterday was a special case. There is no way that we can maintain it.” She knew why they had jumped from the entire Beijing Radio Station’s 8-9th place to 4th place. After a brief feeling of excitement, she did not say anything else.

She wasn’t alone. Zhao Guozhou and the rest were the same. Zhao Guozhou carried on, “I recommend everyone to give Teacher Little Zhang a round of applause. Hehe. Yesterday’s program was all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang; not only did he save us during a crisis, he had also pulled up the rating for ‘Talk About the World’. Let me announce the rating for “Late-night Ghost Stories”. Last night’s Little Zhang’s segment had an average rating of 1.57%. It ranked third place in our channel and is higher compared to its weekend’s 1.4%. Clearly, last night’s event had led to this. I believe, and I have reason to believe, that under Teacher Little Zhang’s hard work, “Late-night Ghost Stories” will make a new high again. Hence, I have already spoken to the Deputy Directors and Heads and plan to give the 5,000 Yuan bonus award to Teacher Little Zhang. Does anyone have any objections about this?”

“No objections.”

“It is necessary!”

“Teacher Little Zhang, congratulations!”

Zhang Ye pretended to be polite, “Leader, how can I? I’m just a newcomer. And really...”

Zhao Guozhou beamed with a smile, “In a while, I’ll let finance

enter it into your wages. Do not be like that. It's what you deserve. Besides, this bonus is also because of another reason. From today onwards, "Late-night Ghost Stories" will have advertising sponsors. As your "Ghost Blows Out the Light" has information regarding antiques and its listenership rates have been always high, a large pawn shop business' public relations staff have contacted the station. The sponsoring negotiations have basically been done. As for the exact numbers, it is still kept under wraps and I cannot divulge it. However, I can roughly tell you that, hehe, about this "Late-night Ghost Stories" sponsorship... It is about the same as our channel's prime-time programs' and is extremely high!"

What?

Almost the same as prime-time programs?

When this was revealed, many were dumbfounded. After all, "Late-night Ghost Stories" was a late-night segment. It was worse than late-night programs in the 11 P.M. – 12 A.M. slot. However, the sponsorship it had obtained was nearly the at the level of fees commanded by prime-time segments? Was the advertiser mad? However, it was reasonable once one thought about it. "Late-night Ghost Stories" was no longer a late-night program hosted by Tian Bin. After Zhang Ye took it over, its ratings had an explosive increase. Also, the cohesion rate of the listeners was high. It could be seen from the figures of the listenership breakdown. The pawn shop business was using this relatively specialized and relevant program, which had greatly attracted its listeners, to gain recognition. Hence, this high advertising fee was not unreasonable!

“Teacher Little Zhang, you will need to give a treat.”

“Right, you must treat. It’s so enviable.”

“My afternoon segment’s sponsorship isn’t even as high as yours. This is such a blow to me. Haha, when our salary is paid, don’t be stingy and treat us all!”

The more advertising sponsorship there was, the greater the cut they would get for their salary. Zhang Ye may be still a rookie whose base salary was inferior to others, but with the addition of the cut of a sponsorship that was nearing the amount for prime-time segments, Zhang Ye’s monthly income would be higher than the older comrades who had had worked in the station for decades!

Zhang Ye was also delighted, “Sure, sure.”

Seeing Zhang Ye’s delighted mood, Tian Bin was so envious that his intestines turned green. He had ran “Late-night Ghost Stories” for years and, on average, it had 300 days a year without sponsorships. Occasionally, there would be a short-term sponsorship, but the fees received were negligible. It was extremely low. This Zhang had only started work for a few days; how was he so lucky? Tian Bin still refused to acknowledge Zhang Ye’s abilities. He was adamant that it was due to luck.

After announcing all the programs’ ratings, Zhao Guozhou called Zhang Ye over. He reminded him, “The advertisers are coming soon. Today is the day we are signing the contract. They, too, want to see your recording situation in person. I have already gotten

someone to reserve the recording studio for you. Once they arrive, you can begin. As for the advertisement lines, I haven't received them. They might bring it and I'll get someone to pass it to you."

Zhang Ye responded, "Recording in the afternoon?"

"Yes. Anyway, you do not need a script. Why? Is there a problem?" Zhao Guozhou asked.

Zhang Ye bit his tongue, "There's no problem, Leader. I'll begin preparing."

Zhao Guozhou nodded, "Do well later. Don't let the advertisers pick fault with it, or there will be questions for the nearly-settled contract."

"I understand. Don't worry about it." Zhang Ye guaranteed.

When the Leader left, Zhang Ye's face turned bitter. No problem, your sister! He had no way of reciting the remaining text of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". He only knew the rough direction to the plot. As he was excited about being in the papers, he had not worked out a draft. He had been planning to work out the draft in the morning, but who could have known that something would happen in the morning? Now, with the advertisers coming in the afternoon, there was definitely no time left. Even if he wanted to go off script, he couldn't. Ugh, was he going to destroy all the accumulated Reputation in one go? "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was difficult to carry on. Was he going to mess up his own program?

Bad things were about to happen!

The end is near!

Thankfully, he had still gotten 5,000 Yuan in rewards. With money, even if he messed up the program, Zhang Ye would be fine. In this world, money is...No, that's not right!

I think I previously said that I treated money like dirt?

Let me think for a while, did I say that? Forget it, I don't think I said that!

Chapter 26: Encountering A Tough Problem!

1 o'clock, afternoon.

Zhang Ye hurriedly rushed his draft. Behind him, his assistant, Xiaofang, called out to him.

“Teacher Little Zhang.”

“What’s the matter, Xiaofang?”

“Leader said to tell you that the sponsor for your program is here.”

“Eh? So early? Didn’t they say noon?”

“Er, it’s noon now. This is for you; it’s the advertisement copy. The recording studio is also ready. The director wants you to get ready before he brings over the guests.”

Damn, this time I’m done for!

Zhang Ye had only just typed out the words for “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, without any structure or thought. He could only switch off his computer and go do the undoable at the recording studio.

Sometimes, the one who knows you best is your enemy. That is a very true saying. Tian Bin keenly noticed Zhang Ye's abnormal actions and linked it to the quality drop in the recent two broadcasts of "Late-night Ghost Stories", where stuttering and the wrong usage of words occurred frequently. Even the recording took longer; where it used to take an hour, it took about 1.5 hours to 2 hours to finish a recording now. Tian Bin guessed that Zhang Ye has reached a creative bottleneck or it was even possible that the novel had a problem. Looking at him now, it was obvious that he had no script for it. Haha, this kid is getting what he deserves. The story won't be able to continue on from here? I'll see how you get past this! Tian Bin was over the moon. He stood up and proceeded to the recording studio, ready to see Zhang Ye make a mockery of himself and get what he deserved!

...

Recording Studio 1.

This was the most prestigious studio in the station. It was bigger than the other studios by at least three times. This did not even include the outside of the studio. There was a small space outside of the studio where the telephone editor worked and on the other side there was a viewing hall. It had a transparent soundproof glass which did not block the view, space for 30 leather chairs on the inside and even a small conference table. The station obviously prepared this place for the advertisers who had a sizeable sponsorship. Otherwise, this sort of a studio was usually only reserved for off-site interactive activities or management inspection use.

It was a situation of great importance!

And the pressure was greater, too!

Zhang Ye went in with the equipment settings readied by a staff member who informed him about the differences between this studio and the others before leaving. Zhang Ye was now alone in the room and felt like he was sitting on a cushion of needles. He mumbled to himself, “What should I do?” Bullsh*t my way through this? That won’t work. The clients were willing to sponsor him because they have heard his program before. Just opening his mouth would let the cat out of the bag. Besides, the listeners would definitely not agree to it. Narrating while coming up with and organizing his thoughts? But he didn’t have that capability; even if he hurriedly composed, the quality would be bad! All his ideas had been exhausted, Zhang Ye could do nothing more. He only hoped that the client would not tear up the contract.

Outside.

Viewing hall.

“It’s over here. Please, come in.” The door creaked and then Zhao Guozhou and a deputy led five to six men and women in. “Let’s have a seat. Someone will get you tea.”

A woman said, “Director Zhao, you are too welcoming of us.”

Another person looked through the glass at Zhang Ye, “Is that Teacher Little Zhang?”

“That’s right.” Zhao Guozhou smiled, “Let Little Zhang start; we will listen and discuss at the same time.”

“Sure. I am a loyal fan of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. I even listened to the program late last night. I’m honoured to be listening live on-site today.” a middle-aged man mentioned politely.

They sat at the first row next to the location. They were from the Hua Tian Group, operators of pawn shops, jewelry shops and some auction house businesses. Zhang Ye did not know them from his world; the closest to it that he knew of was the Hua Xia Group’s pawn shop businesses. Seemingly, even pawn shop businesses were altered in this world. Maybe the sponsored amount this time was too high. The contract duration was also longer than usual, not like those of a week or half a month. Because of this, this leading corporation gave the deal more attention. Five to six people from the marketing department, leaders and staff included, came over to discuss the contractual details. Likewise, Zhao Guozhou also had his own entourage. Wang Xiaomei and several other radio host Teachers also came along. The last to join was Tian Bin and he was probably uninvited. But as there were no restrictions on the attendees, the Leaders did not mention it.

After settling down, Zhao Guozhou signaled to Xiaofang with his index finger.

Understanding his intention, Xiaofang also signalled towards

Zhang Ye in the studio and did a countdown from ten. After so many broadcast sessions, the two of them could communicate with just gestures. Li Si was the previous assistant for “Late-night Ghost Stories”. Xiaofang was an assistant to everyone, also known as a helper to all. After Zhang Ye arrived, with the popularity of his program, Xiaofang became his personal assistant. Her previous tasks were all handed over to other assistants, while she concentrated on her job for “Late-night Ghost Stories”. She was part of Zhang Ye’s program team.

By now, Zhang Ye had to step up. With a deep breath, he pushed a button. 3, 2, 1. The broadcast started with the opening, “Hello, everyone. I am your DJ, Zhang Ye. Welcome to today’s “Late-night Ghost Stories”. Casually stating the chapter’s title, Zhang Ye started reading the story.

As he spoke, the others were discussing outside.

“The contract has been prepared. Please take a look?” Zhao Guozhou went straight for the subject.

The woman who looked like she was the leader of the group said, “Director Zhao, it’s okay if you are busy and need to attend to your work. Let’s not rush this. We would like to listen in, first.”

“Alright. Of course.” Zhao Guozhou said.

The women enquired curiously, “Oh, yes. I see... That Teacher, Little Zhang, does not have a script?”

Zhao Guozhou smiled a little, “That’s right. This is also a specialty of our program. Little Zhang has never needed a script. He’s always working off-script for the program.”

“That can’t be true?” the women said skeptically.

Several of the people in the pawn shop business group also felt that they were exaggerating.

In the studio, Zhang Ye read, “The fatty had a piece....a jade heirloom that he always had with him. This piece of jade belonged to a...a northwestern army’s...” Before he could finish a line, Zhang Ye already could not carry on. With his brain trying to organize his words and also trying to recall the plot’s direction, it was beyond his abilities.

Eh? What’s the matter with Little Zhang today? Zhao Guozhou finally realized something was wrong with Zhang Ye!

Tian Bin had realized this beforehand and was laughing at him on the inside. He was gleefully awaiting to see the joke that was Zhang Ye. This was the purpose of his attendance.

“What’s the matter?”

“Eh? Why did he stop?”

The clients looked at each other blankly, not understanding the situation.

Zhang Ye disguised his situation with a cough, switched off his recording, “Let’s re-record this portion. I apologize. My throat is a little unwell, let me get some water.”

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, then spoke to him through the intercom, “Didn’t sleep well last night? Don’t worry, please rest for a few minutes.” To help Zhang Ye smooth out the situation, Zhao Guozhou branched out the conversation and spoke to the clients about other topics.

Xiaofang had a face full of worry!

Zhang Ye’s colleagues also had looks of suspicion!

A lot of the others had the same feeling from two days ago. Zhang Ye’s story did not sound smooth. The novel’s quality had dropped and there were stumbles in the story plot. Everyone wondered, “Was Zhang Ye a prodigy that has wilted? Is it that the story cannot continue on? Why did it have to happen at this moment?” The sponsors were here today to sign the contract, so if any mistakes happened, then all that sponsorship money would go up in smoke. Zhang Ye would then have to bear the responsibility and this would also be a smudge on their Literature Channel’s reputation!

A lot of people held their breaths for Zhang Ye.

Only Tian Bin had a different expression from the rest. He only wished that Zhang Ye would make a mistake. If “Ghost Blows Out

the Light” really could not go on, then there would be no need for Zhang Ye’s existence. Ignoring the fact that he would be cursed at by the listeners, the Leaders would not agree to it. Even though over the years, “Late-night Ghost Stories” had stories that were cut short, as they had poor ratings, none of them had been dropped midway. There would always be a simple finale to the stories. If Zhang Ye could not produce a story today, then it would be a broadcast incident and nobody could save him!

Chapter 27: Getting A Big Prize In The Lottery!

He only had a few minutes to rest.

Inside the recording studio, Zhang Ye was sweating profusely. He was really worried. No matter how he racked his brains, it was to no avail. Right, there was still one last lifeline!

The Lottery!

He could only place his only hope on the game ring. He should still have the ability to have a chance at the Lottery. Whether he could ride out this storm depended on the outcome of the Lottery. Maybe he could draw an item that gave people mass hallucinations? Maybe an item that could rapidly increase his creative composition of words? Success or failure depended on this! Zhang Ye could only go for broke as he opened the game ring's virtual interface and checked his Reputation score.

Reputation points: 305,931.

Upon seeing this number, Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. It took a while before he understood how his Reputation points had increased so much. The first reason was the addition of Reputation points from Xiaoli's suicide matter from the previous night. The program "Talk About the World" was also uploaded onto the internet. The second reason was the 30,000+ Reputation points obtained from the previous day's "Late-night Ghost Stories". With the rating improving by the day, there were more and more

Reputation points gained every day. The third reason was, of course, due to the Beijing Times report today. This was a major newspaper that had a circulation rate of a few hundred thousand in the capital. Even if half of those who had bought the papers had read Zhang Ye's news and only a half of those half had marveled at the two poems or were impressed by how Zhang Ye used the modern poems to save a life, that was sufficient to add more than a hundred thousand Reputation points. Exposure, achievements and fame added to his Reputation points.

Great!

The Reputation points were enough for him to draw three times at the Lottery!

Zhang Ye tapped the "Lottery" purchase button and began his first attempt at the Lottery. The needle began moving as he chanted, "Please not something from the Consumption Category! Not a Consumption Category item!" No one could see the virtual game interface in reality, so he was not worried about it.

But he was born unlucky!

The needle firmly stopped itself in a Consumption Category region!

Bada, a Treasure Chest (Small) appeared in his inventory. Zhang Ye helplessly took out the treasure chest and placed it on the floor. Avoiding the gaze of others, he opened the chest. There was a little circular band. It looked like the halo band seen above angels in

movie productions. The only difference was that the color was black.

[Unlucky Halo] : Effective once it is worn. Lasts for 5 minutes.

Triggering specific conditions will cause those around the player to enter a state of bad luck.

What does this mean? It has the same effect as the Unlucky Sticker? Only that it's an "area of effect" type this time? What were the conditions? It won't be attacking indiscriminately, right?

Zhang Ye did not study it much and first stuffed the Lottery item into his game ring. Following that, he puffed on his palm a few times. It was too depressing. What sort of sh*t hands were these? He had drawn from the Lottery four times, since he magically obtained the game ring. However, every time it was a Consumption Category treasure chests. Even though the Consumption Category region took up the largest proportion on the wheel, it shouldn't happen all the time, right? At least let me see what Stats Category and Skills Category are. The probability of hitting the Special Category was too low, so he did not have any hopes for it, but the Stats and Skills Categories still had a non-trivial probability of hitting them!

Again!

I don't believe it!

Zhang Ye frowned as he breathed in like he was practicing qigong. After messing around for a while, he spent another

100,000 Reputation points to buy a chance at the Lottery, despite his painful heart!

He clicked on the Lottery!

The needle began moving again!

It was all random. At least, Zhang Ye still could not see any pattern up until now. He could only stare and chant, waiting for the needle to slow down before he could see what it was! Skills Category! Stop! Stop! Aiyah, it did not stop! Another Consumption Category! Quickly get past it! Just a bit more! The needle was obedient this time as it grinded forward by a bit! Move some more! Move some more! It's not enough! Almost got it! As Zhang Ye eagerly watched as the needle seemed to use all its strength before stopping, it suddenly moved that tiny bit as its final rally!

Click!

Special Category!

It had actually stopped at the Special Category region, which had a 1-2% chance of being picked!

The Heaven's have shined their light on me; I managed to get a grand prize! Zhang Ye was finally delighted. The time for the Lottery to give out its prize had come. There was no item to receive, nor was there a treasure chest to be opened. There was just a system message.

Special Category awarded: Opening the Merchant Shop, adding the right to purchase item, "Memory Search Capsule".

After that, the virtual game's interface for the Merchant Shop opened. When he clicked it open, there was an item inside.

Memory Search Capsule: Effective upon consuming it. Helps the player search a memory or subconscious memory and permanently reinforces it. Lasts for five minutes. Costs 100,000 Reputation points.

Zhang Ye still remembered the Special Category's introduction. It was written that it would allow the purchase of a certain item. It seemed like the method to obtain magical items was not just limited to the luck of the draw. He could also use the random chance from landing on the Special Category to give him the right to buy an item. He could buy an unlimited number of the items in the Merchant Shop, as long as he had the Reputation points. He would no longer be restricted to the limitations of the random chance in the Lottery. This discovery made Zhang Ye excited!

Memory search?

Could this solve the problem he was facing?

Time was running out, so Zhang Ye didn't spend too much time thinking about it. He looked at the remaining 100,000 Reputation points he had left and decided against the Lottery. He could not afford it. As such, he opened the Merchant Shop and spent 100,000

Reputation points to buy one “Memory Search Capsule”. He only had a few thousand Reputation points left as a result.

Ding!

With the successful purchase, the item automatically entered his inventory!

Zhang Ye quickly opened up his inventory and, with a grab, pulled out a black and white capsule. It looked like something one ate when one had the cold. Gritting his teeth, he swallowed it. As he crunched on it, he felt his eyes go blank before he could even decide on its taste. His brain’s activity suddenly increased, as several scenes flashed before his eyes. Zhang Ye was filled with worry about the “Ghost Blows Out the Light” script, so all his thoughts were focused on it. So with a thought, the scenes in his brain suddenly jumped to the scene of him back in school in his previous world. It was the weekend when Zhang Ye had just bought the entire “Ghost Blows Out the Light” set after school. It had books written in simplified script. The moment he reached home, he excitedly flipped through them to read it!

One page...

Ten pages...

Twenty pages...

It was all scenes of him flipping through the books. It was as fast

as a movie playing!

At this moment, the effective duration of the “Memory Search Capsule” ended. Zhang Ye returned to reality from his weird memories. Only five minutes had passed in reality, precisely the effective duration of the item. However, the speed at which he thought was clearly much faster. The concept of time was completely different. In his memories, Zhang Ye seemed to have spent several hours reading. With a blink, Zhang Ye was delighted to discover that after reliving those memories of reading “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, every word in the novel was remembered by him clearly. He could recite them from memory easily! The Memory Search had helped him dig out buried memories and had reinforced those memories! Although the Memory Search did not completely let him recall the hundreds of thousands of words in “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, it had reinforced about a quarter of the content in his memories. Previously, Zhang Ye had only narrated about tens of thousands of content during the earlier segments. Hence, with his current memories, he could easily narrate another 200,000 words with his eyes closed!

It's done!

There's no need to worry about the script anymore!

This item had come at an opportune moment! Besides, as long as he had enough Reputation points, he could buy an unlimited number of Memory Search Capsules. There would no longer be any worry about trying to recall artistic works from his previous life!

Chapter 28: An Amazing Unscripted Performance!

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Zhao Guozhou looked towards the exterior door.

There was a woman who had come from outside. On the other side of the glass, Zhang Ye saw her, too. He cleared his throat. He had seen this woman before and she had cursed him behind his back. She was Tian Bin’s wife. He met on the first day of work. The woman was holding a contract in her hand. Clearly, she was one of the staff in the station. Either she was in charge of advertisement matters, or she was in charge of contractual laws. He had previously thought that Tian Bin’s wife had come to meet Tian Bin to get off work together. So his wife was also a member of the radio station.

“Director Zhao, the contract.” The woman took out a bunch of A4 paper.

Zhao Guozhou took it over and acknowledged, “Just leave it here. We’ll speak later.”

“Alright.” The woman leaned her head to the side to look around. Seeing Tian Bin waving towards her, she walked to the last row and sat with her husband.

“Sister-in-law.”

“Sis, you came?”

People in the Literature Channel knew of the duo's relation, as everyone knew each other.

After sitting down, Tian Bin's wife did not hide her disdain for Zhang Ye as she whispered, “Why hasn't it started? What are we waiting for?” How could her tone be good, when her husband was replaced by Zhang Ye?

A Literature Channel staff member said, “It began a while ago, but it seems like Teacher Zhang's throat isn't good, so it was stopped.”

Tian Bin laughed quietly, “It's not his throat isn't good. He can't produce anything. If you don't believe me, just watch. His advertising sponsorship will definitely be blown off today!”

“That can't be?” another colleague said.

Tian Bin seethed, “Haven't you already noticed? Zhang Ye is already a spent force. He has nothing left sustaining him. How do you explain it?”

Tian Bin's wife laughed, “I think so, too. A rookie can't have good luck all his life. He has to pay the price of being young. How can being a host be so easy? Only after a few years of grinding and being beat down would one gain acceptance. A moment of

impressiveness is just short-lived. In the end, what matters is experience and background!”

When Xiaofang heard this, she was very unhappy, but she did not dare to show it. After all, she was a rookie, so she could only say, “Teacher Zhang will be fine!”

Tian Bin lost his smile, “Does his performance look like he is fine? Then let’s have a bet? Let’s see if he can pass this ordeal!”

Xiaofang remained silent. She was afraid, too. Teacher Zhang, you must not make any mistakes!

...

What they said could not be heard in front, as there was a distance of seven meters separating them.

“Little Zhang! Have you rested your throat?” Zhao Guozhou could no longer drag it out any longer. Seeing so much time pass, he could only ask with a frown.

Zhang Ye adjusted his bearings as he drank some water. He immediately said, “Leader, I can do it.”

“Alright, then let’s carry on.” Zhao Guozhou waved at him to begin, while his eyes seemed unsure.

Tian Bin was thinking in his mind, “What do you mean, ‘you can do it’. Today, I’m just waiting for you to make a fool of yourself. When you fail, the segment ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ will be mine again!”

Tian Bin’s wife also laughed in silence. She, too, was waiting for Zhang Ye to make a fool of himself!

Zhang Ye paused for two seconds before he began recording, “Hello, everybody. Welcome to today’s “Late-night Ghost Stories” segment... This piece of jade was given to his father by a chief in the northwestern army. Years ago, this chief had led his troops to destroy a gang of bandits. This piece of jade was worn closely by the bandit leader. Although it was a piece of jade, its shape did not look anything like it. Its shape was strange...” Zhang Ye was no longer like the stammering Zhang Ye from before. His words were buttery smooth!

Tian Bin was surprised a little. What the heck? How could he now narrate again? Oh, he must have used the break time to organize his thoughts. However, what could that little bit of time amount to? He will end up full of mistakes later!

Ten minutes!

Half an hour!

Time passed.

Tian Bin was looking forward to seeing Zhang Ye make a mistake. The married couple were waiting to see a show.

However, Zhang Ye's performance made their faces turn green. Not only did Zhang Ye not make a single mistake, the plot and words used were excellent. It had returned to the high quality standard of the first few episodes. It was even better than the first few episodes. There was not a single re-recording of a passage. It was as if he had God's help, as he chattered on!

“According to Eiko, the Savages Ditch by Hei Feng Kou was actually previously called Corpses Ditch. Further into the past, it was actually called Moon Holding Ditch...”

One episode was done!

Two episodes were done!

From 2 P.M. in the afternoon to 5 P.M. in the afternoon, Zhang Ye recorded three full episodes. There was no break in between. He did not even take a mouthful of water. He had recorded it all in one go!

The Tian Bin couple were terrified!

Zhao Guozhou and Xiaofang were stunned with their mouths agape!

The five-member advertising sponsorship team was also

dumbfounded!

When the third episode was done recording, Zhang Ye still seemed addicted to it and was just about to carry on recording another episode. Zhao Guozhou quickly interrupted upon seeing this. He switched on the microphone to contact him, “Little Zhang, that will do. Come over here, first!” You still want to narrate some more? You still can narrate? Any more, and the sky will turn dark!

Zhang Ye said, “Yes.” before taking off his headset, with lingering feelings.

The pawn shop business’ woman stared while saying, “The three hours of content was said without script? That’s impossible!” She would not believe it even if she was killed. She immediately stood up, “I’m going in to take a look!” She hated being deceived by others. It would be a great disrespect towards them and also an insult to their intelligence!

“Ah...” Zhao Guozhou did not stop them, allowing to do so.

The Tian Bin couple also did not believe it and they accompanied the sponsors and the Leader in.

Three hours of on-the-spot creation, without any mistakes or script?

How did he do it!? This must be an international joke!

Immediately, a group of people poured into the recording studio as they looked all around. They really could not find a script. A sponsor guessed that Zhang Ye had copied the script into the computer; as such, he looked at the monitor. Good rascal. The recording studio's second computer was not even switched on. And the main computer was controlled with buttons. There wasn't even a display!

Zhang Ye was wondering why so many people rushed in, "Eh? What's the matter?"

The sponsors were amazed, "You...you really did not use a script?"

"Nope. I just said what I have on the spot." Zhang Ye answered matter-of-factly.

The woman did not utter a word for a long while, before turning her head towards Zhao Guozhou, "Let's sign the contract, Director Zhao. We are convinced!"

Only Tian Bin remained in disbelief. Your sister! How did you memorize three hours worth of content? Are you f**king mad? Ignoring it being off script, even when Tian Bin recorded with a script, he would also make mistakes. How the f**k do you not have any mistakes without a script? How could it be!? Aren't you on the brink of death? Weren't you unable to narrate the story, just now? How did you seem to transform suddenly!?

Tian Bin's wife's expression looked ugly, too.

Assistant Xiaofang glanced at them. You still want to bet that Teacher Zhang can't do it? Why aren't you speaking now? Are you dumb now?

It was natural that Zhang Ye would not make a mistake. His memories had been strongly reinforced. It could be blurted out without thinking. This was the effect of the memory capsule!

Zhao Guozhou and the sponsors left to discuss the details of the contract.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch. He still was not done with his narration itch. He felt that his mental state was still very good. So he decided to forgo his meal. After drinking a mouthful of water, he returned to the recording studio and began rattling off the fourth episode for the day!

Tian Bin refused to have his beliefs shaken. He insisted on staying behind to see how Zhang Ye managed it!

Wang Xiaomei and a few other hosts did not go for dinner. They, too, wanted to see what tricks Zhang Ye had; rather, it should be said that they wanted to know what Zhang Ye's limit was. They were extremely surprised!

Four episodes!

Six episodes!

Eight episodes!

Zhang Ye actually recorded from two in the afternoon to ten in the evening!

Wang Xiaomei had already left silently at 6pm!

Tian Bin endured past 7 PM before going home with an ashen face!

There were people who went for their dinner midway. Some people got off work, while some people came to catch a glimpse of this spectacle after hearing about it!

“He’s amazing!”

“Quick, go take a look. Zhang Ye is still recording!”

“Ah? What time is it? And it was done without a script?”

“Of course it is done without a script. Damn! He has gone off script for eight hours!”

“Holy shit! Is that guy still human? Did he eat some power pills?”

The news quickly spread. Many hosts and staff from other

channels came in waves. Everyone came to listen with a look of disbelief. However, when all of them left, their looks of disbelief were replaced by looks of amazement, without exception!

After that day.

Everyone knew that a man of God had arrived in the Literature Channel!

He was a person who had produced a work on the spot, recording without any script for more than ten hours without a mistake! If the entire station was added up... Who dared to compare with him!?

Chapter 29: What Is Your Most Expensive Dish Here?

A week later.

Zhang Ye had been forcefully given leave by a Deputy Director for the Literature Channel. The Leader nearly pleaded with him to take a break for two days with a confused expression of being at a loss over whether to laugh or cry. Why? This was because Zhang Ye was playing with his life for the entire week. Every day, he would reserve the recording studio during the day. If he could not get a long time slot, he would reserve a time slot at night. He would obtain the key from the relevant personnel to work overtime throughout the night. He had completely recorded the fifty episodes of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. Together with the episodes recorded before, he had finished recording more than 60 episodes. The book was almost done.

In between, the episodes that were periodically broadcast gave Zhang Ye a total of 200,000 Reputation points. The few poems that spread online also kept contributing to his Reputation score. All of them added up to about 300,000 points. Zhang Ye used those points to buy three “Memory Search Capsules”. They allowed Zhang Ye to reinforce the text in “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. Without a missing word, he could naturally record without a hitch. As usual, he went off-script during the entire process. In seven days, everyone in the station was used to this “warped” existence.

From shock to amazement, from amazement to surprise, and from surprise to numbness!

In the end, everyone took Zhang Ye's stunning performance for granted!

There were only a few episodes left before Zhang Ye finished recording. In Zhang Ye's original world, a radio station had recorded the audio version of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" after its crazy sales. It was done in 400-500 episodes, so how did he finish recording in less than 100 episodes? This was because, in his previous world, the ghost story segment was called "Midnight Strange Files". It was half an hour long. Only about 20 minutes, or even less, of the novel was narrated during the segment. However, in this world, "Late-night Ghost Stories" was a segment that was an hour long. Furthermore, Zhang Ye's narrative speed was much faster than the average person's. As a result, the number of episodes were naturally reduced.

...

In the morning.

Zhang Ye was washing up. The seven days of continuous work and disruptive working schedule had affected his mental state. Even while smoking to refresh himself, he would keep yawning.

There was actually no need for him to work so hard.

But why did Zhang Ye work so hard? There were four reasons.

Firstly, he needed to be worthy of the Leader's appreciation!

Secondly, he needed to be worthy of the audience's love!

Thirdly, if he finished recording the program early, he could get a bonus!

As for the fourth reason...Well, the fourth reason is that the first and second reasons were not important at all!

After checking his salary and bonus online, Zhang Ye immediately cheered up. After realizing that he had not been home for a long while, he went down to take the subway as he headed to his parents' home.

His parents lived in Caishikou, a small neighborhood in Beijing that was neither young or old.

Just as he arrived, Zhang Ye met a few of his old neighbors.

"Eh, isn't this Little Ye? You are back? I haven't seen you in a long while." an auntie said.

Zhang Ye greeted, "Good morning, Auntie Zhou. I moved out to stay alone a month ago. I've been busy working recently, so I didn't come back."

"I heard from your parents that you are working at a radio

station?" Another old uncle flapped a paper fan as he said, "That is a good place. It's paid by the public, so do well."

"Okay. Sure." Zhang Ye went up after making some idle chat.

After pressing the doorbell, it was his mother who opened the door. She did not look happy, "It's been a month. Now you know to return home?"

Zhang Ye gave a glance and gave an obsequious smile, "I was waiting to return only after having some success. Where's dad? He isn't working today, right?"

"Him? He's reading the papers." Mom kicked a pair of slippers to her son.

Zhang Ye bent over and wore them. Upon entering the living room, he saw his dad sitting on the sofa, reading Beijing Times. "Dad, I'm back. How's your and Mom's health?"

Dad never said much, "It's good. How's work?"

Zhang Ye seemed happy, "It's good. This month's salary has been paid. Together with the bonus, it's a total of 18,000."

"What?" Mom's ears immediately perked up. She turned from sorrow to joy, "Why is there so much? Aren't you in your probation period? You shouldn't have established yourself, right?"

Zhang Ye smiled, “The wage isn’t a lot, but the bonus is quite a lot. There is a 5,000 contribution reward and another 8,000 performance award. With my wage and benefits added together, that’s why I was paid so much.”

“My son sure is good.” Mom beamed, “I already said my son will amount to something!”

Dad said squarely, “Don’t be arrogant. This little bit of results isn’t anything.”

Mom squinted at Zhang Ye and pursed her lips, “Hear what your Dad is saying. Every night, he will listen to your program in front of the radio. Sometimes he would not even agree to lowering the volume when I find it noisy. That episode where you used a modern poem to save a girl? He also listened to it. He even praised your modern poem’s standard. He even recorded those few poems down. Heh. Anyway, I didn’t understand that poem of yours.”

Dad’s expression changed, “Must you say so much?”

Mom snorted, “I’m just speaking the truth. What are you staring for? Do you think only your staring eyes are the biggest?”

Zhang Ye chuckled. The approval of his family was his greatest encouragement. He said, “It’s almost noon. Mom, Dad. There’s no need to cook today. Let’s go out and eat. Since this is my first hard-earned wage, I must treat you to a good meal. Let’s go!”

Mom said happily, “Alright. I want to enjoy my son’s treat.”

Dad was about to say something, such as don’t be a spendthrift, as their living conditions were not that great. However, with Zhang Ye and Mom pulling him, Dad eventually went to change.

Downstairs.

Mom pulled out her cellphone like an avant-garde. “Let me check what good restaurants there are nearby.”

Zhang Ye asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m checking the reviews online. I just learned about it from my colleagues.” Mom began to clumsily maneuver through her cellphone’s functionality.

Zhang Ye scoffed and looked down on Mom, “Online reviews? You are too passe. What year is it now? What you are doing isn’t scientific nor precise. Look at me!” Zhang Ye took out a signing pen that he always brought along and threw it into the air. After the pen dropped to the ground, he pointed along the direction of the pen tip to a street diagonally across. “That restaurant has delicious food!”

Mom, “...”

Dad said, “As a college graduate, can you not be so superstitious?”

Zhang Ye stubbornly said, “Believe me. That restaurant definitely is good. I’ve never been wrong with throwing stuff – or else, how do you think I scored such a high score during my English college entrance exams?”

The restaurant was not small and there were quite a number of people.

The trio were led to a table in the back by a waiter.

A waitress politely said, “What do the three of you want to eat?”

Mom said casually, “Son, you do the ordering, but don’t order things that are too expensive. It is unnecessary.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged. With almost 20,000, he was now a little tycoon. What was the use in having so much money? Isn’t it meant to be used? Furthermore, he was now a public figure. He needed to maintain his reputation, so he said with confidence, “What is your most expensive dish here?”

The waitress said with a surprise, “The most expensive?”

Zhang Ye nodded, “Right. Feel free and say it boldly!”

The waitress answered, “Deep-Fried Mandarin Fish is quite expensive. And depending on the portion, a fish can cost about 300 after preparation. Right, we also have abalone. One portion is 120. How many portions do you want?”

Zhang Ye snapped his fingers, “Good, very good. Give me...a plate of Kung Pao chicken, a plate of Shredded Pork with Garlic Sauce and three bowls of rice. That would be all!”

The waitress nearly vomited out blood. After all that she said, he did not want any of that?

After the waitress left, Mom embarrassingly said, “Why did you ask about all of that!?”

Zhang Ye coughed, “I never expected it to be so expensive. Also, didn’t you say not to order stuff that’s too expensive? We still need to live. So we shouldn’t be too extravagant.”

Mom said angrily, “You are too cheap!”

Dad interjected, “Isn’t that something he learned from you? You mother-son duo were born money-faced!”

Chapter 30: The War Of Words On Weibo!

Afternoon.

As his parents were taking an afternoon nap, Zhang Ye was surfing the net in his room. After logging in to his newly registered [Weibo](#) [*] account, there was a verified label on his avatar. This was a verified account that the radio station had applied for him, for work purposes. The verification details were, “Beijing Radio Station’s Literature Channel’s ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ Broadcast Host Zhang Ye”. Every radio anchor host had a platform to communicate with their audience. By promoting their programs and maintaining their image, that was also a part of their work.

This world’s social media platform did not distinguish between [Tencent’s Weibo](#) or [Sina’s Weibo](#). There was only one, called Weibo. It was pretty much the same; however, there were some tiny differences in the details. For example, there was no way to display one’s location. The reason was probably to protect one’s privacy.

“Hello, Teacher Zhang.”

“Teacher Zhang, I really like your program.”

“‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ is too good. Your poems are also too classic!”

“If you need any sort of work done, please contact mobile

number 1348763733!”

“Haha, Teacher Zhang is also on Weibo? I’m Xiaofang. Please add me as a fan.”

There were private messages, @ messages and comments, totaling about 30 of them. There were advertisements, colleagues from the radio station and listeners.

Upon seeing his fan count, he only had about 200 people. After all, he had just registered, so he could not have many fans. It needed a long period of operation. Zhang Ye picked a few comments to reply to. He also followed a few colleagues. As he browsed through this world’s Weibo, there were not many major differences, so he did not find it unfamiliar. This was a very important promotional platform, so Zhang Ye treated it seriously. After giving it some thought, he decided to post his poems, “Flying Bird and Fish”, “A Generation”, the title-less “If you are living well, then the skies are clear” and the “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” that he had never publicly released.

His fan count immediately rose!

There were countless numbers of people rebroadcasting it!

“Let the tempest come strike harder? Wow!”

“‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’ is so well written! I like it!”

“I already thought “Flying Bird and Fish” and “A Generation” were classic enough, but after seeing “The Song of the Stormy Petrel”, I feel full and delighted. This passer-by shall become a fan!”

“If you are living well, then the skies are clear? This is written so beautifully!”

“Teacher Zhang has released another new poem? Awesome! I’ll prostrate in front of you in full admiration!”

He even saw some bigwigs leaving comments. For example, there was the famous producer Hu Fei from Central TV. He had rebroadcasted for Zhang Ye, “I first liked Zhang Ye’s novel, as ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ was too original. It is totally different from the usual supernatural novels. Later on, I saw Teacher Little Zhang’s two poems. I greatly fell in love with “A Generation”. It felt like it was written for our generation. Today, after seeing “The Song of the Stormy Petrel”, this should be a prose. Having lived for so long, I have seen at least a few hundred, if not a few thousand prose. But this is the first time that I have realized that prose can be written in such a graceful and powerful manner! I also know the Vice Editor, Old Ya, from the Beijing Times. I agree strongly with what Old Ya said that in a few hundred years, people might no longer have computers or cell phones and may even forget the dazzling celebrities of the past, to the point of forgetting things our generation think is unforgettable. But the two poems, “A Generation” and “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” will never be forgotten. I believe they will be passed down over as a heritage, one generation after another!”

Naturally, Zhang Ye had to reply as he modestly answered, “Thank you for Teacher Hu’s affirmation. I’m not that noble or great as you described. I just randomly created those.”

Hu Fei gave an astounding approval, “Talent is probably innate. Some people might work their entire lives to no avail. Some people have it the moment they were born. Teacher Little Zhang is just 23 years old? My son is 22 this year, almost the same age as you. However, Teacher Zhang is already so cultured, while my son is playing on the phone all day. Sigh.”

People began to comment.

“My daughter is the same. She’s playing with her cell phone all day.”

“Right, young people nowadays cannot be separated from their cellphones. Even while they are eating and talking, they would still hold onto their phones.”

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye left a comment. He used a popular online phrase in his previous world. “The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between the flying bird and fish. It is that you are playing with your phone, even when I stand in front of you.”

“Pu!”

“Haha! I’m dying of stitches!”

“Teacher Zhang is too cheeky!”

“I never expected Teacher Zhang to be so humorous! He’s a ghost story host and also a poet, so I thought he would be a particularly serious person!”

“That was a godly reversal!”

Central TV’s producer Hu Fei was also overjoyed as he posted a smiley emoticon, “In a while, I’ll show this to my son!”

With Zhang Ye’s lead, many netizens began to spontaneously post modified versions of Zhang Ye’s “Flying Bird and Fish”. For example, there were statements like, “The furthest distance in the world is not bringing toilet paper to the toilet.” In the end, “A Generation” was also not spared. There were all kinds of versions, such as, “The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to watch movies.” If other poets saw their poems being defiled beyond recognition by others, they would be furious. However, Zhang Ye did not. Not only was he not angry, he even modified his works along with the netizens. His level of self-mockery was high, which won the favor of many netizens.

“Teacher Zhang is really approachable!”

“This is what a cultured person should have!”

“+1! Supporting Teacher Zhang’s creation of more masterpieces!”

...

At the same time.

Today, Tian Bin was also not working. After his program was robbed from him, he would basically be resting for three days a week. He had nothing to do at work. In an upset mood, Tian Bin would drink alone at home. As he drank, he surfed Weibo. He, too, saw Zhang Ye's interaction with the netizens and saw his fan count increasingly rapidly due to him being so well-liked. In just a day, he had several thousand fans. It was nearly about to exceed Tian Bin's 20,000 fan count. Seeing this, how could Tian Bin feel happy? He nearly flew into a rage!

Producing works without a script?

Every word he says is classic?

Tian Bin never believed Zhang Ye had this ability. He also bore a grudge, so without switching his Weibo account, he used his official, verified Weibo account to post a message, "Some people may be able to jump for a moment, but they cannot jump for life. Do not be a villainous person intoxicated by success. Do not use underhand techniques, or you will end up suffering!" He did not indicate who he was speaking about, but anyone who had eyes knew that he was scolding Zhang Ye. This was because after Zhang Ye was officially verified, the VIP introduction for Tian Bin's Weibo had changed into "Previous 'Late-night Ghost Stories' Broadcast Host".

Tian Bin had his fans, too. Some people liked Zhang Ye's style of broadcasting, but there were also people who liked Tian Bin's program. Upon seeing Teacher Tian post that comment, many of his fans immediately understood who Tian Bin was referring to. Immediately, they answered the summoning call and went on Zhang Ye's Weibo to begin cursing!

“Using underhand techniques?”

“So this was how Zhang Ye got his position!”

“Teacher Tian is right. I do not like Zhang Ye's program. It's practically rubbish!”

On the other side, Zhang Ye was still unsure of the situation. He had just went to grab a cup of water, but when he returned, he saw lots of criticism on his Weibo!

“Zhang Ye, you dumb pig!”

“Calling for a boycott of Zhang Ye!”

“What a rubbish program! Quickly stop broadcasting it!”

“Right! Let Teacher Tian Bin resume his hosting of ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’!”

After Zhang Ye traced it to Tian Bin's official Weibo account and seeing the comment left by him, he immediately sneered with anger. You are looking for trouble, aren't you? You dare to say I'm a villainous person?

Before Zhang Ye responded, his fans and some bystanders had rushed to Tian Bin's Weibo to return their tirade!

“How can there be such a cheap person under the Heavens?”

“Publicly scolding his colleague on Weibo? Who is the villain here?”

“Isn't it because of Teacher Zhang's literacy skills being better than yours that caused the result of him replacing you? If you aren't happy about it, win the program back yourself. Can you only curse at someone behind their back?”

“What a joke. And there's so many people chiming in? Are you all a bunch of people who like to curse?”

At this moment, the producer Hu Fei, who had exchanged some words with Zhang Ye on Weibo, helped speak out for Zhang Ye, “People should have some bearing in their conduct. One shouldn't pull someone down just because someone is better than you. What a joke. Anyone with any smarts knows what is going with a glance!”

The two sides began to set off a war of words!

Weibo immediately bustled with activity!

“Son, come eat some fruit!” Mom shouted from outside his room, after waking up from her afternoon nap.

Zhang Ye had no mood to eat, “I’m not eating. I’m busy.”

Mom pushed the door open and entered, “What’s the matter? Eat first, before you busy yourself.”

Zhang Ye stared at the computer, “I can’t eat. A colleague is using his verified account to scold me on Weibo. His actions are too horrible. I need to deal with it.”

Mom was also enraged, “Who dares to scold my son? This little son of a bitch! But don’t you scold back at him. He may not be right, but we need to make sure of the repercussive effects. After all, your status is no longer the same.”

“I got it. Go back.” Zhang Ye saw Tian Bin post another comment.

Tian Bin, “A person with questionable character is useless, no matter how talented he is!”

Zhang Ye sneered and replied, “How is my character questionable? Can you please talk about it Teacher Tian!?”

Tian Bin took on an enigmatic tone in his words, “You really do not know?” Alright then. Hehe.

Zhang Ye, “Do not use these mysterious words to mislead everyone. Tell me what I did wrong; I want to know, too!”

Tian Bin scoffed, “You know very well what sort of character you have!”

Zhang Ye angrily said, “I really do not know. You can say it straight out. I have always done things with a clear conscience. By using this vague tone, aren’t you showing the lack of confidence in your words?”

Tian Bin, “Hehe. A villainous person is a villainous person.”

...

Beijing Radio Station.

There were many people working in the Literature Channel’s office today.

A midday program’s DJ suddenly shouted, “Hey, quickly look at Weibo. Something has happened! Tian Bin and Zhang Ye are fighting!”

“Ah? What happened?”

“They are fighting? Let me see!”

“Aiyah! Teacher Tian is...”

“What is Tian Bin doing? How can he say such things!”

“And he is even using his verified Weibo account. This will give off a bad vibe. The listeners will even wonder what’s going on if they see this!”

A few old comrades in the station were very displeased. Wang Xiaomei frowned, while Xiaofang was enraged!

“I’ll let the Leader know!”

“Who is going to call Tian Bin and Zhang Ye? Tell them not to fight! Quickly delete their Weibo comments!”

...

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came in.

Zhang Ye saw the number and it was Teacher Feng from the “Old and Young Story Club” segment. Upon picking it up, he heard Teacher Feng say, “Little Zhang, quickly delete those messages on

Weibo. Director Zhao has got wind of the matter. He's already going crazy and wants you to stop immediately. Anymore of this will be detrimental to the station. Someone has already approached Tian Bin, too. Quickly cool down. We can talk about this in the office tomorrow!"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "I've been scolded by Tian Bin and his fans all day. I have not said a single swear word or slanderous comment, right? You want me to cool down? Did I say too much? I was just getting Tian Bin to explain how my character was lacking. Why am I a villainous person? Do I have any other problem?"

Teacher Feng said, "Look at your temper. Are you being nasty with me? Kid, cool down. I'm not saying you are wrong, I'm just asking you to endure it."

"Teacher Feng, it isn't my intention. Alright, I got it." Zhang Ye said without any qualms. Amongst all the broadcasting hosts in the Literature Channel, his impression of Teacher Feng was the best. He was a veteran, but he had no airs. He was kindly to everyone, so Zhang Ye naturally would not get angry with Teacher Feng.

"That's good. Calming down is the best." With that, Teacher Feng hung up the phone.

However, just after he threw down his phone, Zhang Ye sneered at the computer. Although he had promised Teacher Feng to cool down, he did not have any plans to doing so. Delete my Weibo comments? Remain silent? That Tian has already said so much; how could I remain silent!?

Tian Bin's fans were still attacking him.

“Look, Zhang Ye is no longer speaking?”

“Hehehe. This is because he's trembling from the scolding!”

“An idiot is an idiot! How dare a rookie rob an elder's position!”

“I really feel helpless for Teacher Tian! Why did he have to encounter a person who did not know where he stands!”

“Everyone, carry on scolding! Keep refreshing! Do not have any scruples! Let's get justice for Teacher Tian!”

Tian Bin also fanned the flames from time to time to incite the people's emotions. He could not swear, but he could stir up his fans to curse!

Some of those who cursed at Zhang Ye did not know the truth. They thought that Teacher Tian had some grievance due to Zhang Ye. A large number of them were just following the crowd. The internet was a more open platform. Some people just liked to curse, so they would ignore everything else and curse first, without knowing the truth. After all, Zhang Ye would definitely not curse back at them, as he was a public figure. He had to take note of the effects of his words. This made those people, who were joining in the fun to curse, become more unbridled in their attacks. They felt good about being able to curse at someone who had better

achievements than themselves!

Don't dare to curse back?

Indeed, if it was any average radio host, they would definitely not do so. However, Zhang Ye was not any average person. They did not understand Zhang Ye's temperament at all!

Cursing at him for no reason?

Stepping over his head time and again?

He knew deeply what the internet was like. There was no reason behind today's matter. They were just cursing for the sake of cursing. The matter was not settled by who was being more reasonable, as it was meaningless in trying to be reasonable. Everything was determined by strength! Everything was determined by who was more fierce in their combat prowess! Alright! I'll do a good job cursing with you today! Isn't it just swearing? You really think I don't know how!? That I'm afraid of all of you?

[*] [Weibo](#) is a social platform in China, known as micro-blogging. Weibo uses a format similar to its American counterpart Twitter.

Chapter 31: Every Cursing Sentence Is Classic!

The war of words carried on.

Tian Bin was experienced at Weibo, having used it for many years. He had many more fans, who were much more loyal. With his lead, he immediately caused the people supporting Zhang Ye to retreat!

“You can’t defeat us in your curses, right?”

“If you can’t, then cut the crap!”

“Still speaking up for Zhang Ye? All of you should just get lost, along with him!”

There were criticisms everywhere. Zhang Ye’s fans had no way of defending themselves!

Since someone from the radio station had called Zhang Ye, then there was definitely another person who had contacted Tian Bin. However, not only did Tian Bin not delete his Weibo messages, he even fanned the flames to cause more friction. Finally, Zhang Ye’s wrath was unleashed!

Are you cursing?

Alright, here we go! I'll count every one of them!

Today I'll show you my warring skills!

Zhang Ye's vocabulary in cursing was actually lacking, but he was not afraid, because he was not fighting alone! He immediately used all the Internet catchphrases from his previous world and scolded in return, "Indeed, I'm a villainous person intoxicated by success, but some people are not even human. What are they even talking about? I want to know, whose whose Weibo is this? Are you verified as a VIP? You are not a VIP. You not even a V. From all I see, you are a P (fart). Your complex facial features cannot hide your simple IQ. When I see you, I feel to have a naturally superior IQ. Friends, do not scold them. Never battle with beasts. If you win? You are more beastly than beasts. If you lose? You are not even a beast (inhuman). If it's a tie? You are no different from a beast! Also, we can never beat idiots, nor should we try to reason with idiots. This is because they would drag your intelligence down to their level, then they would beat you with their immense experience!"

This world had its catchphrases, too. For example, "Your door is filled with parasol trees." This was due to something that happened half a year ago. Parasol trees were planted at mental institutions in the entire country and this was a widely spread practice. In the end, parasol trees were used as a euphemism to insinuate that someone was crazy. Similarly, Zhang Ye had the catchphrases from his world. These catchphrases had never been heard of in this world. Furthermore, this was the essence gathered from the collective wisdom of the masses. With so much knowledge gathered in Zhang Ye, how could he lose?

With this reply, the replies underneath the post exploded immediately!

“Holy shit!”

“Teacher Zhang is striking back!”

“Ahahahaha! Quick, take a look!”

“It’s too delightful! You are too awesome!”

“I’m totally convinced of Teacher Zhang Ye’s talent today!”

“His novel is classic, his poems are classic. Hehe, even his curses are classic. Wow, I think I’m in love with Teacher Zhang Ye. He’s too aggressive!”

“Never battle with beasts? Haha!”

“Beat you with their immense experience? What a godly statement! It is definitely a godly statement!”

Tian Bin replied. One could feel the embarrassment and anger in his words. “You are cursing? Do you have any culture in you? Do you know your status?”

“Supporting Teacher Tian!”

“A broadcasting host with such manners should be fired!”

“What sort of person is he! How can the radio station hire a radio host of this quality?”

The moment Zhang Ye engaged in battle, Tian Bin’s fans also helped Tian Bin battle with Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye answered calmly, “I am not cursing. I am just narrating the truth and facts. I’m teaching everyone how to communicate with people like you. I have come into contact with Teacher Tian. The first word that came to my mind when I saw Teacher Tian was the word, ‘well’ (井)!”

Someone asked, “Well? Water well?”

“A frog in the well?” someone guessed.

Only Zhang Ye was able to clear their doubts, “井 is the word 二 (doing things dumbly and unbecoming of their status) both horizontally and vertically!”

Immediately all sorts of emoticons of spitting out their water while laughing appeared below the message, “Hahaha!”

Zhang Ye did not stop, “Teacher Tian, I always had a question. Why did you give up treatment? Why? There are so many weapons

in China, but why did you have to learn swords (jiàn). Why did you not learn the way of the upper sword, but have to learn the way of the lower sword (xiàjiàn/morally degrading). Why did you not learn iron swords, but have to learn silver swords (yín jiàn/morally lewd). Congratulations for becoming one with the sword today, commonly known as a sword person (jiàn rén/slut)!”

Tian Bin, “...\$#%\$##@!!”

“Your grandmother!”

“Zhang Ye, you are too harsh!”

“You are a parasol tree!”

“Dumb pig! Idiot!”

Tian Bin’s fans immediately cried out with anger!

As for Zhang Ye’s fans, they were dumbfounded. They momentarily forgot to reply to help push the tide. They were only watching.

However, Zhang Ye did not stop. He replied with sentence after sentence, “You are the dumb pig! Your whole damned family are dumb pigs! [*]

Teacher Tian, actually you shouldn’t feel inferior. Even if you

made a mistake to cause the Leader to cancel your program, you are still a successful person. As a model case for being a failure, you are too successful!”

Everyone, “...”

Zhang Ye carried on cursing, “There is a saying that is especially good. God said let there be light, and so there was light. God said let there be water, so there was water. God said let there be idiots, hence you were born.” With a pause, “Actually to summarize, I shall give you a sentence, I bought a watch last year (wǒ qùnián mǎi gè biǎo)! ”

Some netizens said, “Ah? Buying a watch? What does this mean?”

Another fan of Tian Bin retorted, “You can’t even say your words properly; how are you even a host? Is that a sentence? The term to describe the quantity for watch is kuài; to think you bought a (gè) watch?””

Zhang Ye said, “Try typing out the first letter of each word!”

“I bought a watch last year? [WQNMLGB](#)? F**k your mother’s c**t (wǒ qù nǐ māle gébì)? Hahahaha!” Netizens immediately burst out with laughter till their backs bent over!

Zhang Ye cursed Tian Bin for more than an hour. Not a single one of his curses were repeated and each was worse than the last!

Tian Bin angrily said, “You are so ugly! Why don’t you look at yourself in the mirror!”

Zhang Ye typed with a smile, “Indeed, I’m not good looking. But at least I’m pleasing to the eye. As for you? Your photo can be hung on the wall to ward off evil! Hung above the bed, it wards off pregnancy!”

Seeing this sentence, Tian Bin nearly vomited blood as he went into a rage! Zhang! I’m irreconcilable with you!

“Hung on the wall to ward off evil? Hung above the bed, it wards off pregnancy?”

“Puchi! Ahahahaha! So damaging! So damaging that it reaches your grandma’s house!”

“Delightful! I never knew cursing can be done in this way! Teacher Zhang is invincible!”

This sentence was actually a classic amongst swear phrases. Once it was revealed, more than a hundred responses and comments surged in the next ten seconds. The onlookers could no longer sit still!

With Zhang Ye leading the way, his fans who were pushed into a corner immediately turned the tides as their momentum rose to unprecedented heights! They began to swing the flags of battle for

Zhang Ye!

Tian Bin was still returning fire with curses, but he was no match for Zhang Ye. In the beginning, there were many Tian Bin fans who were helping their idol curse at Zhang Ye. However, Zhang Ye's combat power was too monstrous. He did not need the help from his fans. His tongue was like a warring hero, as he managed to silence hundreds of people alone. In the end, almost none of Tian Bin's fans said a word. Those who had joined in the fun to curse were attacked by Zhang Ye, until their intestines turned green. After a few retaliative words, they knew they were no match for Zhang Ye. They slowly disappeared, so as to not embarrass themselves. There was only Tian Bin who was retaliating with anger!

He battled one against a hundred!

After cursing away one, another came!

The final outcome was...Zhang Ye's complete victory!

All the onlookers on Weibo were stunned!

What the f**k is this battle power? Could swearing be so earth-shattering? This was the first time they had seen it! Only when Tian Bin was sworn at until he was reduced to a whimper did the crowd come around. Quickly, they began becoming fans of Zhang Ye's Weibo account in an excited fervor. His fan count surged to 31,000. With that, Zhang Ye's game ring's Reputation points rose from several thousand to 54,000!

Zhang Ye was speechless!

Cursing could also bring Reputation points? Heh, this makes me feel good!

Zhang Ye was pondering if he should make a living through cursing. This Reputation seemed to be gained for free. Could he become the world's greatest celebrity just from cursing?

[*] This is a popular Chinese slang in the form “You’re the one XXX! Your whole damned family XXX!”. It came from “My Own Swordsman” character, Mo Xiaobei. The original text goes along the lines of someone saying to Mo Xiaobei, “Mo Xiaobei, you are a child who matured early!”, before Mo Xiaobei replies “You’re the one maturing early! Your whole damned family matured early!”

Chapter 32: The Popularity Gained from Cursing!

The victor was clear!

The war of words had ended, too!

Netizens were positively leaving comments; everyone was almost laughing!

All in One Wind: “Too godly! The things I saw today were too godly!”

SmallHole11: “Absolutely godly! Absolute idol! Such aggression!”

ZhangYeNumber1Fan: “This is a newly registered account; please take care of me. In the future, I will be Teacher Zhang’s brainless fan. To curse at such a masterful level, I can only use ‘worship’ to describe my feelings. From now on, Teacher Zhang Ye will be the Leader of our internet troll army!”

MightOfALittleWarrior: “Seeing Teacher Zhang Ye’s curses, I realize how naive I had been. I even boasted that I was a cursing specialist with no competition. But after seeing today’s events, I’ve been humbled. I wonder if Teacher Zhang Ye takes disciples. I would like to learn your art of cursing. If I could get 10% of your skills, no, just 1%, I would not be afraid anymore while I travel the world!”

“In the process of breaking down.....”

“God, what did I just witness!?”

“This Weibo account has almost gone up to the first page!”

“What happened here? Why is the click rate for the comments so high?”

“Teacher Zhang Ye’s image has just collapsed for me. Is this the same Teacher Zhang Ye who wrote ‘Flying Bird and Fish’? This is that Teacher Zhang Ye who wrote ‘A Generation’? This is too much..... I like it too much! Haha! Well cursed! Such kinds of people deserve such curses!”

“Talent! This is what talent is!”

“This cursing can even move the heavens! He is no doubt a great poet!”

“Come on, how can a poet curse like this?”

“To the previous poster: which writer or poet does not curse? Consider the most famous Teacher Chen Tianmo; was his first poem not one that was used to curse too? It even had vulgarities!”

Everyone started to heatedly discuss. The center of focus were Zhang Ye’s Weibo’s curses!

...

At the unit.

The radio station's colleagues had all witnessed Zhang Ye's curses that had a touch of genius; some of them even could not hold in their laughter!

“Teacher Little Zhang has such an ability?”

“It really is unbelievable; these curses are too humorous!”

“Hahahaha. I've already compiled all those curses!”

“Isn't this a little bad? The Leader was so anxious just now. Why.....”

“Those curses are already unretractable. It's too late; we will leave it to the leader to deal with tomorrow.”

“This time, it's really Tian Bin's bad luck. He actually met Zhang Ye, a person who would rather die than lose out. Tian Bin sure got cursed into a terrible state!”

“Little Zhang sure is godly. Say, about all those classic amongst classic curse sentences, how do you think that he came up with them? Were they on-the-spot creations again?”

“Right, that ‘I bought a watch last year’ sure was marvelous!”

“Hehe. I prefer that line about ‘why did you give up treatment’! It was so funny!”

“After being cursed to such a pathetic state, I’m guessing that Tian Bin would have no face to come to work tomorrow!”

Teacher Feng was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, “This Little Zhang.. I already told him to delete his Weibo messages and not speak anymore. But no matter what, he refused to listen. Now we are in this state.”

Another person who had a good relationship with Tian Bin said, “How can Little Zhang do this? This will cause a lot of negative exposure. They might think everyone in our radio station is of such a culture!”

Xiaofang did not like what was said, “It was Teacher Tian who instigated the matter first; Teacher Zhang was just in self-defense!”

...

The matter seemed to have calm down, but in fact, it was far from having done so.

Zhang Ye's "famous sentences" had never appeared in this world yet. However, in his world, every sentence was extremely popular on the internet. Actually, when Zhang Ye was using all of them to curse, he did not feel particularly happy about it. Why? This was because, from his knowledge, all those curses had already been overused and outdated. For example, "I bought a watch last year"... The people in Zhang Ye's old world had used it too much. It had lost its charm. As for that sentence about "never battle with beasts", if Zhang Ye were to post it on his world's discussion boards, people would definitely reply with things like, "Congratulations to OP for getting onto the internet." It was so overused that no one used it anymore. However, in this world, no one had yet to hear all these catchphrases. Hence, when Zhang Ye revealed a large number of them, they immediately caused an intense sensation on the internet!

There were even well-meaning people who compiled a list of classic Zhang Ye phrases as they copied every sentence he used to let everyone worship!

During this time, there were also many people in the same industry who replied.

"Keep calm. All of you, calm down!"

"Watching."

"Waiting for new sentences."

"Has it already ended?"

A few radio station counterparts from other provinces and municipalities expressed concern.

This sort of matter would not have been much in another industry and would not have made even a splash in their entertainment circles; however, in their radio station media circle, it was still quite novel. As such, it began spreading like wildfire as counterparts from other radio stations also spread this in an instant. Many people logged in to Weibo to watch the show upon hearing this interesting piece of news. After seeing Zhang Ye's phrases, most of the counterparts only had one reaction. In the future, you could offend anyone else, but never a person like this. Your sister, your curses are so wicked. If someone had a bad heart, he would have died of a heart attack from the rage!

The development carried on.

People carried on replying and following the matter without any tinge of tiredness.

Zhang Ye was like a fighter. He did not even eat dinner. He was waiting in front of the computer for Tian Bin to appear once again. He was prepared to engage in another round of battle at any time. He was not afraid of anyone. In the end, the other party did not even whimper, making Zhang Ye have a slight yearning for more.

With that, Zhang Ye posted a final message for this matter and clarified, "Statement: my personal words are representative of my personal views. It has nothing to do with my respective radio

station. I am not a person who liked to use vulgarities. However, if someone were to bully me, I would not sit idle. As for those people who tried to fan the flames and for those who scolded me without any provocation, I can only give you four words. Please (QU) take (NI) good (MA) care (DE)!” The last sentence he used was also a popular theme in his world. The four words were still those four words, but the pinyin notes were something else. Of course, in this world, no one had seen such a thing!

People could not react in time as they had never come into contact with something like that!

“Please take good care?”

“Eh, why did Teacher Zhang Ye suddenly become so refined?”

“He’s not refined! Haha! Quick, look at the pinyin for “please take good care”! Do not look at the words!”

“The pinyin behind? QU? NI? MA? DE? Go? f**k? your? self? Pu!”

“There’s a hidden catch! I’m dying of laughter! I can’t even close my jaw! I really am laughing madly today!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye is too damaging! Whoever offends him won’t have a good outcome! Asking for help from God! From today onward, Teacher Zhang Ye will be my spiritual leader!”

“The word of God!”

“Ha! I’ve already fan-ed!”

“However strong you are, there is always someone stronger!”

“This is the first time I have realized that there can be so much knowledge in cursing!”

“As above. This is the first time I have realized that cursing can be so artistic!”

After the Weibo battle ended, Tian Bin’s side completely died down as Zhang Ye shouted his stance! No one dare to fight again!

Before this, there usually would not be any end to a war of words online. It would just be one scolding the other, with the other responding with a curse. This would then keep going back and forth, with no way to decide who was the victor, as no one would take it lying down, as no one wanted to eat humble pie. However, today was an exception. Zhang Ye had managed to curse a few hundred people so well that they could not respond alone! Many onlookers who were watching felt their blood boil! If one man guards the pass, ten thousand are unable to get through!

What sort of style was this!?

How domineering was this!?

The last curse had increased Zhang Ye's Weibo fans by another 6,000. This was just the popularity gained purely from cursing. Looking at the entire internet, Zhang Ye was the first person to rapidly gain so many fans just from his curse words and not because of his target audience!

Chapter 33: I Guess I Should Write a Self-reflective Essay!

The second day.

Zhang Ye woke up early in the morning. Without eating breakfast, he switched on the computer at home. The computer in his parents' home was a locally-made "Donghua" brand. It was also a brand that Zhang Ye had never heard of. It was cheap and its price-to-performance ratio was relatively higher. The only problem was it liked to hang.

Checking online, Tian Bin's Weibo messages had already been deleted. Zhang Ye also began deleting some of his Weibo messages that he had posted the previous night. There was no other way, as Director Zhao had called him personally last night to rage. Everything seemed to be calm, but anyone who had experienced yesterday's war of words knew how thrilling the scene was.

Oh?

This year's online catchphrases?

Through a Weibo link, Zhang Ye entered a voting website. It was the selection of the top ten most popular online catchphrases that appeared over the past year. This was quite different from his previous world. The catchphrases that were popular were nearly all acknowledged by the public and that was it. In this world, there was a tiny difference. Many of the popular catchphrases caught on only through the voting of netizens. The result was quite

interesting. If one didn't see it, they would not know. But just looking at it would give a shock!

No. 1. I bought a watch last year – Zhang Ye.

No. 2. Please (QU) take (NI) good (MA) care (DE) – Zhang Ye.

No. 3. Your door is filled with parasol trees – from netizen, I'm your aunt.

No. 4. Teacher Tian, why did you give up treatment? – Zhang Ye.

Amongst the top ten internet catchphrases, Zhang Ye's curses had been given tens of thousands of votes by netizens to take the top few spots. The first, second and fourth spots were all his. Looking further down, the rest of Zhang Ye's other curses were hovering between the 20th-30th spots. The votes were for them were also continuously increasing. Zhang Ye was immediately delighted. Especially because that "why did you give up treatment" phrase had Tian Bin's name in front of it!

After the war of words ended, the newspapers did not report it. This was because Zhang Ye and Tian Bin were not very famous, so this was not considered news. However, there were some online media and other people who had participated in the war of the words that gave their evaluation.

"The culture and quality of radio station hosts".

“A blockbuster war of words. A poet’s counterattack”.

“Weibo miracle. A war of words that gained the notice of tens of thousands of people”.

After a few simple sweeps of the news, Zhang Ye finished the breakfast his parents had made for him, before going to work.

...

The unit.

Upon reaching the doorstep of the radio station building, many staff members, who Zhang Ye did not know, were looking at him. Some were even pointing at him.

“That’s Zhang Ye!”

“He is the one? Haha.”

“Did you see Weibo yesterday? Too awesome!”

There was even a youth from the human resources department who waved at Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang, you came? Good morning.”

Zhang Ye blinked, clearly not knowing him, but he still politely

greeted back, “How are you? Good morning.” Great, I must have become famous again. However, Zhang Ye, who wanted to be famous even in his dreams, was not very happy today. He bitterly smiled because he knew that this was infamy. As he approached his office, he felt more perturbed. Cough, he didn’t know how the Leader would dispose of him.

Upon entering the office, everyone was already there.

“Ah, Teacher Zhang!” Xiaofang was the first to see him.

Teacher Feng, who was about to retire soon, said with some resentment, “Young man, you... Why are you so impulsive?”

Other people either laughed or glanced over. Their looks became complicated when they looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said, “Teacher Feng, it’s not that I’m impulsive. It’s just that someone was pushing it too far. He scolded me on Weibo for no rhyme or reason. He even led his fans to curse at me. How could I not fight back?” Don’t look at him writing poems and novels; in fact, those did not show his true side. He was extremely [nationalistic](#) and cursed at any grievance under the sky. This was this fellow’s true nature. He was just a very ordinary villainous person. He was not as noble as how people thought him to be.

“Right, where’s Tian Bin?” Zhang Ye began looking.

Teacher Feng hesitated with an odd look before saying, “He’s

been hospitalized. He's on leave today."

"Hospitalized?" Zhang Ye felt nervous. Don't tell me this bro had agitated him into such a state? That can't be, right?

Someone from the editing department said, "Little Zhang, you are definitely in trouble this time. Director Zhao said for you to look for him the moment that you reached the unit."

Zhang Ye said innocently, "I didn't cause any trouble. All of you should have seen. It was Teacher Tian who threw the first stone. You can't blame me for his hospitalization, right? Hai, the saying is so apt, [NO-ZUO, NO-DIE](#)."

Xiaofang was stunned, "What does it mean?"

The other people were also curious, "Is it English? No? Die? What was that?"

Zhang Ye explained, "If you read it together... If you don't seek death, you won't die."

Teacher Feng spat out the water he had just drunk from his white porcelain mug upon hearing this. He began coughing, "That mouth of yours sure is wicked!"

Everyone, "How do you speak English at home!?"

NO-ZUO? NO-DIE? Upon hearing this, Wang Xiaomei, who was usually reticent, was also amused. After clearing her throat and wiping her smile, she went back to work.

Turning around, Zhang Ye bitterly laughed to hide his anxiousness as he walked towards the Leader's office. He knocked on the door twice.

“Who is it?”

“It's me, Zhang Ye!”

“...Come in!”

Upon hearing Zhang Ye's name, the tone from inside immediately turned unfriendly.

Zhang Ye carefully entered the room and saw Zhao Guozhou watering the flowers by the window sill. He closed the door and said, “Leader, I heard Editor Zhou say you were looking for me?”

Zhao Guozhou said hoarsely, “Do you know why I'm looking for you?”

“I don't know?” Zhang Ye feigned ignorance, “Is it about the recording of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’? Don't worry, I'll finish recording them today. The recorded program can be broadcast for more than a month without a problem.”

Zhao Guozhou turned speechless, “Are you playing dumb with me?”

Zhang Ye could only admit his faults, “Leader, I know I wasn’t entirely in the right yesterday, but it was Tian Bin who first scolded me as a villainous person intoxicated by success. He even fanned the flames to get his fans to curse at me. Tell me, what should I have done? I could not have pretended to not see it, right?”

Zhao Guozhou said angrily, “He has his faults! You, too, have your own faults! No matter what, Tian Bin did not use a single vulgarity, right? What about you? Look at what you posted! Yesterday, the station’s Leader even called my home! He asked me what was going on! Do you know how great an effect that has brought to the station? Eh?” Zhao Guozhou placed the watering pot down and said, “You do not need to explain any further. I’ll write you down with a demerit mark. Well, then... Write a self-reflective essay. I’ll decide after seeing the self-reflective essay. If your attitude is still incorrect, I’ll add on more punishments. It’s your choice!”

Zhang Ye was not willing to do it, “Director Zhao, I’ll accept the demerit mark. However, I will not write the self-reflective essay, because I do not think I did anything wrong!”

Zhao Guozhou angrily said, “You still want to legitimize your cursing?”

“But Weibo is my personal space. I had also stated that whatever I said was my personal opinion and, as such, has nothing to do with the unit!” Zhang Ye quibbled. How old was he, for him to still write a self-reflective essay!? He was not an elementary student anymore. Zhang Ye would definitely not agree to it, as this was about his principles and dignity!

“You are still quibbling?” Zhao Guozhou stared at him.

“You can give me any punishment, but I will definitely not write the self-reflective essay!” Zhang Ye said firmly.

Zhao Guozhou nodded, “Alright, then I’ll leave your bonus for next month on the backburner. I’ll hand out the bonus only after you turn in the self-reflective essay!”

Deducting his bonus?

What a joke! How can a bonus compare with anything!?

Zhang Ye said without thinking, “I’ll immediately write the self-reflective essay! I’ll pass it to you in a while!”

Zhao Guozhou, “...”

Chapter 34: Rejecting The Leader!

At work.

Zhang Ye began working, so off to the recording studio he went.

This matter was neither really trivial, nor huge. There were hosts on television stations who had cursed using vulgarities on Weibo, too. In the end, they were also fine. They, too, were given a warning and some disciplinary measures were meted out. After finishing writing the self-reflective essay, this matter was considered to have a simple end to it. Of course, it was not that simple. For a short period of time, Zhang Ye still had to behave himself by tucking his tail between his legs to slowly let the effects wear off. There was no other way out. Did anyone ask him to curse on Weibo so vehemently? He had even cursed to the point of Tian Bin being hospitalized. He had to pay the cost of having so much fun.

One hour...

Three hours...

Zhang Ye ended the first “Ghost Blows Out the Light” book. As for the sequel, “Ghost Blows Out the Light 2”, Zhang Ye was not prepared to narrate it. This was because he felt it was a lot worse than the first one. Zhang Ye did not want to take the risk, as it could affect his listenership rates. So he decided to just call it a day.

It had finally ended.

Phew, Zhang Ye felt like a huge burden had lifted off his chest. The remaining recording tapes were enough for “Late-night Ghost Stories” to be broadcast for the next one to two months. He no longer need to work overtime from day to night. He could finally take a break.

Lunch time.

At the canteen downstairs, it was crowded.

“Master, I want fried eggplant, fried meat and two bowls of rice.” After Zhang Ye received his wage and bonus, he decided not to eat instant noodles anymore. Finally, he was able to order a big meal at the canteen. Actually, their canteen’s food was pretty good and cheap. Furthermore, there was a meal allowance in their salary. Zhang Ye was not in need of that cash. When he handed the 11 Yuan to the chef, Zhang Ye felt like he was like a tycoon spending lavishly. This meal was so extravagant!

“Little Zhang.” a person called out.

After Zhang Ye received his meal, he looked towards where the voice came from, “You are?”

The secretary of the station’s Leader called him over, “Station Head Jia invites you over.”

Zhang Ye was puzzled. As such, he followed the secretary to a

small cafeteria at the back. It was also a large lobby, but there were small partitions that separated the spaces. Right, it was similar to restrooms. Typically, only station leaders or channel directors or deputy directors had the right to sit in these small dining rooms for their meals. Previously, the small cafeteria was given special treatment. Things were done more exquisitely and fine, but as the higher-ups sent a note down to promote thriftiness, the special cafeteria was removed. The Leaders shared their meals together with everyone.

In a partition.

Zhao Guozhou and Deputy Station Head Jia were sitting opposite one another. There was another Leader sitting beside whom Zhang Ye did not know.

“Station Head Jia, Director Zhao,” Zhang Ye stood there holding his meal, “Are you looking for me?”

Zhao Guozhou pressed his hands down, “Sit down, Little Zhang. Let’s eat together. Station Head Jia has something to discuss with you. Let’s talk as we eat.”

Deputy Station Head Jia was a little old man. Back when Zhang Ye participated in the recording of “Talk About the World”, encountering the suicide problem, Deputy Station Head Jia had also come. He had thus met Zhang Ye once. Hearing Deputy Station Head Jia put down his chopsticks as he smiled like a chrysanthemum flower with his wrinkled face, “I saw you queuing up for lunch when I was walking over. So, I got my secretary to call you over. How is it? I heard your program is almost done

recording?”

Zhang Ye said without inhibitions, “It’s already done recording.”

Zhao Guozhou praised, “Little Zhang had worked overtime for quite a number of days. He recorded dozens of episodes continuously. He’s very hardworking.”

Deputy Station Head Jia acknowledged tersely before changing his tone, “The only thing that wasn’t well-done was yesterday’s matter, right? Weibo may be your private zone, but your verified status also indicates our radio station. You are a public figure, so everything you say and do must be done with propriety, in consideration of the possible effects!”

Zhang Ye admitted his fault, “Leader, it won’t happen again.”

After criticizing Zhang Ye a bit, the leader sitting by the side, who Zhang Ye did not know, pulled out a document.

Deputy Station Head Jia took it and gave a look before nodding. He handed the document to Zhang Ye, “I was looking for you because of the publication of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. You are also lucky, as the station has decided to help you deal with matters of publication.”

Zhang Ye was surprised, “Publication? Our radio station has a publication division?”

Deputy Station Head Jia said, “We don’t, but we do all the work with helping you connect with publishers. This is the power of attorney. Take a look. If you are fine with it, then sign it. A staff specially in charge of contracting the publishing and marketing for “Ghost Blows Out the Light” will contact you when the time comes. You do not need to worry much. Also, we will give you quite a high price. 20,000 for the book!”

Zhang Ye was shocked, “20,000? Selling all the copyright?”

Deputy Station Head Jia did not seem pleased with Zhang Ye’s reaction, “Of course, we are buying the copyright. A rookie usually would not even be given any royalties. Also, as the risk is greater, how is 20,000 little? You are a rookie who has never had any experience publishing. 20,000 for the book’s copyright is a very high price. If you get to know the market, you will understand.

Understand my ass!

You think I’m a f**king retard?

In fact, Zhang Ye was not intending to publish his novels in the short term. He knew his roots were in the radio station. He wanted to do his job well at the radio station, producing good results and becoming famous. There was no hurry in publishing until further in the future. But even if he was not in a hurry to publish, he was also a bit unhappy. Why isn’t anyone contacting me for the publication of such a good novel? Are the publishers dumb? Only through Deputy Station Head Jia’s words did Zhang Ye finally understand. It was not that the publishers did not eye his novel. They had definitely gone through the radio station first, but the

station had never informed him about it. They did not seek his opinion and wanted to first create a power of attorney. The power of attorney had many words. It was about seven to eight pages long. Upon scanning it, the general meaning of it was to hand all the copyright of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, including, but not limited to, the simplified and traditional Chinese movie adaptation, as well as the television drama adaptation, to the radio station. Finally, Zhang Ye would receive a one-time copyright fee of 20,000 Yuan for each novel.

Give it to you? Do you think I’m sick!?

You do not have a publishing division and are just an intermediary. You are taking my copyright to sell to another publisher to earn the intermediary fee for nothing. Why wouldn’t I look for a publisher myself? And 20,000 for the book? I would not sell even if it was 200,000 for the book! Are you trying to wave off a beggar?

Zhang Ye knew the station was conning him. Deputy Station Head Jia must have already made an agreement with the publisher. For example, after obtaining Zhang Ye’s copyright, they would sell it to the publisher for ten times or more. They might also sign a royalty agreement with the publisher, obtaining revenue according to the sales. From the results of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, it was definitely not a problem to sell at least 200,000 copies of the simplified Chinese edition. How much money was that? Also, if the copyright was in the hands of the radio station, then the revenue would be all theirs. Zhang Ye would have no right to receive any royalties. The most maddening thing was that they were even grabbing the copyright to the movie and television drama versions of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”.

Isn't this a rip-off?

Zhang Ye said in a euphemistic manner, "Sorry, Leader, I do not intend on publishing it."

Deputy Station Head Jia's no longer no happy, "This is for your own good. We are trying to help your book do well and also make you famous!"

Zhao Guozhou frowned, "Little Zhang, are you thinking of contacting a publisher yourself?"

The faces of the other three Leaders by the side turned ashened, as they said bluntly towards Zhang Ye, "You are still in your probationary phase. The station thinks highly of you, so we are giving you a platform for your development, yet you are ungrateful towards it? Don't forget that your "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was promoted by our station's programs. Our station has already produced a lot of momentum for you. You want to skip over the station to publish? Then shall we count how much the publicity costs?" There was no doubt that there was a threat in his tone!

If Zhang Ye did not hear this, it would have been fine. But upon hearing this, he was further angered. Aren't your words a bit unreasonable? Publicity costs? Then let me ask you, how did the novels in "Late-night Ghost Stories" come about in the past? Weren't they all very popular supernatural novels on the market? The station was using their novels' momentum to hold on to the listeners. They had even paid a considerable amount of copyright fees to the novel's author. So why have the roles been reversed when it came to me? You aren't paying me money, but now, I have

to pay? Right, I'm a staff of the station. I have the responsibility and obligation. That was why I used my novel to help draw in the audience for the station. From the beginning to the end, did I say anything about the copyright fees? I did not want the money, but how did it end up being me needing to pay publicity fees? And you are forcefully buying all my copyright?

Zhang Ye suppressed all his anger in his heart. He also knew that it was not good to go against the Leaders, so he could only say, "I do not intend to publish myself. I've already said, I really do not intend on publishing."

The Leader stared widely, "Then you can think about it now!"

Zhang Ye in a thick-skinned manner, "I do not have any such plans in the short term. Sorry, Leader!"

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, "Little Zhang! Have you really thought through it?" He was actually not surprised that Zhang Ye would not sell his copyright. This rascal was a person who said he would rather die than write a self-reflective essay. However, at the moment the mention of his bonus being deducted, this money-faced man had handed over a self-reflective essay in two minutes. To pull money out of a miser's hands would surely be extremely difficult.

As they were speaking, they got the attention of quite a number of people nearby. Those people were listening to them talk.

Deputy Station Head Jia laughed and seemed to be

magnanimous, “Young people are indeed stubborn. Alright, the copyright is yours. If you do not want to use your copyright, the station will not force you!”

Since the three of them had finished their meal, they stood up and left.

Zhao Guozhou pointed at Zhang Ye and said softly, “You man, you!” Only he knew how much thought the station had gone through regarding the “Ghost Blows Out the Light” copyright. In the past, the scope of miscellaneous business was limited to the copyright of audio books or copyright agreements with some websites. They would sell the radio station’s high-quality audio resources; however, the revenue obtained from this was not a lot, so it was not a major development. This time, with Zhang Ye’s novel being so popular, the station’s leaders had seen another opportunity. As such, they created this false pretense of the power of attorney, hoping to gobble down the copyright to “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, so that they could develop and expand their other forms of income, other than advertising. But who knew that Zhang Ye refused without a second thought!

Deputy Station Head Jia may have made it sound unimportant, but Zhang Ye knew that things were not that simple. He was afraid that the station was about to apply some underhanded punishment!

But so what?

If I’m not selling, it means I’m not selling!

Are you trying to steal the fruits of my labor without spending anything? Isn't this robbery!? Even if the station found a reason to fire Zhang Ye, Zhang Ye still had something left to say, which was the line in "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" – Let the tempest come strike harder! I don't give a f**k who you are!

Chapter 35: Hosting A New Segment!

Afternoon break.

News was spreading within the Literature Channel.

“Old Wang, did you hear? Zhang Ye is done for.”

“Ah? How can that be? Aren’t his program ratings very high?”

“It’s useless, no matter high it is. He’s not a pillar of the station, so would not having him matter?”

“Is it because of the cursing incident? That can’t be! Hasn’t the Leader already meted out punishment to him?”

“Because of the publishing of “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, the station wanted to buy over the copyright. However, Zhang Ye was unimpressed, so he didn’t sell it. The leader was embarrassed. If it was just any other Leader, it wouldn’t be so bad, but this is Deputy Station Head Jia we are talking about. The station’s Leader. If they would let him off, that would be strange!”

“Aiyo, there’s such an incident?”

“Right, he’s done for.”

“It can’t be that bad?”

“Cutting off the station’s profit and long-drawn plans, how can it not be that bad? Watch, the Leader will do him in; they won’t groom him any further.”

“Oh, what a shame. This kid’s cultural upbringing is very good; he’s a good sapling.”

“I knew this day was coming. Zhang Ye doesn’t know his place. He’s a good person, but too stubborn. When you join the working world, how can your principles be that important anymore? He should know where to compromise and give in, otherwise he will suffer sooner or later. His “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” was indeed good. I also approve of his literary skills, but that’s only literature, only a poem. Work is still work; when you have to give in, you have to give in. Otherwise, if he follows his poem’s “Let the tempest strike harder”, he wouldn’t need to come in to work anymore. He would have offended all sorts of people.”

The radio station is big, but its social circle is small. With a little hearsay, everyone heard the news.

When Zhang Ye came back, he was surprised to see Tian Bin. His hand was wrapped up in gauze, like he had suffered an injury.

The moment he saw Zhang Ye, Tian Bin gritted his teeth, like he had wanted to bite at him. But subsequently, Tian Bin was smiling again, like he was witnessing a joke. He’d had a few drinks the day before and was not clear-minded, so he picked on Zhang Ye on Weibo and even encouraged his fans to curse at him. Who would

have known that in the end, he and his fans were out-cursed by Zhang Ye. In his anger, Tian Bin smashed the ashtray beside his hands and accidentally cut himself. He even had to go to the hospital to get a few stitches. Tian Bin was so angry that he wanted to murder Zhang Ye, but who knew that when he arrived at the unit at noon, a surprise awaited him. Zhang Ye had offended the Leader. This was what's called retribution; at least, that is what Tian Bin thought. His anger from before had also dissipated.

“Teacher Zhang!” Xiaofang rushed forward, “They said that you.....”

Zhang Ye waved her away, “Carry on with your work. I’ve finished recording the broadcast; go straighten it out.”

Teacher Feng, who was on good terms with him, also came forward, pulled him aside to a corner and spoke in a whisper, “Did you really offend the station’s Leader?”

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, “I guess so.”

Teacher Feng concernedly asked, “You are really great. If the station wants your copyright, just sell it off to them. It’s okay to earn less; after all, your future’s here in radio hosting. If you don’t sell, are you prepared to resign?”

Zhang Ye replied unconcerned “Why should I resign? The copyright belongs to me. If the station wants to shortchange me, I won’t sell. I did nothing wrong.”

Teacher Feng was at a loss for words, “You don’t want to stay on? Do you think you can still stay on?”

“Why not?” Zhang Ye rebutted, “Not only will I stay on, I even want to do well.” Such was his temper; he would not have it any other way.

Teacher Feng shook his head, but didn’t say anything further.

Being a radio host, Zhang Ye had pondered repeatedly before applying for the job. Of course, he wouldn’t resign because he had yet to achieve the results and experience. The late-night segment exploded into a well-known program? This result was not enough. Although the late-night program brought together many people, the audience base was still too little. As for those poems? At most, they could let Zhang Ye get around; it could not continuously bring him experience, nor fame. Zhang Ye’s focus was still to gain more fame through using the radio station. At the very least, he had to win an award. This would be the very foundation needed for him to become famous in the future. Zhang Ye’s horizons were very wide; naturally, he would not be stuck in the radio station. But deep inside, he knew that he couldn’t make it without them. Right now, he would like to join the TV station, but that would require them to want him. Even if it was him, he could not become a TV host. The TV station was at least ten times more competitive than the radio station. Lots of people were queuing up to join the TV station, so why would they want him? Based on this height? Based on this image? Bull***t! Even if he worked backstage all his life, it wouldn’t be his turn. So what if he had talent? Even with the cultural support he had from his world, it would have little effect. To be a TV host, not only do you need cultural learnings, but also a mixture of strength and qualifications. This is why Zhang Ye felt

the basics in the radio station were very important. He needed to hone his skills here, before he can continue to climb up!

Suddenly, Zhao Guozhou entered the office.

“Director Zhao.”

“Director.”

A few people hurriedly greeted. Tian Bin did so, too.

Zhao Guozhou looked at Tian Bin, “How’s your injury?”

Tian Bin quickly said, “It’s not a problem; it was just a laceration. A few stitches was all it needed.”

With a terse acknowledgement, Zhao Guozhou glanced at Zhang Ye, who was sitting at this seat. Suddenly, he clapped to attract the attention of everyone, “Everyone, put down your work. I have two disciplinary matters to settle.” Looking at Tian Bin, “Little Tian, although you are injured, I still need to give you a verbal reprimand. I have already received your self-reflective essay. Your attitude is pretty good. In consideration of your hard work and working attitude in the past, only one month of your bonus will be deducted. Never again!”

Tian Bin promised, “It won’t happen again.”

“Also, Zhang Ye.” Although Zhang Ye had been dealt with, Zhao Guozhou suddenly went back on his word. “Little Zhang, your behavior was extremely bad. You used vulgarities and not only did you scold your own colleague, you even scolded the listeners who have always been supportive of us. You have caused an indelible effect on our station. The station’s management are also taking this very seriously and have decided to revoke Zhang Ye’s position as the host of “Late-night Ghost Stories”. He will become a stand-in host. The position will be taken up by Tian Bin. Here, I also want to warn everyone to remember that every word and action you do is representative of our station’s image!”

Many people had already guessed it!

However, there were still people who could not believe that the punishment dealt to Zhang Ye was so severe!

Tian Bin was the most delighted person amongst them all. He immediately said, “Thank you, Leader. I promise that I will not disappoint the trust the station has put in me!”

Zhang Ye also never expected the station to be ruthless. “Director Zhao, then will ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ be taken off-air?”

Zhao Guozhou said indifferently, “Why would it be taken off-air? Haven’t you already finished recording? Once ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ ends its broadcast, the next ghost story will be broadcasted by Tian Bin!”

Finished recording?

This was pretty much slaughtering the donkey after it has done its job at the mill!

Zhang Ye was vexed. This bro had worked overtime until 2-3 A.M. in the night every day over the past few days. He nearly did it without rest, but all he got in return was this? Not giving me the royalties I deserve, removing me from my post, yet still continuing to use my program to gain listenership for the station? One shouldn't kill after one has apologized! But what could he say? He was without any background or power. He could say nothing and could only blame himself. He had used vulgarities on Weibo, causing others to have something on him. Zhang Ye was a person who had a good memory. In the future, if he encountered something on the internet like this again, he would definitely... definitely carry on cursing!

This was Zhang Ye!

No one could stop him with something he wanted to do!

"I have finished announcing the disciplinary matters. That would be all." Zhao Guozhou was about to leave.

At this moment, no one expected Wang Xiaomei to stand forward, "Director Zhao, I saw the Weibo incident too. Even though Teacher Zhang had his faults, this matter was instigated by Teacher Tian. If the punishment for Teacher Zhang was so severe, I think it should be done so equally. We shouldn't let Teacher Tian go on a segment, right?"

Zhang Ye was a rookie who had no experience. His performance was just above-average. However, Wang Xiaomei was different. She was the number one person of the Literature Channel. She was also a supporting pillar of the Beijing Radio Station. The words she said certainly had pull!

Tian Bin's face flushed red and white. However, he did not dare open his mouth, as it wasn't his time and place.

Zhao Guozhou stared deeply at Wang Xiaomei, "Teacher Xiaomei, no matter what problems Little Tian has, he did not scold anyone. He had still paid attention to the repercussions."

Wang Xiaomei said, "Then I think this punishment is not fair. If Teacher Tian can go on segment, then Teacher Zhang should be given a chance to mend his ways."

Teacher Feng hesitated before looking up, "My "Old and Young Story Club" is about to be axed. I heard that the station has arranged for other segments to replace it. However, there should be about a dozen or so more episodes to be recorded. I have already begun the retirement procedures last week. It is quite pointless for me to host it any further. Why not let Teacher Little Zhang host my segment? I'm already old. My body is also not good. I really don't have the energy to carry on broadcasting."

Zhao Guozhou's eyebrows ticked, "Old Feng, there should be a beginning and an end. You have already broadcast your segment for five years. You want to give up at the final critical moment?"

Teacher Feng sighed, "I think it's best to hand it over to the young people. I only want to retire peacefully now."

After a few seconds of silence, Zhao Guozhou could only say, "Alright, then. In that case, tomorrow, Little Zhang will host 'Old and Young Story Club'." Since the segment had only about a dozen days left, it was pretty meaningless.

Tian Bin and many others felt the same, too. It was meaningless.

However, Zhang Ye did not agree. At this moment, he felt warmth in his heart. An indescribable feeling surged from deep within his heart. He had never expected that someone would help him at this moment. After Zhao Guozhou left, Zhang Ye rushed to Wang Xiaomei's table, "Teacher Wang, thank you very much."

Wang Xiaomei said without expression, "You had helped me relieve the problem on my program last time. Treat it as me returning the favor."

"Thank you." After saying that, Zhang Ye went to Teacher Feng, "Teacher Feng, thank you very much. I really do not know what to say."

Teacher Feng laughed, "Retiring tomorrow is also retiring. Retiring a dozen days later is also retiring. What difference is that to me? You don't have to thank me. In fact, I can't help you much. You are, in my opinion, the best sapling in the station. Don't blame me for always nagging you. In fact, I actually like that bad temper

of yours. You are identical to when I was young. Hehe. I also do not wish to see you being put down like that. My segment will be handed over to you tomorrow. This segment is my child. You must treat it well. Even though it will be taken off-air in a dozen or so episodes, you must do it diligently. Can you agree to that?”

Immediately, Zhang Ye felt a heavy burden. He said confidently, “I can agree to that!”

Chapter 36: The Legendary Jinx!

Afternoon.

The air-conditioning in the office had broken down.

“This crappy air-con, why can’t it start?”

“Teacher Wu, is the power line properly plugged in?”

“It’s still connected. It just can’t be switched on. Phew, it’s so hot!”

In the morning, a veteran broadcaster, Wu Datao, had tinkered with it all day without fixing it. He could not handle the heat well, so after fussing with it until his body was covered he sweat, he eventually gave up. He turned his head to look at the people in the office. The clerk was not around. Everyone else was busy with their work. All of them were broadcasting hosts. As such, he looked towards Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, the air-con is spoilt. Go downstairs to the front desk and get them to contact Maintenance.”

Zhang Ye looked back, “Don’t we just need to make a phone call?”

Wu Datao said, “We don’t have Maintenance’s telephone number here. Also, we need to fill in a maintenance request form at the front desk to tell them which air-con it is.”

Zhang Ye was unwilling to do so, “I’m still busy. I’ll get to it in a while.”

Wu Datao no longer called Zhang Ye ‘Teacher Little Zhang’. Back then, he could chat with Zhang Ye. He had also complimented him when Zhang Ye’s segment became popular. However, now, his attitude had completely changed. He ordered him around like a normal clerk. According to what Zhang Ye heard, he had good personal ties with Zhao Guozhou and was a close associate of Director Zhao. There was even talk that said that he was related to Director Zhao’s wife.

Li Si came back over there. He was holding onto a basket of letters. It was as if they had all discussed this beforehand, as he came to Zhang Ye and said, “Little Zhang, the letters from the listeners are here. Find yours and then give the rest to everyone.”

Zhang Ye retorted, “Giving them out? Me?”

Li Si said, “I still have other things to do.”

After putting down the basket, he left. A few days back, Li Si had already took a softer stance with Zhang Ye. He had taken the initiative to greet Zhang Ye. After all, the power was in the victor. But now, with Zhang Ye offending the Leader, not only was Zhao Guozhou provoked, he had even offended the station’s Leader. Li Si’s attitude had reverted back to that of the past.

Tian Bin also chimed in, as he pointed towards the water

fountain beside Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, we are running out of water soon. In a while, go change it since you don’t have any work to do now.”

Everybody is hitting a man while he is down!

Zhang Ye let out a sneer!

It was as if the entire office’s attitude towards Zhang Ye had changed immediately. Other than three other people, Wang Xiaomei, Teacher Feng and Xiaofang, the rest had all begun bossing him around. If they did not do that, they would ignore him. They did not say anything or greet Zhang Ye when they saw him. It was as if he did not exist. They were all experienced employees. So how could they not be aware of what was happening? The station was intending to strike down Zhang Ye. They did not fire him, despite removing him from his hosting program. This was to teach him a lesson, so as to let him obediently hand the copyright to “Ghost Blows Out the Light” over to the station. However, those who had come into contact with Zhang Ye over the past few days knew that with Zhang Ye’s stubborn temper, he would never agree to it.

Hence, in everyone’s opinion, Zhang Ye’s career as a broadcaster had come to an end. No one could save him. So why would they need to establish good relationships with him? Firstly, it was not necessarily. Secondly, they had to do so. They were completely different from Wang Xiaomei and Teacher Feng. Teacher Xiaomei was a pillar of support for the station. The station’s management attached great importance to her, so no one would dare touch her. Teacher Feng was about to retire in a few days. He was also an old

comrade that had worked in the station for decades. So everyone had to give him face. Besides, he was about to retire, so what could you do? The other people were different. They still had to carry on working under Deputy Station Head Jia and Director Zhao for a long time to come. Since the Leader had ordered a “gag order”, would they mingle with Zhang Ye in a friendly manner? Do you think they felt they had lived too long?

In an afternoon, Zhang Ye could be said to have been bossed around everywhere.

Xiaofang, who had just returned after finishing her work, saw how Zhang Ye was treated the moment she entered the office. Her eyes turned red with anger!

“Little Zhang, what’s the matter with you?”

“Didn’t I get you to change the water jug?”

“Since you don’t have any work now, why are you putting on airs?”

Wu Datao and Tian Bin began echoing each other. Even Li Si, who was a small assistant, looked down on Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye had been completely marginalized!

Teacher Feng could not take it any longer, “Aren’t all of you also very free? If you have the energy to boss others around, why don’t you make the phone call to solve it yourself?”

“Teacher Feng, you are still speaking up for him?” Wu Datao was also annoyed by Zhang Ye. “Look at him; does he even look like he is giving the respect a rookie should give to an elder?”

Xiaofang was also bursting with anger, “All of you are just taking advantage of your seniority to bully others!”

Tian Bin had also endured Xiaofang for a long time, “Do you think a lowly clerk like you has the right to speak?”

After being shouted at, Xiaofang nearly teared up. She felt wronged!

Zhang Ye’s temper also began boiling. This was the first time he opened his mouth, “What are you shouting for!? Just because your voice is loud!? If you have anything to say, say it right at me! Why are you oppressing a young lady!? Say it at me! Come!” Zhang Ye slammed the table. He turned the atmosphere tense. Immediately, there was silence!

“You...” Tian Bin did not shout back at Zhang Ye. He was mentally scarred after the war of words last night. He knew he could not win against Zhang Ye in a battle of words.

The sound of footsteps could be heard as Zhao Guozhou came out from his office, “I could hear all of you shouting from outside! What are you doing? Do you think this is a house that belongs to all of you!? This is an office! It is where you work!”

Although he had used the words “all of you”, Zhang Ye knew that he was saying it to him. Heh, I ignored all of you, and to think all of you thought there was no end to it? Any Tom, Dick and Harry wants to step on me? Did I provoke all of you!? Zhang Ye did not shout back at Zhao Guozhou. In that second, he recalled the item that he had obtained from the Lottery a few days ago. It was the one-time consumable item he had obtained while recording in front of the sponsors, the “Unlucky Halo”. Actually, Zhang Ye did not understand the use of such an item. He had not planned on using it. However, he wanted to try using it today. As such, he opened his game ring’s interface and took out the black angel-like halo from his inventory. He followed the instructions to wear it on his head. The halo began spinning, as an invisible wave spread out into the surroundings, forming a large domain!

Ding!

[Unlucky Halo in Effect!]

[Effective for 5 minutes. Countdown begins!]

The item’s description was, “Triggering certain conditions will allow everyone around the player to enter a state of bad luck.”

Zhang Ye wanted to see what the condition was. After using it, he looked towards the people around him. However, he realized nothing had changed. Everyone was still fine.

What the heck?

The item had no effect?

One minute later, Zhao Guozhou left.

Just as Zhang Ye was feeling depressed over it, Wu Datao turned forceful once again. The air-conditioner was still not working after he tinkered with it. He shouted, “Zhang Ye, are you going or not!?”

Zhang Ye retorted back, “Don’t you have legs?”

“Kid, are you picking a quarrel?” Wu Datao raged. However, just as he was about to reprimand Zhang Ye, sparks from the air-conditioner’s power source jumped out. It was as if it had short-circuited. With a buzz, it splashed onto Wu Datao’s hands. Wu Datao gave out a terrifying cry as his body tensed up for a second. Only after the current left his body did he slump to the ground. Some of his hair was standing from being electrocuted. He was dazed from the shock!

“Aiyah!”

“Teacher Wu! How are you?”

“This crappy air-con! I already said we should have changed it!”

Li Si pointed at Zhang Ye as he reprimanded, “Teacher Wu told you to go to the front desk to file the maintenance report! But you

didn't go! Look at what happened!?"

Just as Li Si finished speaking, the glass pane on the window beside him shattered without any warning. A fluorescent-colored rubber ball had flown in. It was one of those balls that could bounce up very high when thrown at the ground. Some naughty child must have thrown it, downstairs. Unfortunately, it had smashed into their office's window, straight into Li Si's forehead. As the elasticity of the rubber ball was very great, a thud, followed by a painful cry, was heard as Li Si fell to the ground!

"Li Si!"

"Who threw it!"

"Are you alright?"

Tian Bin took this opportunity to shout at Zhang Ye, "Look at what you have done! All of this is because of you!"

Li Si's forehead was bleeding slightly. The glass fragments had cut him, but it was not very serious.

Zhang Ye laughed with anger, "Because of me? A child throwing something downstairs is because of me? The electrical leakage of the air-con is because of me? Everything that goes wrong is because of me? What sort of logic is that!?"

Just as Tian Bin was about to shout again, the water fountain

beside him, which did not have much water left in it, let out an explosive sound. Boom. The pipe broke and boiling hot water from within came splashing down onto Tian Bin's feet. Tian Bin yelled out, as he fell to the ground, while holding his foot. Thankfully, due to his clothes, he had not been badly scalded. However, after taking off his socks, he realized that a large portion of his foot was now red. He gritted his teeth from the pain!

“Ah!”

Outside, Tian Bin's wife, who also worked in the station, happened to come in. Seeing her husband grimacing in pain on the ground in front of Zhang Ye, she immediately went into a craze without a second thought, “Zhang, what did you do!? You dare to hit someone?”

Teacher Feng immediately said, “It wasn't Little Zhang!”

Tian Bin's wife ignored it as she swung the plastic folder she held in her hands right at Zhang Ye! Before the folder could be thrown, she lost her balance. Her eight-or nine-centimeter high heels caused her body to form an angle with the ground. Bada! The heel broke. Tian Bin's wife twisted her foot as she fell to the ground. She was wearing a skirt today. It was also a tight skirt, so this got good with a tearing sound. Tian Bin's wife's skirt tore. It went from bottom to top. A pair of red lacy underwear was suddenly exposed in front of everyone!

Tian Bin was dumbfounded!

Li Si was alarmed!

Wu Datao was dazed!

Everyone was stunned!

Zhang Ye heard the game ring indicating that the Unlucky Halo's effects had ended before he came around. As the person closest, he showed his humanitarian spirit. He quickly threw his overcoat onto where Tian Bin's wife had exposed herself. He, too, felt speechless. Immediately, he turned towards Tian Bin, Li Si and Wu Datao, "Are all of you alright? I have some bandaids here. Eh. Can you get up? Do you need to go to the hospital?" He now understood that the condition needed for the Unlucky Halo to work was if someone had taken the initiative to mess with the player. Nothing happened in the first minute. However, the moment Wu Datao found fault with him, and when Tian Bin and Li Si began oppressing Zhang Ye, the Unlucky Halo activated its effects!

As Zhang Ye spoke, no one answered!

Everyone was looking at Zhang Ye, as if he was Hades!

Teacher Wu got electrocuted? Li Si got hit by a bouncing ball from downstairs? Teacher Tian got hit to the floor by a water fountain? Teacher Tian's wife twisted her ankle by her own high heels? In that split second, many people recalled the strange incident of Tian Bin falling to the ground three times in the office. He had stepped on a lunch box lid! The fluorescent light tube's explosion!

It was too much a coincidence!

Are you a f**king jinx from the stars!?

In that instant, at least four colleagues who were beside Zhang Ye dodged to a distance about two meters away from him instinctively. No one dared to approach him!

Chapter 37: My Segment Will Not Go Off-Air!

The next morning.

A superstition was spread through the unit by word of mouth.

“Hey, have you heard about Zhang Ye?”

“The one whose poem went in the papers? The one that cursed online?”

“Right, that’s him. Everyone is saying he’s odd. It’s like he knows some evil mystic techniques!”

“Haha, what day and age is it? Why are you still so superstitious? How can that be? Even if his “Ghost Blows Out the Light” is so well-written, it is just a novel.”

“You dont’ know what happened at the Literature Channel? A few people who offended Zhang Ye all encountered bad luck. One got scalded by hot water, one got electrocuted by the air-con, another got hit by a bouncing ball from out the window and another one twisted her ankle because of her heels. And finally, falling down repeatedly after a florescent light tube exploded. How do you explain this? Why were all those who did not offend him alright?”

“Ah? There was such a thing?”

“Why would I lie to you? Everyone is talking about it. Old Sun, if you see Zhang Ye in the future, stay far away from him. This guy is really strange!”

Two people in the Music Channel whispered.

This similar scene happened in many parts of the radio station.

Today, Zhang Ye showed up late. When he reached upstairs, people had already begun working, so the corridor was empty. When Zhang Ye reached the door to the Literature Channel's office, he heard Zhao Guozhou's voice coming from within. He pushed open the door, “Sorry, there was a traffic jam.” This rascal, of course, was not in a traffic jam. He took the subway to work. He had overslept. It was also because he felt like slacking off at work. He was furious with the way the management and his colleagues had treated him. Since his segment had been taken away from him, he no longer had much passion for work.

The moment he appeared, the entire office turned silent!

Every pair of eyes landed on him!

Zhang Ye felt a bit creeped out as he gave a cough before returning to his seat. Only then did he see a youth standing beside Zhao Guozhou. He was about the same age as Zhang Ye. He was in his early twenties and was very handsome. He was the type that

one would consider a standard good-looking guy. His hair was short, he was 1.8 meters tall and a bit thin.

Zhao Guozhou pretended that he did not see Zhang Ye, as he carried on, “I’ve already said what I need to say. Today, I’ll introduce to everyone a newcomer, Jia Yan. He is a fresh graduate and his broadcasting ability is excellent. From today, everyone will be colleagues. When “Old and Young Story Club” finishes next week, that time slot will be replaced by a new segment, “Soaring Youth”. This segment has been planned over a long period of time by the station, and having spent large amounts of money. The position of a broadcasting host will be handed over to Jia Yan. Teachers, please guide him, so that Little Jia can do well.”

Everyone immediately applauded.

Jia Yan took the opportunity to speak, “Seniors, in the future, I hope you would correct me if there is anything I’m lacking with.”

“Your office seat...” Zhao Guozhou searched around as he looked towards Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, go sit with Teacher Feng. Teacher Feng’s desk is quite large, so grab a chair there. Little Jia, in the future, this will be your office desk. Work hard and don’t let us down.”

Jia Yan said, “Yes, I will, Director Zhao.”

There were no more desks in the office, so Zhang Ye was thrown away.

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh deep down. Surprisingly, he did not say a word as he moved his stuff and stood up.

Just as Zhang Ye's items was about to lose balance to the point of nearly touching a passing-by Tian Bin's arm, it was as if Tian Bin was a cat that had its tail stepped on. His hair stood up as he hurriedly retreated away. The chair under his ass even pulled back with a screeching noise.

Zhang Ye, "...". He carried on walking.

When he walked pass Li Si, whose forehead was covered by a piece of gauze, he immediately turned sideways. It was as if there was a danger zone within a one-meter radius of Zhang Ye, so one needed to stay at least two meters away.

On his way, Zhang Ye sure felt it was lively. Everywhere he passed by, his colleagues would all dodge. It was as if they were shunning the plague!

Holy sh*t!

Must all of you go to that extent?

Zhang Ye was the person who felt most speechless!

Similarly, the newcomer, Jia Yan, was also speechless. He was unaware of what was happening, having just arrived at the unit. Seeing everyone's attitude towards Zhang Ye, he was wondering,

“Just who is this man? Some people were unpopular, but who the f**k has seen such an unpopular person!? How unpopular are you?”

The newcomer's introduction carried on.

Zhang Ye was in no mood to listen as he whispered to Teacher Feng, “Sorry, Teacher Feng. Both of us need to squeeze together at a table. What the heck! Who is that person? It seems the Leader highly appreciates him?”

Teacher Feng whispered back, “I heard that he is a relative of Deputy Station Head Jia.”

“Both of them have the surname, ‘Jia’? No wonder.” Zhang Ye was enlightened. He had been forced to his current state all because of Deputy Station Head Jia. Of course, he did not have a good impression of Jia Yan.

After completing the procedures, Jia Yan had officially entered the profession. He also rushed to form bonds with his colleagues. A few young ladies in the station even rushed forward to chat with him happily. Male colleagues also had a good chat with him. Without asking, all of them knew that he was a relative of Deputy Station Head Jia. Even if one did not build a good relationship with him, he was not someone they could afford to offend. If he were to speak ill of you in front of the Leader, then you would be in trouble.

“Little Jia, if you have anything you do not know, feel free to ask

me.”

“Sure thing, Teacher Wu. Sorry for troubling you.”

“There’s no need to stand on ceremony. We are a family the moment you entered this office.”

Only Zhang Ye and a small minority of people ignored Jia Yan, as they did what they had to do.

Jia Yan was still alright in the beginning. After humbly interacting with his colleagues, he looked around and came to Teacher Feng, “May I ask if you are Teacher Feng?”

Teacher Feng nodded and shook hands with him, “That’s me.”

“Hello. The Leader has arranged for me to take over your segment, so I will need to consult you if there’s anything I do not understand.” Jia Yan said, smiling.

Teacher Feng smiled slightly, “Sure. No problem.”

However, the tone in Jia Yan’s next sentence changed, “I have already planned the theme for two episodes of the program. “Soaring Youth” is a show that has to do with stories and matters regarding youths and society, so I actually have a slight problem. As my theme is more pertinent to actual matters, you should know that the popularity of the topic is limited. After a while, it would lose its popularity, so it cannot be delayed. I heard from the station

that you would be retiring. Hence, I'm asking for your opinion if I can begin broadcasting my program this coming Monday. If it is delayed another ten days or so, then what I've come up with might not be relevant anymore."

Teacher Feng, who was still holding his hand, turned stiff, "You are telling me to end "Old and Young Story Club" early?"

"That's my intention. Ending a show ten episodes early wouldn't make much of a difference. I think we should be looking forward. I also hope that my segment for that time slot would have a higher listenership rate." Jia Yan said in a dignified manner.

Teacher Feng's expression sank, "Impossible!"

Teacher Feng was the most senior person in the office. He was a nice guy and had always been well-liked. A few old comrades who had good relations with Teacher Feng could not bear listening any further.

"Little Jia, what's the meaning of this?"

"Are you trying to put on airs, having just arrived?"

"The ending to the segment was decided by the Leader; do you think you can change as you wish?"

Jia Yan hurriedly said, "Teachers, you have misunderstood what I meant. I absolutely do not have such a thought. I only want to

make my segment do well. I have already told the Leader about my thoughts. The Leader told me to discuss it with Teacher Feng, so I came over to ask. The first two episodes really need to be expedited!”

Wang Xiaomei frowned, and said to him, “Expedited? Then why don’t you adjust your own segment. If it’s old, let it go. Can’t you create something new? Why must you adjust someone else’s segment?”

There were people who helped Jia Yan.

Tian Bin said, “Ending early or late will have the same outcome.”

Wu Datao also said, “Little Jia is a newcomer. We should give him room for opportunities. The future world belongs to young people like him. It isn’t such a serious matter, right?”

The sounds of sparse footsteps from outside could be heard.

“What’s the matter? What’s the ruckus about?” A management inspection team had arrived. The inspections by the higher-ups had no fixed schedule. It purely depended on the mood of the Leader. Every now and then they would take their rounds.

“Station Head Jia.”

“Station Head Jia.”

“Chief Zhang.”

Everyone stood up.

Deputy Station Head Jia asked in a long tone, “What’s going on?”

Jia Yan saw his grandfather but he pretended not to know him. He then explained what had happened.

Deputy Station Head Jia gave a long “Oh” and put his foot down, “The ending time of the segment was just preliminarily decided. It can be adjusted at any time. Since your segment has its requirements, then let’s push it forward by a week.” Looking towards Teacher Feng, “Old Feng, can you make way for the newcomer, please?”

What else could Teacher Feng say? His face turned pale with anger! Just as what he said to Zhang Ye, he had always treated his segment as his child. As its listenership had always been around last, there was no way to help it if it were to be axed. However, just because he was a relative of the station’s Leader, the decided ending date was overturned? I still have not retired yet! Now you are sending me off already?

The matter was settled.

The inspecting management left.

Jia Yan got his wishes, “Sorry, Teacher Feng. My segment is really in a rush. Please don’t bother about me. About the handing over of the segment...”

Zhang Ye very impolitely interrupted him. He was already mad while watching from the side. The moment he spoke, he said some harsh words, “‘Old and Young Story Club’ will be mine from today onwards. Anything you need to say should be said to me. However, you don’t have to say any more, nor do you need to consider the handing over of segments. I can solemnly tell you that this segment, ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will not end its broadcast. From today forward, I will let the segment reach greater heights. As for you, take a number and honestly queue up. It’s not your turn yet! In the future, it will still not be your turn either! So there’s no need to be impatient!”

What?

“Old and Young Story Club” will not end its broadcast?

Tian Bin nearly laughed out loud after hearing this. Could you change what the Leader has already decided?

Jia Yan also found it ridiculous, “I’ve heard that you are the previous host of ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’, Zhang Ye, right? I really do not know what you are talking about!”

He did not know, neither did anyone else!

Would not hand it over? Would not end its broadcast? Are you dreaming!?

This is already a sure thing! How are you going to reverse the situation? Do you think you can let “Old and Young Story Club” go from last to first in listenership rates? Today was Wednesday! There were only five days left until Sunday! You have really made a hilarious joke! You really aren’t afraid of saying anything?

Chapter 38: Zhang Ye Narrates “Snow White”!

People scattered.

They all returned to their seats.

No one cared about the harsh words Zhang Ye said. This was because, be it Tian Bin, Jia Yan or Wang Xiaomei and company, everyone knew that it was impossible. Not even Zhang Ye, even a famous broadcasting host in the industry, with an extreme amount of fame would not be able to revive “Old and Young Story Club” from the dead in five days. Everyone worked in the same industry. They knew the limitations and bottlenecks of the segment. Why was “Old and Young Story Club” always low on the ratings? This was probably fated.

This segment was in the afternoon time slot, which was 12 noon to 1 P.M. The segment was to tell stories like children’s fairy tales. From the moment the segment was established, it already had a pitfall and a limitation. As a result, this segment had never become popular. In recent years, it carried on returning low ratings.

Why? This was because it was no longer like years ago. There was too much information in present-day society. Communication methods and technology were improving by the day. People no longer used the radio to obtain information. Typically, children were still in school during this afternoon time slot, other than during Winter and Summer breaks. Those who were not in school, because they were too young, would not be able to understand the stories. Those who were in school did not have the time to listen.

This created this awkward situation.

Furthermore, children's literature was becoming more and more downtrodden. Be it the quality or quantity of works, they were all decreasing. If one carefully counted, the more famous new fairy tales this year only included "Can Kites Fly?" and "Tong Tong's Day". However, these two stories could not be split up and broadcast over an entire year, right? Children might not even listen to it. The same old stories were listened to over and over again. Those which were famous had been heard by everyone. Those that were not famous were not well-liked by everyone. So in such an environment, who would listen to the radio?

Not only the Beijing Radio Station, even many radio stations all over the country were cancelling their children story segments. The market was as such. No one could reverse the situation.

Hence, Zhang Ye's words were treated as a joke. Many people did not even bother retorting. There was no meaning behind having an exchange and clarification.

"Little Zhang." Teacher Feng also said, "You really think so?"

Zhang Ye said in a determined fashion, "I didn't have this thought yesterday, but I have it now!" This rascal was a warrior. He was still resigning himself to despair before, but now, after seeing Deputy Station Head Jia and his family challenging him, his fighting spirit was rekindled. He was full of energy!

"You don't understand the situation." Teacher Feng wanted to

explain it to him.

However, Zhang Ye refused to listen, “You don’t have to speak any further. I do not need to understand the situation either. You don’t have to care what I do. You just focus on your retirement procedures. Hand everything over to me. I, Zhang Ye, will guarantee you that ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will soar to even greater heights! I will not let your baby end in my hands! If you believe me, then don’t leave the unit first. Aren’t there still five days left? Five days is sufficient! See how I make our program do well! ‘Soaring Youth’? I’ll let that Jia Yan never be able to have his segment!”

Upon hearing that, Teacher Feng also felt a little excited, “You really can do it? But the segment’s stories are all those fairy tales from the past. No matter how good your broadcasting skills are, everyone only cares about the story.”

Zhang Ye flatly said, “Then I’ll write my own stories!”

“You do not have children. You won’t understand the mentality of children!” Teacher Feng cautioned him, “This is different from writing a novel or composing a poem!”

Zhang Ye was confident, “Wait and see. I’ll make them not be able to speak a single word!”

“Alright, then go ahead and try. It’s not early anymore. Let’s go to the recording studio. On the way, I’ll tell you things you need to pay attention to.” Teacher Feng brought Zhang Ye along with him.

However, just as they took a few steps, Li Si came forward, “Teacher Feng, Teacher Jia just went to Recording Studio #3 to record his new segment. You will need to wait.”

Teacher Feng’s voice changed, “Which Teacher Jia?”

“It’s Teacher Jia, Jia Yan.” Li Si no longer spoke to Teacher Feng as respectfully as in the past. There was no need to for a person that was about to leave. As for Zhang Ye, there was even less need to do so, as he had been blacklisted by the Leader. “I actually told him that your segment had already reserved it, but Teacher Jia got an expedited approval from the Leader, so I had to give it to him. Well, Recording Studio #4 will be free in an hour.”

Teacher Feng said angrily, “It will nearly be 12 noon soon! How can we record an hour later!? At that moment, it will be a live broadcast!”

“Please don’t get angry at me. This was not decided by me.” Li Si said.

Zhang Ye had already seen through him, as he appeared unfazed, “Teacher Feng, don’t worry. Let’s do a live broadcast today. I happen to like live broadcasts!”

Teacher Feng was unwilling, “This is the first time you are going on the segment. You have also never narrated such a story. If there’s a mistake, you...”

“There won’t be. I won’t make a mistake!” Zhang Ye said to Li Si, “Reserve the live broadcast room for us!”

Li Si extremely disliked Zhang Ye’s tone. But after the spooky event that happened yesterday, he did not dare to challenge Zhang Ye. He did not even dare to enter a two meters radius from him, so he could only obediently follow the instructions. As the saying goes, kind people will be bullied. After being aware of Zhang Ye’s powers and sinister side, everyone became well-behaved. And Li Si was one of them. He did not wish to be hit in the forehead another time. His wound was still hurting right now!

...

Before noon.

Live broadcast studio #6.

Today, other than Zhang Ye and Teacher Feng, there was no one else. Everyone knew that Zhang Ye was doomed. This segment was also doomed. So naturally, no one had the mind to listen to their live broadcast.

It was still before the segment’s scheduled time. Zhang Ye took this opportunity to open his game ring. After the war of words, his Reputation points had constantly increased. With the Reputation gained from yesterday’s ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, Zhang Ye already had another 100,000 Reputation points today. Without any hesitation, he bought a “Memory Search Capsule”. He searched

through the fairy tales he had read when he was still young, reinforcing the memory!

One story!

Three stories!

Five stories!

The capsule's time was over!

Zhang Ye had a great harvest before he opened his eyes. His eyes were clear and sparkling.

“We are about to begin.” Teacher Feng cautioned him. He began the countdown. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. He turned on the volume and said amiably, “Hello, children. It’s our ‘Old and Young Story Club’ segment today again. I am your old friend, Grandpa Feng. Today, I will introduce a new friend to everyone. His name is Uncle Zhang Ye. The following story and segment will be told by Uncle Zhang.”

Zhang Ye introduced himself, “Hello, children. I am Zhang Ye. You can call me Brother and you can also call me Uncle. Hehe.”

After handing over the segment, Teacher Feng turned off his volume and signaled to Zhang Ye. As he walked out, he looked backwards. He did not remain in the live broadcasting studio. It was not that Teacher Feng was assured of Zhang Ye; in contrast, he was overly worried. As such, he did not even dare watch or listen,

for his heart could not take it.

With Zhang Ye left alone, Zhang Ye felt even more calm!

“Old and Young Story Club” had a bottleneck? It had its limitations? Those were all excuses!

Zhang Ye did not believe in such crap. He still wanted to revive this segment! What was his method? It was to use the fairy tales from his world. His brain was filled with all sort of literature resources. Let’s not even talk about one story a day, he could even narrate ten stories a day for a full month without a hitch! Furthermore, every story would be something never heard of in this world! Zhang Ye had even specially checked on the internet. Just like “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, this world did not have the famous fairy tale authors like Hans Christian Anderson or the Brothers Grimm!

Lacking in children’s literature?

Others were worried, but he wasn’t! His whole being was a resource!

Zhang Ye began to speak the moment he opened his mouth. The Memory Search Capsule had allowed him to reproduce the fairy tales without missing a word. The speed at which he narrated was different from that of narrating “Ghost Blows Out the Light”. This was narrated to children, so the speed had to be done slowly. Furthermore, he could not use the tone of narrating a horror story. He had to use a soft and gentle tone. He even needed to pinch his

throat to change his pitch, so as to let children feel closer to him. These basics had been completely learned by Zhang Ye when he was in college. Zhang Ye was not weaker than anyone else in these professional classes. He was only lacking a stage from which he could perform. Hence, for a person like him who had poor looks, he greatly valued work in the radio station. He needed to do well. He needed to reverse the situation with “Old and Young Story Club”. It was both for himself and also for Teacher Feng who had been kind to him!

“Today, I’ll tell you a children’s fairy tale. Once upon a time, long, long ago, a king and queen ruled over a distant land. Both of them wished for a child. So they sincerely prayed to God, ‘God! We are a good King and Queen. Please give us a child!’ Soon after that, the kind queen gave birth to a baby girl, who had skin white as snow, cheeks as red as apples...

The people of this world did not understand.

However, if anyone from Zhang Ye’s world heard this, they would definitely blurt it out. Yes, Zhang Ye was narrating the famous, and widely-known all around the world, fairy tale that everyone had heard before...”News Broadcast”!

Alright, let’s not joke!

Cough It was “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”!

Chapter 39: Today It's "The Emperor's New Clothes"!

Thursday morning.

The previous day's ratings were out.

The person who read out the ratings was not Director Zhao Guozhou, but newcomer Jia Yan. Clearly, Director Zhao was intending to groom him.

Jia Yan held the form as he said to everyone, "The Leader has given me this task. Actually, I'm quite nervous, as I keep thinking that announcing the ratings is a task that can offend people. Hehe." Tian Bin and Wu Datao kindly smiled with him to match up with him.

What was so funny?

Zhang Ye scoffed. He was thinking, "Aren't your laughing points too low? Anything makes you laugh?"

"First place, Talk About the World."

"Second place, Entertainment Daily."

"Third place, Late-night Ghost Stories."

The top rankings still remained the same. It was already fixed.

Zhang Ye only cared about the ratings for “Old and Young Story Club”. This was because it was his only segment now. Not only him, there was also Teacher Feng who had hosted “Old and Young Story Club” for many years. He did not believe a bit of Zhang Ye’s bold claims. He did not believe a wish that he could not fulfill for all these years could be fulfilled by him. However, the passion Zhang Ye had had infected Teacher Feng. He was also looking forward to it.

Tenth place...

Twentieth place...

When Jia Yan read to the end, Zhang Ye’s segment had finally appeared. It was unknown if it was intentional and his lips curled, “Last place, ‘Old and Young Story Club’, rating of 0.28%.” Lining the bottom once again! It was the first from the back once again! This was not only just last in the Literature Channel, it was definitely within the bottom three in the entire Beijing Radio Station!

Teacher Feng sighed. He also knew that this would be the outcome.

Zhang Ye nearly cursed vulgarities. What the f**k! How can it be so bad? This was “Snow White”! It was his world’s greatest fairy tale! Can it not be so ridiculous? And the rating was that pathetic,

at zero point something percent? It had no change from before? That should not have happened! The story of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ and the few poems he threw out had already proven that the culture of the two worlds were interchangeable. How could it not work!?

Tian Bin slanted his eyes at Zhang Ye.

Li Si and Wu Datao also looked at Zhang Ye’s expression.

After that, they and the rest did not say a word. They did not even mock, as this was something that they had taken for granted. No one had put the “bold words” that Zhang Ye had said yesterday to heart. The fairy tales these days had already been regurgitated so much that they were all bland. There were only those few stories. Ignoring the children, even as adults, they could narrate it backwards. You wanted to stir up “Old and Young Story Club” in such an environment? They only laughed.

After the results were announced, everyone began working.

Zhang Ye had reserved Recording Studio #4 at ten. He was about to go.

Teacher Feng called out to him from behind. After hesitating for a while, he said, “Forget it, Little Zhang. This might be your last program. Just do your best and do not have any regrets.”

Zhang Ye did not respond, as he silently entered the recording

studio.

Forget it? Impossible! His dictionary did not have the two words “forget it”! Even if the whole world did not acknowledge him, even if everyone thought that he couldn’t make it, Zhang Ye would use his beliefs and principles and use his greatest abilities to do things to his best!

He began recording!

Zhang Ye was very professional. Although he was emotional, the moment he switched on his headset, he changed to the attitude that he should have. He warmly smiled, “Hello, children. Welcome to today’s ‘Old and Young Story Club’. I’m wondering if everyone found yesterday’s story, ‘Snow White’, interesting. Or maybe if it has made you think about what sort of person you would want to be like when you grow up. Today, I’ll bring out another story for everyone.”

“Old and Young Story Club” was similar to the “Late-night Ghost Stories” of the past. It did not have any advertisement sponsorship. Its listenership ratings were too low, hence he did not need to record advertisements like he did for the final tens of episodes of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ at the beginning. He could immediately narrate his story.

“Many years ago, there was an emperor. He spent all his money that so he could dress nicely. He did not care about his army, nor did he like to go to the theater. He also did not like to tour the parks in his coach, unless it was to show off his brand-new clothes. Every day, at one o’clock, he would change into a new set of

clothes. When people mentioned him, they would always say, ‘The emperor is in the changing room.’”

Someone must have guessed it!

Yes, this is the famous story from Zhang Ye’s world. It was the famous fairy tale that had even appeared in many textbooks, “News Broadcast”!

Alright, let’s not make this joke in the future. Definitely not again!

Yes, the fairy tale’s name is News... It’s called “The Emperor’s New Clothes”!

“‘He’s actually not wearing any clothes!’ all the citizens finally said. The emperor felt a slight quiver. This was because he felt that what the citizens said appeared to be true. However, he was still thinking, ‘I need to finish this parade.’ As such, he put on a proud air. His officials followed behind him, holding onto a gown that did not exist.” The story finished.

...

Coming out of the recording studio into the bathroom.

Teacher Feng was still smoking worriedly in the bathroom, “You are done recording?”

“It’s done.” Zhang Ye went to relieve himself.

However, the moment he approached, the surrounding colleagues from the Literature Channel dispersed. Tian Bin was still by the urinal. He had dodged far away before he had even zipped up his pants. Only then did he pull up his zipper and take a long path around Zhang Ye, before exiting the bathroom. The others did the same.

The bathroom was empty almost immediately!

Teacher Feng smiled, “Look at your popularity.”

Zhang Ye felt innocent, “Am I that scary?”

“What say you? Were the events in the office not spooky enough? I know it was a coincidence, but it was too great a coincidence. It happened once, thrice and five times. How can people not speak about it after seeing it? Hehe, it is only that both of us have good relations, or else anyone who wants to offend you will have to think twice before doing anything.” After joking, Teacher Feng said after noticing that the surroundings were empty, “I know that you have done your best. Don’t worry about the segment. I was already mentally prepared. I also know that this segment won’t last any longer. Jia Yan is the Station Leader’s relative. If he wants to go on a program, no one can stop him!”

Zhang Ye’s attitude was very clear, “Teacher Feng, I feel that nothing is impossible. This reason or that explanation are all

excuses. I don't believe I can't fix them! I don't believe our segment's ratings will not be able to be pulled up in this life! 'Late-night Ghost Stories' was pulled up by me. Previously, what did people say of that segment? They said it was impossible. Its performance was even worse than 'Old and Young Story Club'. But now, what has happened? I had managed to bring it up with my efforts! I could pull the segment with the worst ratings to the top three. Now, I can also pull 'Old and Young Story Club' into the top three!"

Chapter 40: Fairytale Essay Competition!

Before getting off work.

Zhao Guozhou called Zhang Ye into his office, “Little Zhang, now that it’s just the two of us, I want to have a nice chat with you.” He said earnestly, “You were brought in by me. The facts have proven that I was not wrong. Your ability has been acknowledged by everyone. You have also gained the recognition of the listeners. However, humans are not lone individuals in this society. You need to eat, you need to survive, you need to cater to others, you need to be tactful. The station had planned the case regarding “Ghost Blows Out the Light” for a very long time. It had even established a special small planning team for it. Just because of one simple word from you of not selling, all the plans the station’s management had gone up into smoke. How could the station not be angry about this? Me suppressing you a bit this time was beyond my control. Do you understand what I mean?”

“I understand.” Zhang Ye said with a deadpan expression.

“That’s good, then about the copyright...” Zhao Guozhou persuaded.

Zhang Ye said without hesitation, “Not selling.”

Zhao Guozhou turned mad again, “You really can’t give me peace of mind!”

Zhang Ye also said his heartfelt feelings, “Director Zhao, I know

you greatly appreciated me. Back then it was you who took me in despite my looks. For this favor, I'll remember you for life. I know the station is repressing me, so it's fine no matter how you treat me. However, about the copyright, I will say that same line forever – not selling!”

“You are willing to not go on a segment in the future?” Zhao Guozhou asked as he worried over his talent.

Zhang Ye said, “I still have a segment now. I will pull it up!”

Zhao Guozhou knocked on the form on his table, “The afternoon listenership rates have been handed out. Although it will only be announced tomorrow, I shall take this opportunity to tell you that ‘Old and Young Story Club’ is still in last place. This segment cannot be pulled up. It's useless, no matter who it is. Your talent should be placed on a bigger stage, but why are you so stubborn? You...Hai, forget it. Go back.”

Lining the bottom once again?

Really can't be pulled up?

Zhang Ye refused to believe that it was so. If two episodes weren't enough, he would record a third. If the third recording wasn't enough, he would record a fourth. He still had three days' time. It was still possible for him to turn the situation around!

...

The sky still was bright, even after he returned home.

The rental apartment was quiet and lonely. It was like his current situation.

Zhang Ye switched on the computer as he absent-mindedly read the news. After some analysis, he realized that the reason why the ratings had not been pulled up was not the fault of the story. How could “Snow White” and “The Emperor’s New Clothes” have a problem? They were the classic fairy tales out of the classics fairy tales from his world. The reason was apparently due to inertia. There were not that many people listening to this segment. New listeners were already completely disappointed with the present fairy tales, or they were sick of them. There was no habit to even listen in. There would not be any fresh blood being injected, so it would be odd if the listenership rate was going up!

How was he to attract new listeners?

He felt that he needed an opportunity; otherwise, it would be very difficult!

Zhang Ye left his mouse as he switched on television, planning to watch the News Channel. As someone working in the media industry, watching the news was part and parcel of one’s daily work.

“Today, another heinous case of a missing child happened in the capital. In a small district near to Cheng Nan Jia Yuan, four-year-

old Wen Wen was left alone at home with his parents at work. According to police investigations and analysis of closed-circuit TV footage, Wen Wen had opened the door to a male stranger around the age of 35. It is unknown what method this person used to gain Wen Wen's trust. Not only did he bring away Wen Wen, he had taken several valuables in the house. According to the closed-circuit TV footage, Wen Wen apparently was not crying. Currently, the police are using all their efforts to take in criminal suspects. This is the picture of the suspect taken from the closed-circuit TV. If anyone sees this suspect, please immediately contact the number shown on your screen!" The Central TV's News Channel's female anchorwoman said solemnly with a tinge of anger.

Next were street and school interviews.

A woman holding a vegetable basket said to the reporter, "This is already the fourth time a child has been abducted from home this month, right? It's so depraved! These people should be shot to death!"

An old man said, "Why do these sort of things keep happening? Why would a child open the door to a stranger? I think it's a problem with our education!"

At a particular kindergarten, the reporter interviewed at a promotional event held in the school. There were many people gathered in the school field. There were teachers, older students and parents.

"Little friends, remember that when you are alone at home, you

must never open the door to strangers. Did you hear that?”

“Heard that!”

“Can you remember?”

“Yes!”

The screen switched back to the studio. The female anchor said, “Actually, the instructions of never to open the door to a stranger has been repeated countless numbers of times in the children education system. All the children know this, but when they meet strangers who claim to be “Mommy’s” or “Daddy’s” colleague, they still open the door. This is the fourth time that it has happened this month. I do not know what has gone wrong in our education system.”

Maybe we should use a teaching method more suitable for children to tell them this. It should not be something repeated to them in a dogmatic manner. Children have their children’s way of thinking and their own world. The way we indoctrinate them with ideas might not be something they can understand. Hence, a week ago, Beijing’s Education Ministry has led the way by organizing the historically largest fairy tale essay competition event. The name is “Fairy Tale Essays Collection for Not Opening the Door to Strangers”, The goal is to use these fairy tales to caution children in a fun and educative manner, so as to let children genuinely realize how to protect themselves.”

Fairy Tale Essays Collection?

Zhang Ye immediately had a feeling. Here came an opportunity!

But the next thing the female anchor said made him disappointed, “Submissions began last week and the deadline is at midnight, tonight. During this period, the education ministry has allowed people to vote as a fair way to choose the number one story. From that, kindergarten and elementary schools or other child care groups will receive large-scale promotions!”

It was already 7+ P.M.!

There was less than five hours left?

Zhang Ye switched off the television and hurriedly opened the Beijing’s Education Ministry’s specially created essay website. There were many publicity pictures on it. They were filled with pictures of children that had gone missing in Beijing. Their smiling faces, their pictures of their lives and the crying expressions of the parents whose children had gone missing. There was only one slogan: Please use your words to help children. Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye’s heart felt heavy, as if he felt suffocated. He was planning to look for an opportunity to improve the segment’s ratings. But upon seeing that the deadline was at midnight, Zhang Ye knew that it was impossible. Others had accumulated a full week of votes, so how could he exceed them within just a few hours? However, when he followed the stories of how children were abducted, Zhang Ye felt that he had to write something. It had nothing to do with his segment, nor did it have to do with anything else. He just wanted to contribute a portion of his strength!

So what if he did not succeed?

It was enough, as long as he did something!

...

As this matter caused quite a commotion in society, people on the streets, in public transport, on the internet and those interacting with online media were all reflecting and discussing about it. It could be considered a hot topic among all the citizens. Anything that was child-related would forever be something that grabbed the hearts of people. Hence, this continuous outbreak of heinous crimes had caused great concern for society. As such, this fairy tale essay competition had become abnormally well-received. Many people published their stories.

The most famous one was by Tao Xueru, the highest-paid female children's fairy tale author in the country.

Secondly, there was Little Red Mushroom. It was a stage name. She, too, was a female children's fairy tale author. The sales of her books were inferior to Tao Xueru, but the most famous fairy tale in the country was hers.

The both of them were practically propping up about half of the children's fairy tale industry in the country.

There were other children's literature authors. Many authors of

fairy tales that people were familiar with when they were young had submitted their stories to the essay competition.

The ranking was as follows.

Little Red Mushroom: 28,018 votes.

Tao Xueru: 24,311 votes.

Old Lee: 17,223 votes.

Zhang Qiang: 16,976 votes.

For the story competition, the authors who submitted their works would show their verified status. For example, Little Red Mushroom and company all had their verified status. Zhang Qiang, who was ranked at fourth place, was a children's literature author. Only Old Lee, who was in third place, was not in the industry. In his verification status, there was written "Office Employee".

Zhang Ye flipped through the stories. Ever since the world changed into a different world, Zhang Ye always had a feeling of looking down upon others. However, when he looked at the top ranking stories, he was quite impressed. They were worthy of being the top figures in the field of children's literature. They were well written, especially Little Red Mushroom's children story that was ranked first. Even if it was brought to Zhang Ye's world, it was a high-quality fairy tale that could be remade into an animation.

However, it was still lacking slightly. It was not that the story was poor, but it was because the story was slightly complex. After all, the target audience of a fairy tale to warn children not to open a door to a stranger was definitely very young. One could not expect them to understand things that were too complicated. Little Red Mushroom's story was 8,000 thousand words long. So although it was really good, there were too many characters. Zhang Ye suspected that children would not be able to finish reading it properly.

The further he went down the ranks, the more horrible the stories became.

Ignoring those who were not professional authors, some of those with verification statuses were children's literature authors. How could they write such a mess? These stories all had a serious problem. Either they were so childish that even children themselves would find it childish, or they were too mature, where the entire story was written according to an adult's way of thinking. How could these be shown to children?

None of them could work!

All of the stories were inappropriate!

Zhang Ye pulled up his sleeves and got to work. He felt that he had a story that was extremely appropriate. It was also a story gathered out of the overall essence from his world. It would be perfect if used in this essay competition. There was no other story that was better than that one.

Zhang Ye first used his Weibo's information to gain the recognition on the education website. After obtaining his verification, Zhang Ye began typing. He clacked away before uploading it!

The story's name: "Little Bunnies Be Good".

Mommy Bunny had three children. One was called Little Red Eyes, one was called Long Ears, and one was called Stumpy Tail.

One day, Mommy Bunny said to her children, "Mommy is going to the fields to pick carrots. Watch the house and close the door. Don't open the door to anyone; open the door only when Mommy comes."

Mommy Bunny carried her basket and walked towards the fields. The Little Bunnies remembered Mommy's words and locked the door well.

Later on, the Big Bad Wolf came. He wanted to enter the Little Bunnies' house, but the door was tightly closed by the Little Bunnies, so he could not enter!

The Big Bad Wolf sat by the Little Bunnies' door. He narrowed his eyes and thought of a bad idea. Suddenly, he saw Mommy Bunny return. He quickly ran and hid behind a large tree.

Mommy Bunny came to the door. She pushed the door but the

door was tightly closed. As she knocked, she sang, “Little Bunnies be good; open the door! Come, open it quickly; I want to come in.”

Chapter 41: Zhang Ye's Troll Fan Army!

Eight o'clock in the evening.

Four hours before the essay competition ended.

“The next day, Mommy Bunny went into the forest to pick some mushrooms. The Little Bunnies locked up the door and waited for their mommy to return. After a while, the Big Bad Wolf came again. He knocked at the door while holding his nose, “Little Bunnies be good, open the door. Come open quickly; I want to come in.”

“No, no! That's not Mommy's voice.”

“No, no! It's not Mommy; it's the Big Bad Wolf!”

“Not opening, not opening. We're not opening. Mommy hasn't returned yet. We won't open it for anyone!”

The fairy tale was simple, but to the point. The Big Bad Wolf mimicked Mommy Bunny's song to trick the Little Bunnies. Little Red Eyes and Stumpy Tail were tricked and wanted to open the door, but Long Ears knew better. So it peeked through the cracks in the door and saw that it was not Mommy Bunny. They tricked the Big Bad Wolf into putting his tail in through the doorway and slammed the door shut. The Big Bad Wolf was trapped and when Mommy Bunny came home, she chased the Big Bad Wolf back to the mountains, with his broken tail between his feet.

A message simplified.

Something so simple, but yet the message was clear.

After posting, Zhang Ye didn't give it further thought. He went to the bathroom and had a warm shower. After drying up and blow-drying his hair, he went off to the landlady's place. He pressed the bell many times, but no one opened the door. Rao Aimin must not be around. Giving it some thought, Zhang Ye finally took out his wallet and counted last month's rent and supply debts, together with this month's rent, before slipping it underneath the doorway. He followed up with a note to explain.

At this moment, the opposite door opened and a couple came out of their rented home.

“What shall we eat?”

“Anything's fine. Oh, I just read a fairy tale and found it to be really good.”

“The ones from the Education Ministry's essay competition to the children?”

“Yes, it's called “Little Bunnies Be Good”. It's so well-written, even though it's just a paragraph of words to tell children not to open doors to strangers. The words seem rubbish at first glance, but in fact none of the words in there can be considered rubbish;

it's even interesting. Too bad there is no music to accompany the song portion. I'm really looking forward to seeing how the song should be sung."

"Is it that good?"

"You would know if you read it. The story has only been posted for less than an hour. There's already a few thousand votes for it, and it is doing better than most submissions that were sent in a week ago."

"So ruthless? Which Teacher wrote it?"

"I don't know. I did not pay attention to that."

The person relating it had less interest than the listener. Zhang Ye gazed at the two of them walking further and further away. He rushed back to his room and quickly went online to check his ranking!

9th place!

"Little Bunnies Be Good" Total votes: 7,861 votes!

The discussion and comments below were also explosive!

#1: Which master's work of art is this? The story is too awesome!

#2: Zhang Ye? I have never heard of him. Master, don't put on an act anymore. You must be a fairy tale author. Please tell us your true identity. You can't bluff me!

#3: Such depth!

#75: It's almost reaching 8,000 votes. How long has it been up?

#80: Who is Zhang Ye? Those must be manipulated votes, right?

#81: You still ask who he is? Isn't there a verification behind his name?

#82: Verification details cannot be believed. A ghost story writer coming to write a fairy tale? And he wrote so well?

#90: As a kindergarten teacher, I find this story to be absolutely perfect! I have already recommended it to my colleagues. I have also posted it on Weibo for my students' parents. Everyone, help vote for "Little Bunnies Be Good". Help promote it. This is first place in my heart!

#99: I read this story to my child, and he really liked it. And he actually understood it. He kept saying how he would never open the door for the Big Bad Wolf! I'm so thankful to Teacher Zhang Ye. With so many abducting incidents happening this month, as a couple, we were very worried. We kept instilling in our child that he should not open the door to strangers, but he could not

understand. But now after listening to this story, without us needing to say much, the child himself has understood. In the past, I really did not believe in fairy tales or so-called children's literature. I was thinking, 'What about them? Could children really understand that?' At most, it would be a joy reading it. But today, I understood that it is not that children's literature is unreliable, it is that our country lacks good stories! I have already activated several parents to help vote. We must keep voting for it to the end!

#130: Can it not be so dramatic!? Why are there so many votes? Haha, however, one of those votes is mine. There's nothing else to say about the story. It's absolutely great!

Zhang Ye watched with his own eyes as the votes soared. He, too, was shocked. He had not expected much from this essay competition, as he could not compare to people who had been canvassing for votes for a week. He never expected that everyone gave it its due recognition!

10:30 P.M. The votes had reached 10,000!

11 P.M. The votes had already exceeded 20,000!

At 11:30 P.M., "Little Bunnies Be Good" had already climbed to second place. It was only losing to first place, Teacher Little Red Mushroom's story, by a few hundred votes!

Having been uploaded for four hours! Votes reaching 29,000 votes!

This was almost a miracle! Many people turned silly seeing this!

As the saying goes, “problems happen to people when they turn famous; the bird which takes the lead gets shot.” For a layperson like Zhang Ye to catch up with the top masters in the field, especially in a sure-kill momentum all the way up, there were naturally people who couldn’t stand watching this. Fans of Little Red Mushroom immediately came attacking!

The comments section on “Little Bunnies Be Good” had exploded!

“Definitely manipulated votes!”

“Do you even have a heart? To manipulate like this?”

“How can you have more votes than Teacher Tao Xueru!?”

“Summoning! All fans of Teacher Little Red Mushroom, take notice! Regardless if they are manipulating votes, we must help Teacher Little Red Mushroom to push hers to the top. Every IP is limited to one vote, but I can teach you a simple way. Disconnect and connect again. Typically, your internet connection will change its IP. If that doesn’t work, clear your cookies, then carry on voting. Everyone, let’s go!”

“Right! Come and help!”

“We cannot let Teacher Little Red Mushroom get suppressed!”

“We must get first place! Regardless of who stands in our way!”

“Haha, aren’t we a bit of a bully? He is a newcomer and must not have seen the power of such a huge fanclub. He’s probably scared by now!”

“The point is to scare him to death!”

“That’s right; we must let him know who is the boss in the industry!”

“Ah, Teacher Little Red Mushroom has posted on Weibo, asking everyone to vote for her!”

“Supporting Teacher Mushroom. How dare a layperson be this arrogant? Let’s tell him why flowers are so red! [*] However, do it with mercy; don’t scare a newcomer!”

The moment Little Red Mushroom made the call to arms, her massive fanbase gathered together. Initially, they were leading by a few hundred votes. But in just ten minutes, they had pulled away from Zhang Ye by more than 5000 votes!

Her fans had even gone into Zhang Ye’s story commenting section to ridicule.

“Oho, you are going down now, right?”

“We’ll let you try to catch up. Looking down on our Mushroom fanclub?”

“Everyone show some mercy. I’m guessing that this newcomer Zhang Ye is already dazed from fright. Haha!”

Many onlookers could not stand watching this any further. What sort of people were the Mushroom fanclub? How could they be so insolent? “Little Bunnies Be Good” was in itself a very good story; how could you claim that they had manipulated votes? And the bunch of you ended up manipulating votes? And even trampled on him!? Laughing at how he was a newcomer without any fans!? This made many uncomfortable. So what if he was a newcomer? So what if he did not have fans? Who made the rule that newcomers could not write good stories? The onlooking parents and kindergarten teachers wanted to help Zhang Ye, but their strength was limited. They could only give him another 1,000 votes.

There was another ten minutes before the polls closed!

There was only ten minutes left to midnight!

At this moment, everyone knew that Zhang Ye had no hopes of being first. He was forcefully suppressed by the local pecking order. Zhang Ye felt the same way, too!

However, there were always surprises that lay in wait!

A miracle that no one had expected happened!

...

On Weibo, a post appeared out of nowhere!

ZhangYeNumber1Fan howled, “Are there any brothers who have not slept? Quickly come out! Urgent! Urgent! Teacher Zhang Ye has posted a children’s fairy tale on the “Fairytale Essays Collection for Not Opening the Door to Strangers”! It’s a new piece of work! It was about to get first place! But it was suppressed by Little Red Mushroom’s fanclub! They even cursed by saying Teacher Zhang Ye is a newcomer and doesn’t have the power of fans. They even flooded the screen with mocking words. Let me show you a screenshot!”

He immediately uploaded a screenshot, which included the mockery and ridicule the Mushroom fanclub had posted. Some morally bankrupt fans even cursed at Zhang Ye using vulgarities for no apparent reason!

“Holy shit!”

“Immediate anger!”

“Something has happened again?”

“They dare to scold Teacher Zhang Ye? Haha! Expecting a tragedy from them!”

“They sure are overly bold. Really too bold. They clearly do not know what the result of scolding Great God Zhang is. I’m really worried about their intellect!”

“I can only admire their courage!”

“Right, anyone who knows about the war of words would never dare to blatantly curse at Teacher Zhang Ye. This is purely the prelude to courting death!”

Those members of the troll army who had participated or watched in that day’s war of words forwarded the Weibo post!

ZhangYeNumber1Fan’s growled angrily, “Can you bear it anymore? I can’t! F**k! Who told them that Teacher Zhang Ye doesn’t have a fanclub? Who told them that Teacher Zhang Ye is a newcomer? I’ll blind their dog eyes! To think they didn’t find out about Great God Zhang’s awesomeness! Comrades! The time when we are needed has come! We cannot let Teacher Zhang fight alone! All those brothers who had participated in the war of words, gather! Those who had previously fought with Teacher Zhang Ye in arms, gather! All of us, go vote for Teacher Zhang Ye! Let that Mushroom fanclub know the power of our troll army! Let’s see who will let who know how the f**k the flowers are this red!” I have “@” a bunch of people below!

...

At almost the same moment, the appearance of the troll army had flooded into the comment section of “Little Bunnies Be Good”!

“I’m here!”

“Responding to the call, vote has been cast!”

“I bought a watch last year! F**k the Mushroom fanclub to death!”

“I don’t read children’s fairy tales, but I unconditionally support Great God Zhang!”

“Ditto!”

“Ditto+110!”

“Ditto+119!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, we are here!”

“When trouble occurs at one spot, help comes from all quarters!”

“Following Teacher Zhang Ye gives you meat to eat and girls to meet!”

“Today, Teacher Zhang is too refined. To think that he did not fight against them... So we shall do it!”

“Who told them that Teacher Zhang Ye doesn’t have a fanclub? We, the troll army, will forever be the strongest supporters of Teacher Zhang Ye! We will fight wherever Teacher Zhang points to!”

“Brothers, let’s fight!”

“The Mushroom fanclub is nothing but a fart! Seeing who has more people? When have we been afraid!?”

“To be able to fight alongside Great God Zhang Ye! I feel my warm blood boiling! My large saber can no longer endure the thirst! Brothers, attack!”

Zhang Ye’s fans began their war cries, as if they were on stimulants!

1,000 votes!

5,000 votes!

10,000 votes!

In just ten minutes!

To be accurate, it was in just nine and a half minutes!

“Little Bunnies Be Good” had suddenly jumped to take the number one spot in the essay competition! 45,000+ votes! It far exceeded second place’s Little Red Mushroom by nearly 10,000 votes!

In this miraculous instant, everyone turned silent. They were dumbfounded from the shock!

The 1,000+ people from the Mushroom fanclub gasped. They could not believe their own eyes! What was the matter? What had happened? Your granduncle! Where did these people suddenly jump out from!?

The onlooking neutral crowd also became overjoyed. They then realized that Teacher Zhang Ye, who had been scolded for being a newcomer by the Mushroom fanclub all day, was no newcomer. He, too, had his fanclub... and the numbers were more than the Mushroom fanclub’s by a few dozen times!

This smacking of the face was too ruthless!

The Mushroom fanclub fell silent. Teacher Little Red Mushroom also did not speak a single word!

This was because, at this moment, a large question mark had simultaneously appeared in their minds. Your sister! Who is this Zhang Ye? How does he have such powerful charisma!?

[*] This is a common slang phrase in China, it was originally a lyric from a song, to represent the passion for revolution. It was later used in other situations. Commonly used when exchanging words in a violent scene. The general idea behind it is that the person would spill so much blood the flowers would soak it up and they would turn red.

Chapter 42: Deserving Of First Place!

The clock struck midnight.

The votes were finalized. Zhang Ye's story got first place.

Needless to say, members of the Mushroom fanclub and onlookers were shocked. Other long-time authors of fairy tales were dumbfounded. Even Zhang Ye did not immediately come to believe it. He only had one thought; that it was impossible. When did this bro gain so many die hard fans?

He knew his own worth. Indeed, he had written a few poems and created a supernatural novel. But he was not that great; he still had some ways to go. Compared to [Andy Lau](#)'s works, if anyone saw them, their first reaction would be, ““Oh, this is a [Heavenly King](#)'s movie”, “Oh, this is an Andy Lau song”. There were also works produced by others which were very famous, too. However, if you were to ask who the author was, a lot of them would not remember. Zhang Ye was in a similar situation. Even when many people had seen those works of his, they would only remember the title of the work. Only a small number of people knew his name as the author!

Then how did this huge fan support come about?

With the blink of an eye, they had annihilated the Mushroom fanclub who had declared war? And it was destroying them to the point of them being unable to respond?

This essay competition was their cultural domain! That was the fanclub of one of the top children's fairy tale authors! However, why did it now seem that this battle was in Zhang Ye's territory instead?

This should not be, there must be a reason!

Looking at the comments.....

Checking Weibo.....

Soon, Zhang Ye found the reason. The majority of the voters could not be considered his fans; at least 80% were not. Most of them had not even heard of "Ghost Blows Out the Light", nor read Zhang Ye's poems. The common point was that they had participated in or witnessed the "CurseGate" scandal from a few days ago. Still, there were some of Zhang Ye's hardcore fans among them; for example, the one who gathered all the support, "ZhangYeNumber1Fan". The others were internet trolls who participated because they had nothing else to do. When there was some excitement gathered over here, all of them had quickly gathered around to mess things up. These were people who were not afraid of anything, as they were bored out of their wits. Coupled with the fact that "CurseGate" was only a few days ago and Zhang Ye had an astounding victory then, the internet trolls were in awe. Therefore, many of them had crazily voted after being alerted by some of Zhang Ye's hardcore fans. It was similar to his world's "Helping Wang Feng hit the headlines" [\[*\]](#), creating issues for the sake of creating it!

After achieving victory, the trolls went about boasting of their

victory!

“First place!”

“Good one, bros!”

“Haha! Everyone was f**king awesome!”

“10,000 votes, 10,000! Can we not be so crazy!?”

“Where’s the people from Mushroom fanclub? Where? Weren’t you clamoring to scare us? Why does it look like all of you are scared instead?”

“Know how many fans Great God Zhang has now? Dare to look down on us?”

“You should be well aware, Mushroom fanclub, that you are too naive!”

“Claiming that Teacher Zhang Ye manipulated the votes? Yet you people kept on manipulating? That’s funny! Does Teacher Zhang Ye even need to manipulate? Do we need to manipulate? We just voted once each! We do not need to manipulate any votes to destroy you! With our friends, we share good meat and wine, towards our enemies, we will take them on anytime and are never careless! Today, we will gift every one of you the famous phrase of Teacher Zhang Ye — I bought a watch last year!”

“This is a memorable battle! Let us record down this historic moment! Let’s follow Teacher Zhang Ye again to create another miracle!”

“So fun! So exciting!”

“Is Teacher Zhang Ye still around?”

“We have captured the enemy’s walls. We have sounded the trumpets of victory. Teacher Zhang, please say a few words to us bros!”

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or to cry. He did not expect that so many people would come and help him. In his heart, he was also very touched. He immediately left a message on the “Little Bunnies Be Good” comments section. Everyone had been so supportive towards him, so he had to leave a message, “Thank you everyone for your help. My comrades, you have worked hard!”

The replies were very orderly!

“To serve the people!”

“To serve the people +1!”

“To serve the people +723!”

A thread that had over 800 replies, all of which were the same!

What was this battle formation? What was this momentum? A lot of neutrals watching felt their adrenaline rushing. A troll army like that was enough to rule the world..... Cough Except that this army was too not up to par. At the end of it all, the onlookers still had no idea who Zhang Ye was; how did he have such a large troll army helping out?

ZhangYeNumber1Fan dispersed the crowds, “Mission accomplished! Troll army pull back! Thank you for the help, bros!”

They gathered quickly, and they also dispersed quickly. This group of trolls were like a nest of wasps, attacking whoever they disliked. They came and went as they wished!

Seeing the dispersal of the troll army, the Mushroom fanclub members reappeared. They went to the website’s report section to complain about Zhang Ye’s fairy tale.

Mushroom Gang Warrior: “Reported! “Little Bunnies Be Good” vote manipulation!”

Mushroom Gang 77: “More than forty thousands votes in four hours! Impossible! The manipulation is too obvious!”

QWYUE33: “In my opinion, it looks manipulated, too. The others only had tens of thousands of votes in seven days. Furthermore, they were professional authors. He’s only a radio host who writes

ghost stories. How could he have written such a good fairy tale? And to have so many people vote for him? It's not realistic!"

Suddenly, Little Red Mushroom's account message also appeared in the reporting section. She had taken it upon herself, obviously unhappy with the result of second place. Because this essay competition only had one winner; second and third place did not matter. There would be no prize money, nor any trophies. Only the first placed essay would be selected by the Beijing Education Ministry to be promoted to kindergartens and primary schools; second place would receive nothing!

Little Red Mushroom posted "Did anyone check the authenticity of the votes? I believe many of the authors in the professional circle will not accept this result. The votes for "Little Bunnies Be Good" seem to be abnormal!"

Once the top author of children's books spoke, several professional authors who took part in the essay competition followed up with their replies regarding Zhang Ye's votes' authenticity!

"Did the technical team go off duty?"

"Such obvious vote manipulation, yet nobody realizes it?"

"Are there still fair rules and a transparent system?"

A website staff member replied, "The technical team is handling

the complaint. Please wait; if there are manipulated votes, they will be invalidated!”

After about 10 minutes, the results were out!

Essay Competition 1st Place: “Little Bunnies Be Good”.

Author: Zhang Ye.

Total Votes: 45,871!

Zhang Ye’s total votes remain unchanged; it was exactly the same as when voting closed. Rather, it was second place Little Red Mushroom’s story whose votes dropped from 37,212 to 35,399! Around 2,000 votes were invalidated!

After the results were released, there was silence!

There really was no fake votes! This story really defied logic! It really managed to gain more than 40,000 votes in four hours?

Everyone was surprised, but no one questioned the authenticity of Zhang Ye’s votes. Even without the troll army’s support near the end, subtracting the votes manipulated by Little Red Mushroom’s fans, Zhang Ye would have still obtained first place. There were no qualms about that!

Of course, one could not say that, as well. If the troll army did

not push Zhang Ye to the top and, as second place, Zhang Ye's report of Little Red Mushroom manipulating votes might not even be heeded by the website.

The cute troll army had given Zhang Ye a huge favor!

Zhang Ye was moved for a while, before he suddenly recalled what really mattered. He immediately added another sentence to his story's introduction, "This version of the story is a silent text edition. It is not the full '[Little Bunnies Be Good](#)' version. Tomorrow, at noon on Beijing Radio Station's Literature Channel's 'Old and Young Story Club', the complete audio version will be promptly broadcast for everyone. The song in the story will be presented to everyone then; please listen to it."

"There's really a song? I thought it was just text!"

"I've remembered the time. I will definitely listen to it punctually!"

"Haha. I was waiting for the song. I will tell my colleagues, too."

"I'm still feeling pissed. Some people just don't like to see people in a better off state? If you are inferior to others, you are inferior to others. To claim others were manipulating votes? Who set the rule that only professionals can write a good story? Who set the rule that a ghost story's author cannot write a good children's fairy tale? I suggest that those so-called Teachers who had reported Teacher Zhang Ye should look at "Little Bunnies Be Good" with a patient and learning attitude. Don't use the perspective and moral

of looking at a stranger's work. Teacher Zhang's fairy tale completely beat all of you. He deserves it fully! My child is now beside me, pestering me to memorize "Little Bunnies Be Good" and narrate it to her daily! The children have already given their answer!"

"The previous poster said it well!"

"Hai, whenever a newcomer makes new waves, his legitimacy will always be questioned!"

"I can't watch this any further. It was already quite irritating when the Mushroom fan club first started screaming and declaring war. Were they thinking of using their numbers to bully others? Ha! In the end, their faces got smacked terribly! Zhang Ye? This Teacher is interesting. I have already fan-ed his Weibo. I really like his fairy tale."

"Handshake!"

"I like Zhang Ye's story! Passer-by transforming into a fan!"

Zhang Ye's popularity had a small amount of growth. Even more people got to know his story and him as a person through this incident!

[*] [Wang Feng](#) – a celebrity whose news was often overshadowed by other celebrities' news that happened at the same time.

Chapter 43: An Insane Listenership Count!

Friday.

As Zhang Ye had woken up early, there was plenty of time. Zhang Ye was not in a hurry to take the subway to work. He stopped by a kiosk for some time as he browsed through the morning's papers. He wanted to see if "Little Bunnies Be Good" would be reported.

Beijing Times? None!

Beijing Morning Post? None!

Other tabloids in the capital? Also none!

Zhang Ye was depressed. Could it be because the polls ended too late yesterday? These newspapers probably had to begin printing at 4 A.M., so they could not publish it in time? That would be bad.

He was planning to use this to pull up his listenership rates. Without any promotion, how was he going to pull it up?

Hai, I'll leave it in God's hands.

What could be done had been done by Zhang Ye. He had put in his best efforts. Today, he needed to see if the listenership rates would still be at the bottom for "Old and Young Story Club". Just rising up a bit to the 19th or 20th spot would be good; at least, it

wouldn't be so embarrassing. Only then could Zhang Ye carry on thinking of a method to pull the segment up. There was not much time left.

This time, Zhang Ye was really placing all his hopes and bets on the Education Ministry's official Essay Competition event. "Old and Young Story Club" depended on this bet to be revived!

Zhang Ye's goal now was very simple and that was to use his fastest speed to do the segment on his hands well. By obtaining the best newcomer broadcasting host award in the shortest time possible, especially one that was quite authoritative, then he could say goodbye to this screwed up unit. This place was just a springboard for Zhang Ye. It was a pit stop before he went to an even higher stage. After obtaining the experience and qualifications, Zhang Ye would be like a free bird. Just using a niche late-night program like "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was insufficient for buffing up his resume!

From today onwards, he wanted to develop towards being a television host. That was a place that required good looks. Their looks and height requirements were many times higher than a radio station's for a broadcasting host. How was he to convince the Leaders, Directors or Program Producers to ignore his appearance, so as to get them to hire him? He was a newcomer with average looks and height, and he did not have any background or connections.

Women could rely on makeup if they did not have a pretty face. Without makeup, they could use their bodyline!

What about men? What could men with poor looks rely on? There were only three things that they could rely on.

First: Fake it to make it!

Second: Being good at faking it to make it!

Third: Must be able to be good at faking it to make it!

Alright, let's be serious. Actually, for a person like him who was lacking, he needed ability and records of service!

Zhang Ye was currently not lacking in ability. The only thing he lacked was his record of service. He had to cause a segment's listenership to explode, so as to establish his foundation!

...

The unit.

It was business as usual.

He had reached the office on the dot. The moment he arrived, Jia Yan had already begun announcing the listenership ratings rankings. Zhang Ye already knew that his segment was still last in place yesterday, so he did not give any face by listening to the ratings. He did not listen to it at all, as he went to the recording studio to record the day's program.

“Hello, children. Recently, there have been many heinous cases of people abducting children and burglarizing the house when parents are not around in Beijing. Hence, I’ll be telling everyone a short story. Its name is “Little Bunnies Be Good”. I hope everyone will not open the door to strangers from today onwards!”

“Mommy Bunny had three children. One was called Little Red Eyes, one was called Long Ears, and one was called Stumpy Tail.”

“Little Bunnies be good; open the door.”

“Come open quickly; I want to come in.”

In terms of singing ability, Zhang Ye was like an ordinary person. He had no foundation, but neither was it too bad. After all, he was a student of the Broadcasting major. In terms of volume control, voice control and lung capacity, Zhang Ye was not that bad. It was actually pleasing to the ear when he sang the children’s song.

“Not opening, not opening. We’re not opening!”

“Mommy hasn’t returned yet. We won’t open it for anyone!”

After singing it a few times and having re-recorded it a few times, Zhang Ye was finally satisfied. He called Assistant Xiaofang to help him arrange the recording tape.

The moment Xiaofang came in, she stammered, “Teacher Zhang, your...your segment’s rating...”

“It was last, right? I knew about it yesterday. It’s alright.” Zhang Ye did not make a fuss.

Xiaofang was even more worried than him as she said, “But tomorrow and the day after, it will be finished over the weekend. ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will be taken off-air; then, you would not have any segments after that!”

Zhang Ye said, “Isn’t there another two days? No one will know what the outcome would be until the end.”

At noon, the program was broadcast. Zhang Ye did not go to lunch, as he was worried over his listenership rating. However, Zhao Guozhou and two other Leaders of the channel did not come to work, as they seemed to be having a meeting somewhere. It was apparently for the Mid-Autumn Festival’s Poem Meet next week, organized by the Beijing’s Writers Association and the Beijing Radio Station. It was even going to be broadcasted live. Since the Mid-Autumn Festival was approaching, everyone was busy preparing for it. As such, Zhang Ye had no way of knowing the rating beforehand. As there was no news of the promotion of “Little Bunnies Be Good”, both on the television and the newspapers, Zhang Ye felt a chill in his heart.

...

The next day, Saturday.

Today, most of the colleagues had come, as they collectively worked overtime.

“Teacher Jia, have you finished recording the first episode?”

“I’ve finished recording the first two episodes. What do you think?”

“It was very good. The quality was very high. I think it can enter the top ten.”

“Teacher Jia, you sure are awesome. The station will belong to you young people from now on.”

The moment Zhang Ye came to the office, he saw Jia Yan mingling with his colleagues. He was in the middle, being complimented. Jia Yan seemed to enjoy that feeling.

Jia Yan suddenly saw Zhang Ye as he smirked, “Hey, Teacher Zhang is here? I was just looking for you. We should have a transition for our programs.”

Zhang Ye put down his stuff as he sat down, without giving him a look.

Jia Yan’s expression sank, “On Monday, my program will be broadcast. Tell the listeners over the weekend about this and also

promote my program. Is that alright?” After some hesitation, he said, “Teacher Zhang, I know what you are thinking and you have your views. You can’t accept the outcome of the segment being axed, but this was already decided long ago by the station. If a segment always sits at the bottom in terms of listenership ratings, then the station would do their adjustments to the segments or even axe them according to reality. Today, programs with fairy tale stories are at an all-time low. This is the underlying trend. Every radio and television station have begun their adjustments to children’s programs. No one can save them, so I hope you would consider the bigger picture and make way for my segment.”

Zhang Ye glanced at him, “I do not need a rookie like you to tell me what is the big picture. Just do your own things well. When was it your place to meddle in my affairs?”

“Are you picking a fight?” Jia Yan turned angry.

Zhang Ye laughed, “I come to work to do my job and do my work. Here you come, trying to educate me, so who is the one picking a fight?”

“Little Zhang, what sort of attitude is that?” Wu Datao, who had a grudge with Zhang Ye, shouted, “Why is there so much malice in your words?”

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “This is my attitude. In the past and in the future, it will always be like this. I do not need someone teaching me how I should be. I still have the same words to say, ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will carry on broadcasting. This segment is being hosted by me and my segment doesn’t need

people telling me what to do! You want to take over the Literature Channel's afternoon show? Alright, wait until your segment really goes on air before talking!"

Jia Yan took up his challenge, "Alright! Let's wait and see!"

Tian Bin laughed, "Zhang Ye, you did not see yesterday's listenership ratings, right?"

An old anchorman in the channel said, "Little Zhang, I have listened to Old Feng's segment all these years. Although I do not want it to end, but reality shows that it cannot keep up with the times. The quantity of children's fairy tales is too low, and the quality of the works are too poor as well. It is the trend."

Teacher Feng, who was sitting beside Zhang Ye, also let out a long sigh.

Another middle-aged editor said, "We can understand how you want to make your segment do well, but one needs to face the facts. You should begin preparing for the end of the segment."

There were people who kicked him while he was down, while others took a schadenfreude attitude. Everyone began chiming in to "educate" Zhang Ye.

Hearing all the chatter, Wang Xiaomei also got irritated. She said, "The segment will definitely end, but how Teacher Little Zhang wants it to end, he definitely has his own opinion. So

there's no need for everyone to keep chiming in, right? Can't you mind your own business?"

The old anchorman frowned, "Xiaomei, can't us few comrades say something to a newcomer? Can't we advise him when his thoughts are problematic?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I surely do not think my thoughts are problematic. I want to use a positive attitude to do my segment well. Is that thought problematic?"

Tian Bin snorted, "But can you do it well?"

Jia Yan waved his hand, "Let's not say anymore. It's not like he will listen."

Wu Datao shook his head and said, "Trying to chase up by to one or two spots higher is a positive attitude. To let it go from the bottom to the top ten? Then that is reaching beyond one's grasp! Indulging in fantasy!"

Someone came in from outside!

"Who will take the ratings table?" It was a staff member from the Statistics department.

"Give it to me." Jia Yan pretended like he was the Leader. He slowly walked over to take the form. After the Statistics department staff left, he did not take a look and just said to

everyone, “I’ll announce the ratings for yesterday.” This feeling was quite wonderful. He had high expectations for his future. He also thought highly of his own segment. Just thinking of his segment’s rating increasing day by day, and then getting a position in the station through his connections, he will then definitely fix that Zhang!

Everyone was inattentive. Few cared, as it was pointless. The station’s ratings were pretty much fixed. It was almost the same every day, as it was difficult to have any change.

Teacher Feng also did not pay attention. It could be said that he didn’t even want to hear it.

“First place...” Jia Yan announced, “Teacher Wang Xiaomei’s ‘Talk About the World’. Listenership 3.87%.”

Back then when Wang Xiaomei’s rating broke four, it was due to abnormal circumstances. However, even though it never broke four again, “Talk About the World” had gained an increase in listeners after the university student’s suicide matter. As such, its ratings were much higher than before.

Everyone gave a token round of applause before they lowered their heads to busy themselves with work.

“Second...” Upon seeing this, Jia Yan’s hands suddenly trembled. It was as if he had seen a ghost as his eyes widened, “This!”

“What’s the matter?”

“Teacher Jia?”

“Why aren’t you reading it?”

Everyone felt something was amiss as they all looked over.

Wu Datao laughed, “Why? Did my ‘Entertainment Daily’'s rating increase again?”

“Entertainment Daily” always took second spot in the Literature Channel. Due to the special nature of the segment, the broadcasting host would take turns. It was usually a man and woman duo. Now, it was Wu Datao and a female host who took over the hosting. The week’s ratings had been good, as they had steadily increased.

Jia Yan did not reply.

Wu Datao was dazed. What? I’m not second?

Everyone was shocked, too. It was impossible! “Entertainment Daily” was a news segment! This type of program had never dropped below second place!

Then who was it?

‘Late-night Ghost Stories’? Impossible! A late-night segment did not have such an audience base!

With everyone paying attention, Jia Yan paused for a long while before vaguely saying, “Second place is...’Old and Young Story Club’. Listenership 2.40%!”

Chapter 44: Will It Really Not Be Axed?

Holy sh*t!

Second place?

“Old and Young Story Club”’s rating actually managed to get second place?

The entire Literature Channel’s office exploded into an uproar! Impossible! Absolutely impossible. This was what everyone thought by default! What sort of segment was “Old and Young Story Club”? This was a pathetic segment that had been lining the bottom or the second from the bottom of the rankings over the years. Even “Late-night Ghost Stories”, which was even worse, could jump up to a ranking of around ten on the first day of a new novel. However, “Old and Young Story Club” had never managed to do so before. It’s best result was 18th place! This was also because of an “explosive” special program on Children’s Day five years ago!

Second? Listenership rates of 2.40%? And it had even exceeded a news-related program like “Entertainment Daily”? No one believed what they had just heard!

Wu Datao got angry for no reason, “Did you read it wrongly?”

Jia Yan also wished he had wrongly, “It’s written...like this.”

“Impossible.” Tian Bin also did not believe. “Going from last place to second? It’s obvious that such a thing is impossible!”

Jia Yan nodded. He looked at the ratings report and said, “I’m sure Statistics made a mistake. There’s no point announcing further. The rankings after this would all not be accurate. I’ll go up and find someone from Statistics!”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye exploded, “What do you mean by this? Eh? When my listenership rating is at the bottom, you think it’s normal and take it for granted. Now that my listenership rating has turned for the better, you say Statistics made a mistake? Everything follows what you say? Everything you say must be the truth?” Zhang Ye coldly stared at everyone who doubted him, “I want to ask you! When has the station ever made a mistake with the statistics? Has there ever been once? Oh, so you having good results is justified? While me having good results is an error? What sort of people are you!”

Jia Yan knew his words were a bit over the top, but he insisted, “Everyone is questioning the statistics. We must first check it. After all, the jump is too great of an exaggeration!”

Zhang Ye quipped, “Sure, you can check. Then... what will happen if there’s nothing wrong? Will you take responsibility for the words you just said?”

Jia Yan looked at him and was sure that there was a mistake, so he said, “If the statistics are free of errors, I can apologize to you.”

“Alright, go check it.” Zhang Ye was confident. This confidence came from trusting his story. Although he, too, did not know how the rating had suddenly jumped up by so much, he knew that this story was an impeccable classical masterpiece from his world. It could not be bad!

Jia Yan left, while others began to whisper.

“Is that true?”

“I’m pretty sure it’s a mistake.”

“I think so, too. If not, it would be too great of an exaggeration.”

“Right. Teacher Feng has been at it for so many years, yet his ratings have always been at the bottom. How could the rating explode in just three days’ time when in Zhang Ye’s hands?”

“Wait and see. Little Jia should be back soon.”

Teacher Feng quickly pulled Zhang Ye over, “What’s going on?”

Zhang Ye said, “Don’t worry. The rating is definitely normal.”

Teacher Feng rolled his eyes, “You can still call this normal? This is too abnormal. If you got 19th or 20th, I could definitely believe it, but 2nd? It’s not that I don’t believe you, Little Zhang. It’s just that... Do you think our unpopular program can get a better

listenership rating than a news-related program like ‘Entertainment Daily’?”

Zhang Ye blinked, “Why not?”

Teacher Feng said, “What do you mean, ‘why not?’ It’s like on television... Have you seen a program have higher ratings than the Central TV’s news broadcast?”

Actually, for this, Zhang Ye had actually seen such a case in his world!

“Forget it. Let’s wait for the outcome, before we speak further.” Teacher Feng’s mind was in a mess, too.

Over there, Jia Yan came back. Checking such a thing could be done very quickly.

Tian Bin and Wu Datao asked, “Was it written wrongly? The names were messed up, right?”

Jia Yan remained silent as he looked with an ashen face at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also smiled back at him. He stretched out his right hand and, with a snap of his fingers, he did a very complicated motion.

Jia Yan blinked his eyes, before holding in his temper, “Sorry, Teacher Zhang, for doubting your results. Statistics had counted it once again... There was no mistake!”

What?

It was the real listenership rating?

Wu Datao and Tian Bin stared, agape!

Zhang Ye accepted his apology and said with an educative tone, “There is no program that can’t do well forever. In the future, your first reaction to a person’s program having a good rating should not be of doubts and rejection!” Following that, he looked towards Wu Datao and Tian Bin, who had been the first to point out the error in the statistics. “Do you have nothing to say?”

Tian Bin naturally would not apologize. He pretended not to hear.

Wu Datao also did his own things, having lost all of his momentum.

Zhang Ye did not spare them as he said to them, “By my own efforts, I made the program do better and better. I did everything in an orthodox fashion. Based on what did you say that my listenership rating was fake? Or wrong?”

An elder in the station tried to smooth things over, “Forget it,

Teacher Little Zhang. It is not that everyone is targeting you.”

At this moment, Li Si suddenly shouted, “Quick, look at the news! Beijing’s Education Ministry had issued a document earlier this morning! It required every junior kindergarten and all elementary schools in Beijing to have access to the children’s fairy tale, ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’. They have even sent a ‘Letter to the Parents’ to let the story, ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’ be completely immersed in both school and family. They have suggested that parents learn and teach it to their children, so as to strengthen the educative need to never open the door to strangers!”

Jia Yan was somewhat aware of this. He had also heard about the Essay Competition on the news, “It’s that Essay Competition event held by the Education Ministry? So what about it?”

An editor said, “What’s the fuss?”

Li Si smiled bitterly and did not say a word.

A woman beside Li Si looked at his screen and immediately turned dumbfounded. After swallowing a mouthful of saliva, she exclaimed, “For this Essay Competition, the first place was ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’...Heavens! It’s written by our Teacher Zhang Ye! He had obtained first place after suppressing good Teachers like Tao Xueru and Little Red Mushroom!”

Zhang Ye added on, “Yesterday, that was the story that was broadcasted at noon!” When he heard this, he, too, understood. So this was what had happened. No wonder his listenership rating

had gone so high. Previously, he believed that the newspapers had not advertised for him, but who knew that the Education Ministry had issued a direct order. How many kindergartens were there in Beijing? How many elementary schools were there? How many of them were young students? It was nearly uncountable! Having disseminated to the students by the schools, wouldn't the teachers have to listen to it, too? The students had to listen, right? Even more parents had to listen to it, too, right? That was why the listenership rating had such a miraculous leap! This was like textbooks. You don't like them? You still need to read them, even if you didn't like them! It was like mandatory education! Everyone had to learn!

The woman quickly followed up, "My son and I have heard of 'Little Bunnies Be Good'. His kindergarten even printed brochures about it. Teacher Little Zhang, so that story was written by you?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, Big Sis Zhou. That day, I saw the Essay Competition and decided to do something for the children. With some inspiration, I wrote a piece."

The woman praised, "You wrote very well. My son really loves it."

Wang Xiaomei looked at Zhang Ye, "The children's fairy tales for the past few days of 'Old and Young Story Club' were also written by you?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged and said in a low-key manner, "Yes. I just wrote it haphazardly."

Teacher Feng exclaimed, “You did not use the story scripts that I gave you? You really wrote the stories yourself?” Zhang Ye had told him that if the fairy tales industry was low in quality, then he would write his own fairy tales. However, Teacher Feng never expected Zhang Ye to really write them. He thought that he was joking!

Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, “Teacher Feng, could it be that you haven’t been listening to my program over the past few days? This is a segment that you have been broadcasting for so many years, and you didn’t listen?”

“I didn’t. cough I did not dare to listen.” Teacher Feng’s face was a little red. It was not right for him to not listen to it at all.

Zhang Ye explained, “The few stories were all written by me. I have some experience and talent in writing after all. Sorry for incurring the ridicule of everyone.”

Incurring the ridicule?

Many people could sense the sarcasm in Zhang Ye’s words!

After they put down the things on their hands, everyone searched on the internet. All they saw were praises and discussions on the internet message boards!

“The story is too awesome!”

“Little Bunnies be good; open the door. Haha, Teacher Zhang Ye really sang it well!”

“That’s right. This children’s song is marvellous. And it’s very simple. You can learn it instantaneously.”

“My daughter has already learned this song, but she still wants me to tell the story every day. I’ve no way out. From today onwards, I will have to listen to Teacher Zhang Ye’s program at noon.”

“There’s no need for today onwards. Check the past two episodes.”

“There are more in the previous two episodes? I’m already sick of listening to those children’s fairy tales.”

“No, the previous two episodes were also original fairy tales written by Teacher Zhang Ye. One of them is “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”, and another is “The Emperor’s New Clothes”. They are extremely good stories and have a moral behind them. From a literary perspective, it is even better than ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’!”

“Really? Then I’m going to take a listen!”

“I’ve heard it. Now, I’m really astounded by Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“I’ve decided that as long as Teacher Zhang Ye is around, I will not miss a single episode of ‘Old and Young Story Club’. After listening to it, I can tell it to my twins at night!”

“Hey, did you notice it? The Beijing Radio Station’s website has a notice of programs going off-air. Why is the name ‘Old and Young Story Club’ inside it? How can such a good program be taken off-air?”

“It can’t be?”

“Really. I’ll send you the link!”

“Ah? It’s really true? It’s being taken off-air?”

“Holy sh*t! Is the radio station dumb? How can such a good program be taken off-air?”

“Hai, maybe there won’t be many episodes left. Everyone hear as many as you can. There will be one fewer episode after every listen.”

“It can’t go off-air. If it does, I’ll send complaints. What the heck! Do they even have any aesthetic taste?”

Over there, Xiaofang had brought the letters from the readers. Knowing that Zhang Ye had obtained second place, pushing Wu Datao’s news program down, Xiaofang was extremely overjoyed. The amount of letters in her hands was nearly half the height of a

person. She nearly could not bring them over by herself. “Teacher Zhang, your letters.”

Zhang Ye stood up and took them over, “Which stack is mine?”

Xiaofang said happily, “All of them. The other Teacher’s letters are still in the mail room. I couldn’t bring them over.”

Ah? These are all mine?

There must be a thousand letters here, right?

Teacher Feng marveled, “This number of letters must have broken a record, right? Our channel has never had more than a thousand letters sent from listeners!”

Xiaofang smiled gently, “That’s right. The rest of the letters received today, when added up, aren’t as many as this.”

Zhang Ye wiped the sweat from his forehead. He lifted the letters over and began reading. They were mostly written by parents. There were tens of them which were written by children. It was easy to see at a glance, as the characters were all crooked. They looked very innocent.

Everyone looked at each other, for they no longer had words to describe their current feelings. Back then, Zhang Ye had made the bold statement that “Old and Young Story Club” would not be taken off-air. They had not believed it, nor did they take it to

heart. However, now, Zhang Ye had used his abilities and his program's rating to make everyone shut up. Everyone even had a thought that they had never thought of before!

It's already in second place!

Will "Old and Young Story Club" really not be axed?

Chapter 45: The Serialization Of “The Wizard Of Oz”!

Afternoon.

The atmosphere in the office was very awkward.

Tian Bin was full of envy. Jia Yan, normally proud and full of confidence, also felt like he was now sitting on a cushion full of needles. He felt uncomfortable and had an ominous feeling. The breakout of “Old and Young Story Club” has given them significant stress. Wu Datao was annoyed about how “Entertainment Daily” had suffered an unprecedented slip from 2nd place, never before seen in its history!

Zhao Guozhou did not appear in the office for the whole day. Everyone was sure that he knew about Zhang Ye’s results, but no one made a sound, as they all simultaneously chose to remain silent. No one could tell what the other was thinking about. In accordance with regulations, a program’s last broadcast could only be decided by its ratings. Programs which placed badly for a long period of time were cut. But never had a program scheduled to be cut had its ratings increase so explosively. How should this situation be handled? Stop broadcasting? Continue broadcasting? The leader was silent about this and no one could really answer this either. But silence could also be a sign!

Xiaofang called out, “Teacher Zhang, the recording studio is ready.”

“Okay. Thanks for the hard work. I will head over immediately.” Zhang Ye switched off his monitor.

When he got up, Teacher Feng, whom he shared a table with, gave him a thumbs up. “Come on; write another good story. Failure or success will depend on these two days.” Teacher Feng had become hopeful now; perhaps the young Little Zhang could really create a miracle this time!

“I understand.” Zhang Ye replied.

As everyone watched on, Zhang Ye went to the recording studio.

As for the Leader’s thoughts, Zhang Ye had his own assumptions. Jia Yan was Deputy Station Head Jia’s relative; he would surely be well taken care of. But Zhang Ye was just a rootless duckweed and had even offended the Station Leader before. He would surely not be preferentially treated. It could then be said that if Saturday and Sunday’s ratings had a tremendous drop, the Leader would not hesitate to axe “Old and Young Story Club”. But if the ratings could maintain at 2.40% or even higher, then the situation would not necessarily be fixed. With the results placed in front of them, they could not move him even if they wanted to!

So how was he to keep the ratings consistent?

Zhang Ye did not rush to record his program, but pondered in the recording studio for a long time. The situation was to his advantage now. Through the promotion of “Little Bunnies Be Good” and through the official announcement of the Education

Ministry, many parents had already become audience members of his program. Zhang Ye had to make these people stay on and not let them leave after the fad was over. He also had to make some plans for his program!

Got it!

A serial!

In this world, a serialized fairy tale might seem unfamiliar. To the people, a story is a story. It ends after it has been read to the end. But in Zhang Ye's new world, this was more common. There were uncountable famous stories which were serialized.

Why did he choose a serialization?

Firstly, Zhang Ye planned to gather popularity through serialization. For example, some sitcoms may have episodes which could stand on their own. There was not much continuity, therefore viewers were less enthusiastic towards it; even if they skipped an episode, it would not affect them much, as every story was independent. But serialization was different; a story that was read daily for 18 days would be affected if you missed a part in the middle. So listeners would be more enthusiastic about listening in to every episode. Secondly, since the station had sent out the notice that the segment would be axed after Sunday, by using a serialization, it was impossible to finish narrating it on Sunday. It was clear that he did not want to hand it over, and this would also give the station a problem. Since you can play dirty with me, am I not allowed to play dirty as well!?

This method was quite wicked, but Zhang Ye did not care. If others were good to him, he would return it without question. However, when others kept gunning for him again and again, then Zhang Ye did not care anything about professional ethics!

What story to choose?

Zhang Ye's eyes rolled and, with a flash, he opened the game ring and saw that he still had quite a lot of Reputation points. He then went into the Merchant Shop to buy a "Memory Search Capsule". These days, the Reputation gained from the accumulation of "Late-night Ghost Stories" and the result at the Essay Competition with "Little Bunnies Be Good" had increased Zhang Ye's Reputation to 200,000, as tallied by the game ring. "Late-night Ghost Stories" would give 20-30,000 Reputation points on a daily basis, which was not a lot. The main reason was the fame gained from the Essay Competition. So he did not feel the pinch from spending 100,000 Reputation points to buy the capsule. After eating it, Zhang Ye immediately recalled a complete, full-length children's fairy tale.

It's this!

He began recording!

"Chapter 1: The Cyclone. Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room. And this

room contained a rusty-looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs and the beds.”

That’s right. The children’s fairy tale that Zhang Ye had chosen was “The Wizard of Oz”!

Why did he choose it? This was because Zhang Ye had read this growing up. Although the translated names could cause some reading difficulty, history had told Zhang Ye that it would not be a problem. Children could perfectly accept it. There was no need to say how classic this children’s fairy tale was. Not many people in Zhang Ye’s world were ignorant of its existence. And one of the reasons Zhang Ye chose “The Wizard of Oz” was because this story was different from “Little Bunnies Be Good” or “The Emperor’s New Clothes”. It was not limited to an audience below the age of twelve. “The Wizard of Oz” was a fairy tale that was suitable for all ages!

Boys? Girls?

Adults? Old people?

It covered all age groups! This was extremely rare among children’s fairy tales!

Zhang Ye still remembered when he had just become a freshman. He had watched the animation and television drama version of “The Wizard of Oz”, together with his parents. His parents had also liked it a lot.

Wouldn't some people say that "Snow White" was the same? Actually, it's not the same. "Snow White" was also a work that managed to wipe out all age groups. It had many animations and movies, but the point was that they were adapted. For example, "Snow White and the Huntsman", "Snow White and the Magic Mirror ", etc. These had changed almost everything beyond recognition from the original version's foundation. And, to put it bluntly, even "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" itself was not the original version. The original version sure was bloody, so let's not talk about it.

From this angle, for "The Wizard of Oz" to cater to all ages was a very rare exception!

If there was a flaw that could be picked, it was that "The Wizard of Oz" first came out as a live-action version, and not as a children's fairytale. So this might make it seem risky, but he still needed to take the risk, even if it was risky.

Zhang Ye knew very well that if "Old and Young Story Club" only depended on the listenership ratings from children, then it was not enough. For example, for yesterday's program, most of the listeners were parents. If the parents were listening in, so as to read stories to their children, then it would be too passive. One or two days may work, but problems would surface down the road. Hence, Zhang Ye had a great idea. This fellow decided to pull the children's parents in as the fans of his story. By telling them a story that they would also like, this would further secure his segment's listenership ratings!

"Chapter 2: The Council with the Munchkins"

“She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed, she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened.”

...

At noon, the program was broadcast.

Many colleagues, who were having their lunch break, began to listen in to “Old and Young Story Club”, while having lunch in the office. Previously, they had not paid attention to this segment. But now, due to Zhang Ye’s thunder, and it also being placed first in the Essay Competition and it also being promoted by the Education Ministry, who was not curious after he had obtained that terrifying listenership rating? Of course, everyone paid attention to it. They wanted to know what was so good about Zhang Ye’s fairy tales. Why was it so sought after by so many people? Wasn’t it just a children’s fairy tale? Why would it be different from other children’s fairy tales authors? Those fairy tale masters, who had been working in the industry for so many years, could not save the industry as it deteriorated by the day. But... Why did it work when it was you?

However, upon listening, almost everyone cheered. They finally understood why Zhang Ye had managed to obtain first place in the Education Ministry’s Essay Competition!

“It’s too good!”

“This Little Zhang has turned divine!”

“Is this a children’s fairy tale? Why do I like it so much?”

“The Wizard of Oz? Is this another original work of Teacher Little Zhang? I really do not know how his brain works. He’s good at poems, good at supernatural stories, but even his fairy tales are so good?”

A few female colleagues began chiming in.

After they discussed for a long while, a woman sought out Zhang Ye, who was eating his lunch from a lunch box, “Teacher Little Zhang, what happens next in “The Wizard of Oz”? Tell us what will happen first.”

Zhang Ye dryly laughed, “Don’t be like that, Big Sis Zhou. You can hear it tomorrow.”

Big Sis Zhou said, “We can’t wait any further. My daughter knows that you are my colleague. The moment she finished listening to the program, she gave me a call and asked me to find out what happens later. If you don’t give it to me, I really can’t face my daughter. Hehe. What do you think, kid?”

Zhang Ye scratched his head, “Big Sis Zhou, I really can’t do it. Actually, I haven’t thought of it yet. You know that I never have a script and I just narrate as it comes to my head. I haven’t planned

it well for what happens later. Listen to it tomorrow.” After finding an excuse, he finally managed to drive them away by deluding them.

Some praised, while others shook their heads.

Jia Yan was one of those who did not believe it would do well. When he went downstairs for lunch, he had secretly listened to Zhang Ye’s program. The story was still alright, but... it was a serial? You actually made a children’s fairy tale a serial? Are you joking!? Even the two fairy tale masters, Tao Xueru and Little Red Mushrooms, did not dare attempt this! Do you think children are as patient as adults? Would children follow the story, just because it could not be finished in a day? Is it possible? Children were creatures with short attention spans. The way you think is too simple!

However, Jia Yan was happy about this. The more errors Zhang Ye made, the more beneficial it was for him. Of course, he could not let his program be unaired. The time had already been fixed!

Teacher Feng came back from lunch, “Little Zhang, why did you do a serialized broadcast?”

Zhang Ye winked, “It’s a serial. I don’t think there’s a problem?”

“It’s too risky.” Teacher Feng was a professional who had done “Old and Young Story Club” for years. He commented, “You must know the top master, Tao Xueru, in the industry, right?”

Zhang Ye said, “I know.”

“Teacher Tao had previously tried a serial, but it was not a broadcast type, but a published serial. One book was split into three separate children’s books. And the result? The sales for each book were each worse than the last. The situation where children do not recognize serials is due to their patience. Children may suddenly have the idea of reading a story today and might feel anxious about not knowing how the story ends. But after a period of time, the children will forget it. It is like with toys. They have not settled on their personalities. If Teacher Tao couldn’t succeed, why are you trying to outdo her?” Teacher Feng initially had some hope, but with Zhang Ye’s act, he naturally had to criticize bluntly.

A few office ladies stood up for Zhang Ye, “Not really. I think it’s very good?”

“Me too. I’m especially looking forward to tomorrow’s story.” another woman said.

Teacher Feng said, “That’s because you are adults; but, children are not the same.”

“Teacher Feng.” Zhang Ye made a bold claim, “Teacher Tao not succeeding does not mean I can’t succeed. I shall say something disrespectful. The reason why my essay got first, while Teacher Tao only got third, is because of a problem with the story. Maybe my story is more suitable and is better at grabbing attention than Teacher Tao’s. As long as it’s a good story, a good story that can grab the attention of children, then there would not be a problem serializing it!”

Tian Bin happened to walk past. He maintained a two-meter “safe distance” from Zhang Ye and said mockingly, “Let’s see the listenership ratings tomorrow!”

Jia Yan also had similar thoughts. The reason for the explosive ratings was due to special circumstances. The Education Ministry had given an order, so it was no wonder that the ratings were high. However, today was different. One would know if it was a mule or a horse, just from the ratings. Don’t be happy too soon; we shall see your true form tomorrow!

In Zhang Ye’s mind, he was thinking, “Bring it on. Let’s see what happens tomorrow!”

Chapter 46: Another Crazy Surge In The Listenership Rating!

Sunday.

According to the notification, today was the last broadcast of “Old and Young Story Club”. It was also the end of an old program that had experienced many years.

The message boards were made very active by listeners.

“This program cannot end!”

“Right; it cannot be taken off-air. Hear that!?”

“My entire family of eight is waiting to hear it!”

“If you end Story Club, do you believe I will smash your radio station’s glass, bastards!?”

The letters Zhang Ye received from the listeners in the morning all showed their strong desire. However, Zhang Ye did not reply. He had no way of responding, as everything depended on Heaven’s wishes.

Teacher Feng was holding a bunch of things as he came in. They were all procedural documents.

Wang Xiaomei said politely, “Uncle Feng, have you settled your retirement?”

“I just finished settling it.” Teacher Feng also sighed, “I really can’t bear to.”

Another old editor who had as much experience as Teacher Feng said, “Old Feng, let’s have a last meal in the evening.”

However, Teacher Feng waved his hands, “There’s no need. I don’t plan on leaving for the time being. Hehe, I still want to stay behind for another two days, to help Teacher Little Zhang cruise this ship until its end.”

Everyone understood that it wasn’t as simple as helping steer the ship. Although Zhang Ye’s personality was not likable, no matter how bad his social popularity was, Zhang Ye’s ability and capacity was not questioned by anyone. Be it “Late-night Ghost Stories” or yesterday’s “Old and Young Story Club”, they had all been brought to even higher heights by Zhang Ye. Such a talented man of God did not need Teacher Feng’s help in steering the ship, so it was clear that Old Feng was still upset with the program he had worked on for so many years ending. He wanted to stay behind to see if “Old and Young Story Club” could carry on existing under the hands of Zhang Ye!

“Are the listenership ratings out?” Teacher Feng asked.

Zhang Ye volunteered to help Teacher Feng carry his things, “It’s

not out yet. I'm not sure, too."

Xiaofang had also come in early, "You still need to wait for a while. The entire Statistics department was basically resting yesterday, so it will be slower. It should be out soon."

Teacher Feng sighed, "I hope the rating won't drop too much."

Zhang Ye said jokingly, "You have so little confidence in me."

"It's not that I don't believe in you." Teacher Feng looked at him, "If I didn't have any confidence in you, would I have handed the last few days of my segment to you? The reason is because using a serialization yesterday was too sudden. For such a long story to be split into two days is very dangerous. Children might change frequencies midway."

Split into two days?

Yes, everyone thought that Zhang Ye's story only had two parts. Finishing the serialized story over the course of two days was perfect for the closing.

Zhang Ye smiled without speaking. He did not dare tell everyone that the novel, "The Wizard of Oz", was actually... 24 chapters long. That is to say, this story needed at least another ten days to finish it! Two days? Less than half the main characters had been introduced, so how could it finish!?

Everyone was too naive. They never expected Zhang Ye to so brazenly leave a hanging serialized story without an ending for Jia Yan to take over. Most people would not do something so wicked!

Tian Bin chuckled as he looked at Zhang Ye from a distance.

Jia Yan, who was busy planning his new segment, was also looking forward to this move of Zhang Ye's causing a drop in his rating. He estimated that he would be somewhere beyond tenth place. There was no need to give an explanation. Well... Forget it; I'll say it. The Education Ministry had only made "Little Bunnies Be Good" compulsory. People may endorse that story, but it did not mean that they would endorse his other stories. Secondly, having a serialized fairy tale itself was a mistake.

Waiting to the left, waiting to the right.

Waiting to the top, waiting to the bottom.

Waiting to the front, waiting...alright, not doing this already.

Someone came in. He was Zhao Guozhou, who had not appeared for two days. He was holding an A4-sized sheet. Clearly, it was the table of yesterday's listenership ratings.

Jia Yan quickly stood up, "Director."

Zhao Guozhou pressed his hand down, "Sit. I'll announce the ratings today."

“Oh, alright.” Jia Yan sat down awkwardly.

Following that, Zhao Guozhou glanced at Zhang Ye. He had not interacted with Zhang Ye in public for a very long time. In fact, he had not even looked at Zhang Ye in front of others for the past few days. However, for some unknown reason today, Zhao Guozhou had looked at him. His eyes were filled with a complex and deep meaning.

Zhang Ye was not sure if it was an illusion. He seemed to see joy and pleasure in Zhao Guozhou’s eyes. Zhao Guozhou was the person who brought him in. He was his [Bole](#). That day he had spoken with Zhao Guozhou privately that he would never forget this for life. But to say that he was not angry would be a lie. It was not the truth. Even though Director Zhao had repressed him due to pressure from the station’s management, Zhang Ye still could not accept it emotionally. However, now that he saw the pleasure in Zhao Guozhou’s eyes, Zhang Ye lost all of his anger. He nodded back at him.

There was a poem that was most appropriate for this.

We remain brothers despite all the vicissitudes and to have an unfaithful wife appearing... Hai, that’s not right. It’s: let’s forgo our grudges by smiling when we meet again!

At this moment, Zhang Ye was even more curious about his listenership rating yesterday. Why would Director Zhao change so much today?

“First place, Wang Xiaomei. ‘Talk About the World’.” Zhao Guozhou spoke, “Listenership 3.66%. It has dropped compared to the past few days. Teacher Xiaomei, you might need to add something interesting to the segment. It can’t be too dry. I heard the program yesterday; it seemed like you were resting on your laurels.”

Wang Xiaomei nodded, “I’ll improve on it today.”

Zhao Guozhou laughed, “Actually this result is already very good. You are a pillar of our channel, so everyone naturally expects more from you.”

“I understand.” Wang Xiaomei remained humble.

“Next, second place.” Zhao Guozhou shook the form in his hands.

At this moment, many people swallowed their saliva. For example, Jia Yan, Zhang Ye and Teacher Feng were extremely nervous.

“Entertainment Daily.” Zhao Guozhou said.

A smile immediately beamed on Wu Datao’s face. He had finally returned to second place. He had redeemed his previous disgrace! Tian Bin and Jia Yan also heaved a sigh of relief happily!

However, before a second of their happiness could pass, Zhao Guozhou's tone had a 180 degree turn. "Entertainment Daily, I want to criticize your segment team. Especially Wu Datao and Song Yan. You are the two hosting it these days, but the results are dropping every day. Your listenership rating was only 2.21%. Look at all the entertainment news articles you have been doing the past few days. What were they? Can it be more interesting? Is there any news that people are concerned about? Even if there is, it's all stuff that are scraps after other people have reported it comprehensively. Nothing in the news program shines. How are the reporters for your segment team gathering news leads? How are you announcers reporting it? There were slip-ups during the live broadcast. Do you still want to carry on in this business?"

Wu Datao immediately turned silent!

Zhao Guozhou said, "With today, your segment has been pushed out of second place for two consecutive days. Today, second place is not yours!"

It's not "Entertainment Daily"?

Then who was it? Whose program?

Everyone's eyes stared widely!

Zhao Guozhou announced, "Second place. Zhang Ye's 'Old and Young Story Club'. Listenership 2.45%!"

“Ah?”

“Aiyah!”

“It’s ‘Old and Young Story Club’ again?”

“It’s higher than yesterday’s rating by 0.05%?”

“Is this going crazy? This segment is going into a craze!”

There were exclamations everywhere. Tian Bin and Jia Yan were both dumbfounded!

Teacher Feng also gave a disbelieving expression. It can’t be! It can’t be! Yesterday, it was due to the Education Ministry’s promotion that caused the explosive increase! How did the listenership rating increase again today? Furthermore, it was a serialized fairy tale that no one thought was likely to succeed! Didn’t all those predecessors and masters of children’s fairy tales prove that fairy tales could not be serialized? Why could Zhang Ye manage it? Why was it possible when he did it?

Why?

No one understood!

Only Zhang Ye clenched his fists. It was like a heavy rock had been removed from his chest. Great! Not only did the listenership

rating not drop, it had actually increased? Zhang Ye was quite surprised, but he knew the reason behind it. The power of “Little Bunnies Be Good” only showed its effect today. The second day’s explosive increase was actually in the early stages. Only a tiny portion of people had surged it. However, yesterday and today was the climax of the promotion from the Education Ministry. The newspapers and television stations had reported on it. So although Zhang Ye’s program was not mentioned, information on the internet easily obtainable and a search would allow everyone to know. Hence, when yesterday’s new story was broadcast, a portion of audience who had just listened in for ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’ would have definitely left. However, at the same time, a surge of parents had appeared, attracted by the fame. This had caused the listenership rating to increase, instead of decreasing!

Of course, the most important reason was because of the story!

Zhang Ye did not make a wrong bet. “The Wizard of Oz”, a story well-liked by all ages, had shown its miraculous effects. It had managed to hold on to many parents!

Zhao Guozhou lowered his hand, “Everyone, quiet down. I will first praise Teacher Little Zhang here. Back then, when he first took over ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’, we all knew that it was the worst segment in our channel. It had always been first from the back. However, the first day Teacher Little Zhang took it over, the segment was pulled up to third place. It had created history among late-night programs. Later on, ‘Old and Young Story Club’ became the channel’s worst segment. There was no improvement shown in its ratings over the years. And this time, with Little Zhang taking it over, the results are open for all to see. Second place. He went from the bottom to second place! Maybe ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will

be taken off-air after today, but I think Teacher Little Zhang's diligent spirit is something worthy of learning! I wish to say something to everyone! Something that Teacher Little Zhang has taught us! He has used real action to prove it to us – there is no program that can't do well forever!”

Clasping the A4 paper, Zhao Guozhou took the lead to clap!

Bba Bba Bba. Teacher Feng was extremely exhilarated. His eyes were a bit wet as he clapped for Zhang Ye with all his strength. His hands turned red from clapping!

What a formidable rookie!

At this moment, many colleagues who had their reservations about Zhang Ye were completely convinced.

However, Jia Yan was in trouble. He was in a predicament. Why did the Leader's attitude change? What did this mean? To even publicly applaud Zhang Ye? To publicly praise Zhang Ye? Although Zhao Guozhou had previously said that “Old and Young Story Club” would end today, one had to take note that Zhao Guozhou's words were prefaced with the word “maybe”. Maybe it would end today; then, could it also mean that it would not end?

The ratings were announced one after another.

As Zhao Guozhou was about to leave, Jia Yan rushed out into the corridor, “Director, then my program on Monday...”

Zhao Guozhou remained kindly to him, “Hehe, Little Jia. Let’s talk about it tomorrow. I’m still busy over preparations for the Mid-Autumn Festival’s Poetry Meet. I need to thoroughly supervise it. If there’s anything you need, look for Old Xu.” With that, Zhao Guozhou left while making a phone call on his cellphone.

Jia Yan stood alone in the corridor, clearly feeling a bit lonely.

Chapter 47: The Parents Are Revolting!

Recording studio #4.

Since there was no part where the audience called in, Zhang Ye did not get his assistant, Xiaofang, to help. He began to record his program for Sunday.

“Chapter 3: How Dorothy Saved the Scarecrow.”

“Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed thoughtfully at the Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, nose, and mouth painted on it to represent a face. An old, pointed blue hat that had belonged to some Munchkin was perched on his head, and the rest of the figure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been stuffed with straw.”

“Chapter 4: The Road Through the Forest.”

“So the Scarecrow led her through the trees until they reached the cottage. Dorothy entered and found a bed of dried leaves in one corner. She lay down at once and, with Toto beside her, soon fell into a sound sleep. The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until morning came.”

After finishing the story for today, Zhang Ye looked at the time. He had reserved two minutes, so he quickly did the ending which did not seem like an ending. There was no other way out. Since the station did not give him any notice and the Leader did not say anything, Zhang Ye could only follow the original instructions to

end his segment. “Children and our friends in the audience, that will be all for today’s segment. ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will also end today. This segment has gone on for many years. Here, I’ll thank everyone on behalf of Teacher Feng for the ongoing support. Although I have only taken over this segment for five episodes, I have extremely deep feelings for ‘Old and Young Story Club’. I have so many things I want to say in my heart that are so complex. Forget it, I won’t say it. Next week, there will be a new segment taking over, called ‘Soaring Youth’. Please support it.”

...

Office area.

Zhang Ye returned.

“You’ve wrapped it up?” Teacher Feng lamented.

Zhang Ye responded, “Wrapped up.”

Teacher Feng patted him on the shoulder, “It’s been tough on you.”

“It’s been tough on you, Teacher Little Zhang.” Big Sis Zhou, who did editing, gave him a thumbs up.

Xiaofang also looked towards him, “Teacher Zhang, you’ve worked hard. Teacher Feng, you’ve worked hard.”

This was customary. Every time a segment ended, everyone would say this. It was a form of farewell and was also to show respect for the long-term efforts of the Teachers.

Wang Xiaomei and others also said the same words to Teacher Feng and Zhang Ye.

Only Jia Yan did not say it. He couldn't care less, as he was busy with his new segment. Although he had recorded the first two episodes for his program, he had not done the opening and ending. He was secretly writing a script. Why did he write a script secretly? Maybe it was because Zhang Ye never used a script. This was no secret in the entire Beijing Radio Station. Zhang Ye's "feat" was often talked about. Zhang Ye was a newcomer and so was Jia Yan; hence, he did not want to lose to Zhang Ye psychologically. He was competitive!

Afternoon.

The last episode of "Old and Young Story Club" was broadcast.

Many office ladies were listening in to Zhang Ye's program. It seemed to have turned into a rule since yesterday. They all had children, but as parents, they would never find a good children's fairy tale that could educate their children excessive.

"The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until morning came." This was the last sentence for today's "The Wizard of Oz".

When everyone heard this, they exclaimed.

“It can’t be? It ended just like that?”

“The story ended? It hasn’t! Isn’t it finished!?”

“Isn’t it a serialized four-chapter story that was to be broadcast over two days? Why did it end up like that? This can’t be an ending. A new character has just appeared. Having saved the Scarecrow, the plot has not even developed!”

“F**k! There’s still more?”

“There must be more stories that come after! It’s not only four chapters long!”

Everyone finally understood it as they nearly fainted!

It was unknown who told Jia Yan. He immediately rushed back to the office when he was eating at the cafeteria. He angrily looked for Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang! What happened?”

Zhang Ye feigned ignorance, “What do you mean, ‘what happened?’”

“What do you think!?” Jia Yan was flustered, “Why hasn’t your program ended?”

Zhang Ye blinked, “It’s already over. I even said the ending and even introduced your program.”

“That’s not the problem. I’m saying why are there more parts to the serialized story at the back!” Jia Yan was really furious.

Zhang Ye said, “I can’t care about that. My story is that long. To speak the truth, not even today, it won’t even be finished next week. There’s a total of 20 more chapters in the series. How can I finish it today? Little Jia, I also want to tell a story that could be finished in two days, but unfortunately, I do not have one. I only came up with ‘The Wizard of Oz’ recently. There’s no other way around it. After all, I independently created it. Short fairy tale stories aren’t so easily created. Creating a work is not easy.”

Not easy?

When you composed poems, when has it ever not been done in an impromptu fashion?

When you told ghost stories, when was it not done on the spot?

Original works may be very difficult for others, but it was definitely nothing for you!

Everyone knew Zhang Ye was doing it on purpose. He was wicked! It was too wicked! To leave such a good fairy tale story on a cliffhanger, how was Jia Yan to take over the slot!? Even if he

could take it over, wouldn't he be cursed to death by the loyal listeners of "Old and Young Story Club"? Listeners were originally already unhappy about the ending of the Story Club, with many people saying they would complain or smash windows. Well, maybe they were just speaking nonsense. If Zhang Ye had really finished his story for Story Club, then the end was the end. There was nothing much to it, as time could solve everything. However, now, Zhang Ye had not finished his story. It was a neutered state; wouldn't this be like blue balls? Wouldn't this incite the emotions of the listeners? There was nothing more wicked than this!

Zhang Ye's simple response had pushed it back at Jia Yan.

Jia Yan turned and left, "I'm not speaking to you, I'll go to the Leader!"

The moment he left, Teacher Feng felt both angry and happy, as he pointed towards Zhang Ye and whispered, "You kid, you sure are something." He laughed at the end.

Zhang Ye did not care about this. Were you going to bite me if I wanted to tell the story in such a manner?

After some time, Jia Yan returned. He had clearly not found the Leader, as he went back to his seat with a sulking face.

The situation had turned more complex. With the Leader not around and him remaining neutral, this matter was completely in a state of limbo. Furthermore, there were listeners of "Old and Young Story Club" already leaving curses on the Radio Station's

official website. The broadcast of today's episode had caused quite a commotion!

“Holy shit! This is too damaging!”

“It's been neutered? It became neutered just like that?”

“Do not end it! This will take the lives of people!”

“My child has just heard four chapters! If I do not continue telling him the story tomorrow, the child will be rolling on the ground screaming! Teacher Zhang Ye, quickly carry on! Do not stop the broadcast!”

“What is the radio station doing!?”

“Teacher Zhang is so bad! He left an unfinished story for us?”

“What ‘Soaring Youth’? We don't want to listen to it! Return to us our ‘Old and Young Story Club’!”

“Right, return to us our ‘Old and Young Story Club’! We only want to listen to this!”

“Let that ‘Soaring Youth’ die! Soaring, your sister! With ‘The Wizard of Oz’ not finished and stuck in the middle! What fart is it soaring!?”

“Soar, just jump off the building and you can fly!”

“Right, I really feel like jumping off a building! I’m not telling it to my children, as I’m not married yet. It’s because I really love the story!”

There were even children who left messages. Now, children got into contact with advanced technology at a younger age. Thinking back, Zhang Ye only had a computer in high school. Now, children would already have access to that during elementary school. “Uncle Zhang Ye, don’t leave. Please do not end it. I want to hear the later parts of ‘The Wizard of Oz’. This fairy tale is too good. Our school has even left homework for us to listen to your story!”

The response of the crowd was very “loud”.

Not to mention others, even a few older ladies in the office could not accept it. Three ladies discussed before surrounding Zhang Ye’s desk, “Little Zhang, you are too immoral. It’s fine if your program is ending, but you must at least write out the later parts of the story for us. There’s still another 20 more chapters, right? Quickly write. We are waiting!”

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, “I’ll try my best, sisters.”

Big Sis Zhou said, “You can’t try your best. You must write it well, or it’s too aggravating!”

Suddenly, some parent had left a message on the radio station’s

website's comment section. It was titled, "Do not let the story end. Everyone come in and support." The content was, "Comrades, parents. Everyone probably knows that the Story Club is ending. The power of the masses is the greatest. Let us show our voice and let the radio station see it. Let 'Old and Young Story Club'" carry on with its broadcasting!"

There was a sea of responses beneath it!

"Support!"

"Support+1000!"

"Boycott 'Soaring Youth'!"

"Return the blue skies to the children!"

"Nowadays, there are already so few children's fairy tales. The only remaining children's program on the radio are the Beijing Radio Station's 'Old and Young Story Club'. We must not let the program end. The children still need this segment! The children need Teacher Zhang Ye's story! Prop it up!"

There were a countless number of messages. There were also many supporters.

It was just 2 P.M., which meant that in an hour, there were more than 1,500 messages left on the boards!

Radio, which was part of the old media, had already been largely replaced by new media. It had lost its glory days and did not have much of an audience. However, the controversy caused by this matter could make anyone, who looked at the radio station's website, mistakenly believe that they had returned to the 80's or 90's, when the radio was still having its absolute reign. The Big Brother status seemed to return. And the technology and equipment were not prepared for this. The large crowd that flocked to the Beijing Radio Station's website to show their support or curse had caused the website's server to nearly crash!

This was a big deal!

Zhang Ye and many colleagues never expected this. They all jumped from fright!

Chapter 48: The Program Won't Be Axed!

Monday.

Today was an important day. Zhang Ye woke up at 5 A.M. and could not return back to sleep. After tossing and turning, he reached the unit early. The office was still empty. There was not a single person. Editor Zhang who opened the doors had not arrived, so Zhang Ye had to go downstairs to the lobby to get the key to the Literature Channel, before he managed to enter the room.

He watched the news.

He checked his name.

He searched for comments for his program.

These were the three things Zhang Ye did every morning. A glance at the morning news was sufficient. The comments were mostly similar to those of yesterday. Either they were cursing that Zhang Ye was without morals by neutering the story, or they shouted to not have “Old and Young Story Club” end. Zhang Ye was mainly searching for his name and he was surprised to find out that in a day's time, the number of searches for his name had reached a total of 16,000 times on the country's biggest search engine website. Although it could not be compared to those A-list celebrities who had hundreds of thousands to millions of searches, it was still a sharp rise. Note that this was not the search numbers of Zhang Ye's segments. It was also not for his fairy tales or novels, but the two words “Zhang Ye”.

“Ghost Blows Out the Light” having 10,000+ was no surprise, as there was nearly ten thousand searches every day!

The search numbers for “Little Bunnies Be Good” exceeding 10,000 was also no surprise. In fact, it had exceeded 110,000 the day before!

They were all searches, but the value of Zhang Ye’s name being searched was completely different. This meant that many listeners who had tuned into the programs had noticed the voice behind the radio, Zhang Ye. This was a mark of his growth in popularity. Zhang Ye’s ambition was to become this world’s greatest and most famous celebrity in the world. He knew how things worked in the industry. Following a particular work was just the beginning stages. It was just popularity on the surface and wasn’t as reliable. This was because once a piece of work “expired”, people will forget with time. Then this popularity on the surface would also dissipate, and not much popularity would be left. However, if people paid attention to a person, it was different. This had a much deeper meaning in terms of popularity than paying attention to a piece of work.

Once his popularity rose, even if it was negative, that was also considered fame. Zhang Ye could feel his dreams taking its initial steps, but it did not stop one bit. He was developing towards his goal with every second.

However, even though it was a good thing, he still could not feel happy.

This was because the fate of “Old and Young Story Club” was still unknown. If the program was axed, then he would not have a platform for him to disseminate his works. As such, he would not be able to carry on increasing his popularity using high-quality works. The little amount of popularity he had would not be able to be maintained for long before turning to naught in the end.

“Eh, Little Zhang, you’ve come?”

“Teacher Zhang, why are you so early today?”

At around 8 A.M., colleagues began reaching the unit.

Teacher Feng had also arrived early. After seeing Zhang Ye, their gazes crossed and after a greeting, no one said anything more. The both of them were aware. Teacher Feng was also waiting for a result. He wanted to see if Zhang Ye was able to create another historical miracle!

Quite a number of people were also discussing about this.

“Do you think the station will cancel the axing of ‘Old and Young Story Club’?”

“I’m pretty sure that won’t happen. Little Jia is, after all, a relative of Deputy Station Head Jia. Have you forgotten?”

“But now Teacher Little Zhang has made his program perform so well with listenership ratings in second place. If the station did not

revoke the notification from before, how much pressure would they need to withstand?”

“That’s right. The listeners paralyzed our station’s official website with all the cursing!”

“That doesn’t mean that it won’t be axed. There has never been such a precedent.”

“Precedent? A late-night program had never reached the top three in the ratings. A children’s fairy tales segment has never reached second place in the ratings. Precedents are meant to be broken!”

“How would we know what the Leader is thinking? Let’s just wait and see.”

At this moment, Tian Bin had arrived. Jia Yan had also arrived. So no one carried on discussing this topic.

The office turned silent, as if everyone was watching Zhang Ye and Jia Yan. Everyone knew that this day belonged to them. It was the day of their battle!

At 9 A.M., Zhao Guozhou arrived punctuality. It was clear that he had just arrived at the unit. His hand was still holding a bag. He did not return to his own office first and instead came to announce yesterday’s listenership ratings, “Almost everyone is here, right? Alright, then stop for a while. I’ll announce the listenership

ratings.”

Everyone was very serious. Many people were curious about the listenership rating for yesterday’s “Old and Young Story Club”. Although Zhang Ye had succeeded in taking the risk of a serialization on his first day, it was not necessarily the case on the second day. Maybe the listeners did not realize that the story was a series, so they finished listening to it without a second thought. Maybe they would lose their patience on the second day when they realized that it was a serialization? These were all possible. So the rating was clearly crucial for the battle between Zhang Ye and Jia Yan today.

“First place. ‘Talk About the World’ listenership 3.81%.” Zhao Guozhou gave a very pleased look at Wang Xiaomei, “Teacher Xiaomei, well done. After telling you off that day, there was a significant improvement in the program yesterday. There were many new things. Hehe, I really liked that part about eating watermelons. Was that something you did on the spot?”

Wang Xiaomei smiled, “Yes.”

“Well said. Carry on maintaining it. I think breaking four percent on your listenership rating will not be too far off.” After Zhao Guozhou gave his praises, he looked down at the table, “Second place...”

It was unknown if it was intentional as he paused for a long time.

As everyone was looking, hoping to see through the form, Zhao

Guozhou said, “Second place. ‘Old and Young Story Club’ listenership...” Again he stretched it out. “2.78%!”

Wow!

Everyone went into an uproar!

2.78%? What the f***!

You must be going mad! Is there anyone that can stop it?

One had to know that “Old and Young Story Club” only had zero point something listenership ratings a few days before. Even yesterday’s and the day before’s ratings were around 2.4%. Today, it had increased by slightly more than 0.3%? Didn’t this development mean that it was trending to break three? Holy ****! This was too amazing!

Many people drew in a mouthful of air!

According to the situation’s development, it would be very hard for “Entertainment Daily” to catch up with “Old and Young Story Club”. It would be a dream for the previous set-in-stone second place to regain the second spot. Uh, it could not be said that way either. This was because the Story Club was going to go off-air today. Without the program, there would not be a listenership rating. Thus, “Entertainment Daily” would regain its second spot without a fight...

Teacher Feng was the happiest. He grabbed Zhang Ye's arm and clutched him tightly.

Zhang Ye was already mentally prepared for today's listenership rating. The day before yesterday was "The Wizard of Oz"'s first day of serialization. He had carefully selected a fairy tale that would appeal to all ages, so as to retain many of the listeners who had come for "Little Bunnies Be Good". The facts had proven that Zhang Ye had managed to do it. Not only had he done it, he had excelled, nearly achieving perfection. Yesterday was the second day of the serialization. Zhang Ye's goal was not as simple as retaining the audience. Under the premise of creating a new audience base, his goal was to create a habit for people to listen in. By letting them wait for 'Old and Young Story Club' every day for the serialization, there was no way of catching up if one episode was missed. This was also a forceful method of making people accept the serialization of a fairy tale. Now, looking at the listenership ratings, Zhang Ye knew he had managed to do it!

As long as "Old and Young Story Club" was not axed, Zhang Ye had every reason to believe that the listenership ratings of "The Wizard of Oz" would keep increasing!

This was the benefit of a serialization!

This was the advantage of a serialization!

Zhao Guozhou did not praise Zhang Ye like yesterday. He said it in passing before announcing the rest of the listenership ratings. This ambiguous attitude made everyone even more baffled.

After he finished announcing, Zhao Guozhou did what he did yesterday. He left after turning around.

Jia Yan was also dazed. He was still thinking that Zhao Guozhou would say something. However, in the end, there was nothing. Like yesterday, he ran out to chase after him.

“Director!”

“Little Jia?”

“I want to talk to you. Do you have some time?”

“Sure. Follow me to my office.”

Once they left, Big Sis Zhou worried for Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, you should go, too!”

“That’s right, that’s right!” Another person, Aunt Wang, chimed in, “You should quickly try to grasp an opportunity. Say something nice. Who knows if the Leader might change his mind!”

Previously, Zhang Ye was not popular with his colleagues. Firstly, he had offended the Leader. Secondly, he was new, so he hadn’t had much interaction with others. He did not know many people, which resulted in his poor social popularity. Now, through his fairy tale stories, Zhang Ye had at least managed to gain the

liking of the five to six women in the office.

Furthermore, with Jia Yan being young and so aggressive that he did not show any respect for Teacher Feng on his first day, there were many older people who did not like him. As such, they slowly leaned towards Zhang Ye. They did not care that Zhang Ye cursed as he had back when he and Tian Bin cursed at each other on the internet. Tian Bin was a person who usually spoke badly of people behind their backs and since he was the person who first instigated the dispute and Zhang Ye was just reacting to it, it was understandable due to the extenuating circumstances.

Furthermore, no matter how much a jerk Zhang Ye was, he had never been disrespectful to the older people in the station. When had he never been polite when he met them? Just from this point, Zhang Ye was already in a much better position than Jia Yan in the hearts of the older people!

“There’s no need.” Zhang Ye did not go.

“You care about your face too much. Will lowering your head kill you?” Aunt Wang felt exasperated.

Zhang Ye was very clear of the situation, “I have done my things well. I have already put in my greatest efforts into it. The Leader’s decision was likely already decided some time ago. I also won’t be able to change it.”

Although he said so, the process was quite a torment.

Two hours passed since Jia Yan left, but still, he was not seen.

Zhang Ye repeatedly looked at his watch. He also went to the Leader's office, but there was no one there. He returned to the office and asked an old editor, "Editor Xu, the afternoon's program is about to begin soon. The Leader isn't around either. What's going on? What about today's program?"

Editor Xu was also unsure what to do. He could not reach Director Zhao on the phone!

Finally as it was approaching noon, Zhang Ye asked, "What's going to happen?"

Editor Xu slapped his forehead, "Little Zhang, why don't you record it first?"

"It can't be recorded anymore. It can only be broadcast live since it's this late." Zhang Ye pointed to his watch.

Editor Xu bit his tongue, "Then let's do a live broadcast. You take the reins. We'll speak after the live broadcast is over!"

Zhang Ye agreed and immediately called for his assistant, "Xiaofang, quickly reserve a live broadcast studio. The faster, the better." He picked up a bottle of mineral water to moisten his throat before setting off.

...

12 o'clock.

Zhang Ye pushed the volume button, "Hello listeners. Due to some special reasons and circumstances, today's program will still be 'Old and Young Story Club'. Let me tell everyone the fifth chapter of "The Wizard of Oz", The Rescue of the Tin Woodman."

...

Zhang Ye managed to finally finish his program's live broadcast. He returned to the office from the live broadcasting studio at 1 P.M. Only then did he see Jia Yan, who was silent.

When Jia Yan saw Zhang Ye, he had raised his head, but then quickly bowed his head to carry on typing on the computer. He no longer had the aggressive air that he had on his first day.

Zhang Ye roughly understood what had happened. He walked towards Teacher Feng, "Our program won't be axed?"

Teacher Feng whispered, "No talk about not axing, but Director Zhao did not say a word despite knowing you were broadcasting live. His intention is to let us carry on broadcasting. The station has not mentioned anything about axing the program anymore."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief, as if a burden had been lifted, "Teacher Feng, I finally did not disappoint you. I managed to keep the program!"

Teacher Feng squeezed his shoulder, “I won’t be coming to the unit tomorrow. You have given me a big gift before I leave! Thank you!”

“To think you have to say that. It’s what should have happened. I also do not wish for the program to end.” Zhang Ye said.

Tian Bin was secretly burning with anger. How could it be!? The Leader really tolerated him?

Wu Datao could not accept it. The station really did not axe the program? They really were letting Zhang Ye do what was deemed an impossible task?

Everyone saw this and felt mixed emotions. The past few days were too dramatic.

Thinking back to the day when Zhang Ye declared his bold words, saying that “Old and Young Story Club” would not be axed, none of them had believed him. No one treated him seriously. But by giving Zhang Ye five days, just five days of programming was enough for Zhang Ye to complete a startling reversal. He had managed to change a segment that was dead last to a legendary myth in terms of ratings. The results were so stunning that the station’s management could not say anything!

A young person’s abilities must be respected!

A new generation was replacing the old!

This made people begin to realize that maybe one needed to bow one's head or compromise at work, but in front of absolute ability and results, many intrinsic beliefs appeared laughable. Jia Yan was an example. So what if he was the Station's Leader's relative? A segment that was decided on could still fail to go on air! It similarly could not replace Zhang Ye's segment. Jia Yan had to queue up obediently in the station! Why? This was because Zhang Ye had handed in a result that no one else could hand in! "Old and Young Story Club" had received second place in the Literature Channel! Its rating was at the tenth place in the entire Beijing Radio Station! Coupled with "Late-night Ghost Stories" being fourth in the Literature Channel and 19th in the entire station! There was no one who could move Zhang Ye's position in the radio station!

This time, Zhang Ye had really rooted himself. He had laid a deep foundation through his hard work and determination!

Chapter 49

As he had applied for leave, he was taking a day off today.

He had recorded one additional episode yesterday, so with the crisis alleviated, Zhang Ye remained at home to sleep.

He remained lazing in bed, even when it was already 10 o'clock. He began watching television in bed, switching to one channel after another. Suddenly, Zhang Ye's hand stopped, as he quickly adjusted the television's volume. It seemed to be scenes recorded from last night. It was a press conference of a new movie release. The name was familiar; it was called "White Maiden 2". He remembered the day that the game ring had changed his world; one of the first things he had seen on the television's news were the words "White Maiden". It was produced by one of the more famous directors, Wu Bang, in this world. Its box office sales were very high and now its sequel was being released.

Why was Zhang Ye so concerned about it?

There was only one reason. The movie's female lead was too beautiful!

When Zhang Ye's eyes swept across the television, his eyes had remained fixated on her. This world also had many superstar Heavenly Queens. This person was probably the prettiest celebrity Zhang Ye had seen in this world. Right, maybe it should be said that she was most fitting to what he considered the aesthetic of a beautiful celebrity.

Wang Xiaomei?

Tian Bin's wife?

None of them could compare with her beauty!

The only person who could compare was probably Rao Aimin. If the landlady had worn something more fashionable, then the two might be comparable.

On the screen, the press conference had ended. Zhang Yuanqi [\[1\]](#) was surrounded by reporters. Even the famous director, Wu Bang, did not stir up such a fuss.

“Sis Zhang, what are your expectations of the box office sales?”

“Teacher Zhang, I heard that you were injured during the filming process?”

“Can you tell us the plot of the new movie? Has there been any changes with the prequel?”

“Sis Zhang, your new song has had unsatisfactory results once again. Are you planning not to develop in the music industry from now on? To focus on your movie career?”

The journalists began rattling off their questions like a machine gun.

The onscreen Zhang Yuanqi smiled very amiably. She did not seem to have any airs, “Ask one by one; I will definitely answer them. Well, I definitely hope so! The higher the box office sales, the better, but I will need everyone’s support. I can’t reveal the plot, or else it’s pointless for everyone to watch. Hurhur. As for my injury, sorry for worrying everyone. Thank you very much. It’s already alright. It was just a superficial wound. A bandage healed it the second day after being wounded. It was just exaggerated when the news spread out. It’s not considered an injury.”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Do you have any plans for a new film this year?”

“I’ve heard that you will be one of the judges for the upcoming Golden and Silver Microphone Broadcaster Choice Awards?”

Zhang Yuanqi said in a pleasant manner, “There might be a new film being recorded at the end of the year. As for being a judge... You sure keep abreast with the news. I’ve indeed been invited. My manager is still checking my schedule; if there is no event that cannot be postponed, I will definitely be there.”

The journalists carried on their siege, as they tailed her from behind.

Zhang Ye was not sure of Zhang Yuanqi's age. She looked like she was about thirty years old. She was this world's Heavenly Queen and was also an S-list superstar. She had won the country's most authoritative Best Female Lead and Best Supporting Actress awards more than once. A few of her previous songs had even received the Golden Melody Award. She was a celebrity that was involved in several lines of work. If one compared fame and popularity, Zhang Yuanqi was probably ranked in the top five in the country. She would be described as a Heavenly Queen figure amongst Heavenly Queens. Although she was not considered very old, she had a lot of experience. She had debuted very early. In the entertainment industry, Zhang Yuanqi was considered a Big Sister. According to hierarchy, many newcomers would have to address her as Master Aunt. Zhang Yuanqi was pretty and famous. What was most critical was that she was easygoing and elegant. Hence, her position in the entertainment circle was extremely high. She was also very well-liked.

Look at her looks!

Look at her achievements!

Look at her temperament!

Zhang Ye knew that he could not envy her. He did not have her looks, so he could only rely on his hard work. And his hard work was based on what? The game ring was the greatest reliance he had!

Noon.

Zhang Ye ate instant noodles again. He opened the game ring on his finger to check his overall Reputation. There was a total of 230,000 points. Firstly, some of these were accumulated from some time ago. Secondly, some of the Reputation points were earned from the past two days of “Late-night Ghost Stories” and “Old and Young Story Club”. Although “Old and Young Story Club” was not that much higher than “Late-night Ghost Stories” in terms of listenership ratings, the former still brought more than double the Reputation points to Zhang Ye than the latter. After all, a late-night program was now a mainstream program, while “Old and Young Story Club” had already become Zhang Ye’s center of attention.

He could draw at the Lottery again.

Zhang Ye was only prepared to draw at it once. He needed to leave some Reputation points in reserve, so as to allow him to buy a “Memory Search Capsule” in the event of an unexpected turn of events. After taking this into consideration, Zhang Ye opened the Lottery interface!

He spent 100,000 Reputation points!

The Lottery began! The needle spun!

This time, Zhang Ye was still looking forward to drawing something from the Stats Category or the Skills Category. His luck was too terrible; he had not drawn from either of them, not even once. Of course, it would be even better if he got something from

the Special Category.

Skills Category...

Stats Category...

Consumption Category...

The needle slipped past one category after another!

One time around! Five times around! Ten times around!

Zhang Ye began chanting, “Skills! Skills!” Suddenly, he shouted again, “Aiyah, why did it go past! It missed by just a bit!”

Bada!

He had hit the Consumption Category once again!

Zhang Ye let it be. Since it was a Consumption Category, then so be it. After all, this category took up half the area of the Lottery. Besides, the previous Consumption Category items had helped him a lot. The Consumption Category’s Treasure Chest (Small) automatically entered his inventory. Zhang Ye took it out and placed it on the desk. Then he opened the lid! The chest opened! The familiar gold beams flashed! A pink-colored sachet appeared in the Treasure Chest!

[Cupid Sachet] : Effective once it is worn. Increases the player's luck with the opposite s*x for five minutes!

Luck with the opposite sex?

There was an item that actually increased luck with the opposite sex?

Zhang Ye was quite happy. Unfortunately, it was a one-time expendable item. If he could obtain the rights through the Special Category to buy it in the Merchant Shop, then it would be excellent. He could buy an unlimited number of these. Then with it, would he need to worry about having a wife? Wouldn't buying it and having an uninterrupted 24-hour period of using the Cupid Sachet be so good? Hai, but that was just a thought. Furthermore, he still did not know how the item worked. Zhang Ye understood what the word Cupid meant, but he did not know its actual effects.

He hung the sachet around his neck!

Ping. Item has been used. Countdown Begins!

Seeing the virtual game interface's effective time countdown, Zhang Ye sat in his seat waiting. However, nothing had happened!

Where was his luck with females?

Why was there no reaction?

Only when there were two minutes left remaining did Zhang Ye realize what was going on. Oh no, he was too naive! It was similar to the Unlucky Halo. If no one had offended him to trigger the Unlucky Halo's effects after it was activated, then the Unlucky Halo would not do a thing. Similarly, the Cupid Sachet probably was the same. Now that he was alone at home with not even a female around, how was he to have good luck with females? He had to at least first meet a female. Would waiting at home have a girl send herself to his doorstep?

Ke La!

There were the sounds of keys coming from outside!

Dong. Ka. It seemed like someone was stabbing keys into Zhang Ye's door. But no matter what, the person could not open the door. The person outside seemed angry, as that person began kicking on the door!

"Who is it!" Zhang Ye went over with a darkened expression.

The person outside did not speak, as the person carried on inserting the key.

Zhang Ye opened the door, "Stop screwing around! Who is it?"

The moment the door opened, the smell of alcohol came surging over. It nearly caused Zhang Ye to topple backwards. It was too

strong. Looking up, it was a woman. She was wearing a pair of wide aviator sunglasses. She looked somewhat familiar, but he could not recall where he had seen her. Zhang Ye only knew that this drunken woman was someone he did not know. The woman clearly had drunk too much. She was still stabbing the empty air with her keys, despite Zhang Ye having opened the door. She was not standing firmly, while wearing her nude-colored heels!

Eh?

Could this be the good luck with females?

Ha! The Cupid Sachet had really sent a woman to his doorstep?

“Have you gotten the wrong door?” However, Zhang Ye did not dare to accept this good fortune in love. She was drunk and he was still not clear what was going on.

The woman dizzily stared at him, “Who are you? What.. are you doing in my house?”

Zhang Ye was at a loss as to whether to laugh or cry, “Big Sis, this is my house. Where do you live? I’ll send you home.” However, the moment he saw the key in the woman’s hand, Zhang Ye turned speechless. The keys looked very complicated and it was easy to tell at a glance that it was for a high-grade door lock. There was even an access card, so clearly she did not live in his district.

The woman squeezed into the room without standing on

ceremony. She also did not listen to Zhang Ye's words, "You.. are my mom's.. cleaner, right? Got.. it!"

You are the cleaner!

Your whole damned family are cleaners! [\[2\]](#)

She nearly stumbled as she missed her footing.

Zhang Ye quickly rushed to hold her, "Look carefully; this is really my house! Who are you?"

The woman sneered, "I.. You don't.. know?" As she spoke, she took off her sunglasses. She didn't manage to do so on her first attempt. It took her a second attempt before succeeding.

However, with the sunglasses removed, Zhang Ye was so shocked that his jaw nearly dropped off. Only then did he realize why he found the girl very familiar, even though she was someone that he did not know. Behind the sunglasses was a flawless face. That earth-shattering beauty immediately made Zhang Ye recall!

Zhang Yuanqi!

Wasn't this the Zhang Yuanqi that he had been watching all morning on television!?

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded about how she had managed to

make the mistake of coming to his house. Only then did he realize that this was definitely the magical effect of the Cupid Sachet. Or else, how could this be a coincidence? The top S-list big shot in the country had managed to reach his home in a drunken stupor? Even novels weren't that ridiculous! However, with the sachet's effect, it had managed to happen! Zhang Ye did not know what to feel!

Are all the items in the game ring so powerful?

[\[1\]](#) Zhang Yuanqi's surname, Zhang is different from Zhang Ye's Zhang.

[\[2\]](#) This is a popular Chinese slang in the form "You're the one XXX! Your whole damned family XXX!". It came from "My Own Swordsman" character, Mo Xiaobei. The original text goes along the lines of someone saying to Mo Xiaobei, "Mo Xiaobei, you are a child who matured early!", before Mo Xiaobei replies "You're the one who is maturing early! Your whole damned family is maturing early!"

Chapter 50: The Heavenly Queen's Personality Can't Be That Bad!

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye's house was in a mess.

"Give me.. water."

"Getting me to get water for you?"

"...Thirsty!"

"Alright, wait...Hai! Don't vomit on the floor!"

Zhang Ye was in a panic and felt grossed out. He quickly dragged Zhang Yuanqi, who had just vomited, to the bathroom. Opening the toilet lid, the reeling Zhang Yuanqi vomited inside.

As she vomited, Zhang Yuanqi's body slumped to the ground. Even her clothes had some vomit!

Zhang Ye said loudly, "Big Sis? Big Sis?"

Zhang Yuanqi did not make a sound. She had fallen soundly asleep.

Noticing the situation, Zhang Ye had no other way but to endure the grossness as he bent down and lifted up the dirty Zhang Yuanqi into the room.

At this moment, the Cupid Sachet's effective time was up!

Zhang Ye felt like crying. That was the five minutes he got with good luck with the females?

He did not have the opportunity to complain. The smell in the room was terrible. Zhang Ye opened the windows to ventilate the room, as he pinched his nose and entered the bathroom to get a mop to wipe the floor. Then he cleaned the vomit in the bathroom.

What should he do?

Zhang Ye smacked himself in the forehead. He went to the landlady's house, but no matter how long he knocked on the door, no one came out. Rao Aimin had not seemed to be at home for the past few days. Finding a female neighbor? That wouldn't do. The rooms here were all rented. The people that lived here were a bit unruly; and what sort of status and fame did Zhang Yuanqi have? If this was made known, her popularity would definitely take a hit. The Heavenly Queen always appeared so graceful on television, so this was not to be made known to others!

Returning home.

Zhang Ye poured a glass of warm water and brought it to her,

“Sis, drink some. Didn’t you say you were thirsty? Here, open your mouth.”

It was unknown if Zhang Yuanqi heard it as she moved her mouth.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to pour the water in. There was some water that spilled onto the bed. Hai.

After suffering till 4 P.M., Zhang Ye managed to tidy up the room. Finally, the gross smell was gone. He was tired enough, as he fell asleep on the chair.

One hour...

Three hours...

When Zhang Ye opened his eyes, the sky was already dark. Looking at his watch, it was already 10 P.M.!

Ring, Ring, Ring. The Heavenly Queen’s cellphone kept ringing. So it was her phone that had woken him up.

Then Zhang Yuanqi’s body also moved. She let out a very long tone as she rubbed her eyes. Suddenly she sat up, “Oh?”

Zhang Ye immediately stood up while rubbing his eyes, “You have finally woken up!”

Zhang Yuanqi's beautiful eyes looked coldly at the room's environment, before staring right into Zhang Ye's eyes. Her tone was blunt, "Who are you?"

Zhang Ye said, "My name is Zhang Ye, I'm..."

Zhang Yuanqi abruptly interrupted, "Why am I here?" Checking her clothes, she looked up, "I'm giving you a minute to explain!"

Your sister!

To think you are angry?

Zhang Ye said, "Big Sis, shouldn't I be asking you this? I was in my room, minding my own business, but there you were using your key to stab my door. After you entered, you threw up on my floor. It took me two hours to clean up the mess!"

Zhang Yuanqi frowned, "What did I say in the afternoon to you?"

"It was all nonsense. Then you fell asleep." Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Yuanqi asked again, "Do you recognize me?"

"Zhang Yuanqi, right? I've seen you on television." Zhang Ye said honestly.

After about ten minutes, Zhang Ye managed to explain the situation to her. She had gone to the wrong house in her drunken stupor.

“What happened in the afternoon should only be known by you. Don’t tell anyone, alright?” Zhang Yuanqi said without explaining herself.

Zhang Ye nodded, “Sure. I’m not a gossipy person. Then, now you should...”

Zhang Yuanqi lowered her head and sniffed her clothes. Her eyebrows knitted and her expression turned sullen, “Give me some female clothes; I’ll leave once I change.”

Zhang Ye said helplessly, “Why would there be female clothes in my house?”

Zhang Yuanqi said impolitely, “You can buy it outside.”

“It’s almost 11 P.M. Which mall is still open?” Zhang Ye rummaged through a closet and threw her a pair of pajamas. “This should get you through.”

Zhang Yuanqi’s eyebrows ticked.

“I’m going to the bathroom. You change here.” Zhang Ye went

into the bathroom and hid himself there. After a few minutes, he asked, “Are you done changing?”

“Yes!” A lukewarm response sounded.

Zhang Ye came out and saw the clothes that she had taken off had been placed on the bed. “Shall I wash it for you?”

Zhang Yuanqi said yes with a deadpan expression, “Leave it in the dryer for a while to dry it faster.”

Zhang Ye was thinking how much she did not stand on ceremony. “I don’t have a dryer, but I can try using a hairdryer.” After he went through the motions of blowing on it with the hairdryer, he hung up her clothes.

Coming out, her majesty Zhang Yuanqi was sitting on a small sofa, with her legs crossed in an elegant fashion. “Little Zhang, right? Get me something to eat. I’m a bit hungry.”

Zhang Ye, “...”

“Alright?” Zhang Yuanqi exhorted.

Hai, forget it. She was, after all, a superstar!

Zhang Ye took out the last egg in his house, “I’ll make a poached egg for you.” This was a studio, so the kitchen was also in the

house. Zhang Ye expertly turned on the fire, poured oil and sprinkled green onions. After the oil heated up, he cracked the egg into it. Knowing that the Heavenly Queen was waiting for her meal, Zhang Ye did not resist. He did it proudly. He was a man, after all. To be able to show off in front of a woman tends to give them a sense of accomplishment.

The egg was done!

Zhang Ye presented the plate, "It's done!"

Zhang Yuanqi looked at the plate, "Are you sure that you can cook?"

"Of course. You sure are funny. If I don't know how to cook, who can?" Zhang Ye said mockingly.

Zhang Yuanqi asked, "Then tell me why the color of the egg on the plate is this color? Also, why am I smelling a burnt smell?"

Zhang Ye waved his finger with confidence and dragged the plate towards her. "That's because you don't understand. One glance and I know you can't cook. This is a new method of cooking. I did it on purpose. This is to fully express the flavor of the egg and to extract the fragrance of the egg to its fullest extent. The fire needs to be big, hence resulting in this color. Hai, you won't understand. Such a superstar like you must have never eaten authentic street-side chicken eggs!"

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him silently.

Zhang Ye coughed and finally threw the egg into the rubbish bin dejectedly, “Alright, I messed up!” How could this rascal know how to cook!?

Zhang Yuanqi continued sending short messages with a deadpan expression.

“My house only has instant noodles. I’m also hungry. Do you want to eat it with me?” Zhang Ye asked for her opinion.

“...Do I have any other choices?” Zhang Yuanqi said in a lukewarm manner.

Hei, you sure are a big shot, to be picky with your meals! Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. He began boiling water to make the instant noodles. Each person had a bowl of noodles.

“I’m not going to care about you. I’ll eat first.” Zhang Ye was extremely hungry.

Zhang Yuanqi put down her cellphone and looked very unhappily at the bowl of instant noodles. Finally, she picked it up and frowned as she ate it.

Zhang Ye was having a good time eating, “It’s delicious, right?”

Zhang Yuanqi, "...Have never eaten anything else?"

"It's not delicious? Uh, then you'll have to make do. Other than instant noodles, my house has nothing else." Zhang Ye said.

"When will my clothes dry?"

"The weather isn't very hot now. It will probably take four to five hours?"

"Then I still need to live in your house tonight?"

"You can wear my pajamas and leave."

"Were you joking with me? I don't find it funny at all!"

Zhang Ye also did not find it funny. What good luck with females? He had seen through it. There was all sorts of bad luck befalling him today. What good luck with females? Clearly an Empress Dowager had arrived! Thinking of the Zhang Yuanqi on television, she was so elegant and gentle. She was kind and warm to others. She remained patient and answered all the journalists who surrounded her. She was unusually friendly with her fans!

But now, what had happened?

Can someone tell me what had happened?

Who is this person? Why has her personality changed by 180 degrees!?

Zhang Ye's impression of the female goddess, Zhang Yuanqi, in his mind was shattered. My Heavenly Queen's personality can't be that bad! Something was definitely wrong!

Chapter 51: Comrade Little Zhang Has Been Cursed At Again!

The night sky was vast.

It was 11 P.M. at night.

After the meal, Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi held her chest with one hand as she leaned against the headboard to send email on her phone. Maybe she was working, as her face looked serious and sullen. She did not have any intention of speaking to Zhang Ye.

She would kill the donkey the moment it left the millstone!

You've forgotten about this bro after you are full?

Zhang Ye also knew that a distinguished person like her was busy, so he did not disturb her. He also wasn't emboldened enough to disturb her. Zhang Yuanqi was standing at the pinnacle of their country's entertainment industry, while Zhang Ye himself was just a small figure, who was a fledgling. He was not even considered a celebrity. He would, at most, be considered a public figure. The gap between them was heaven and earth. Zhang Ye knew this himself, so he was very respectful towards a senior.

Switching on the computer, he began doing his own thing. He first checked his Weibo and was suddenly dumbfounded. Why were there so many forwards for one of his Weibo messages? Upon

checking, he realized what had happened. The “Flying Bird and Fish” message that originally only had about 2,000-3,000 forwards back then? It wasn’t that much. But now, this poem’s forwards on Weibo had suddenly become more than 8,000. It had tripled! After being surprised for a while, Zhang Ye treated it as nothing. Back in his world, “Flying Bird and Fish” itself had more than a hundred million clicks on the internet. How many people did not see it? Hence, this tiny explosive increase was reasonable. A good poem could never be buried. As for the reason? Zhang Ye’s analysis was that it was due to many things. “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, fairy tale stories and his other poems. The number of people who knew of him was slowly increasing. So people would begin checking his other works, which created an entire increase in popularity for all of his works!

“Good poem!”

“Only now do I know about this poem today!”

“Why are there so many forwards? Let me see it first.”

“Classic. Who is this Zhang Ye?”

“You have just seen it? It’s already a poem from last month. This poem even saved a person’s life. It is especially legendary!”

Zhang Ye browsed through everyone’s comments as he was lost in reverie. They were basically positive. As he was enjoying it, there was a sudden comment that appeared!

Meng Dongguo.

Verification: Beijing Writer's Association Deputy President. Poet. Author.

He was a distinguished person with more than 3 million fans!

Meng Dongguo had used his verified Weibo to openly question, “I do not know why such things can become so popular. Just because there's a lot of people looking and commenting on it, that makes it a good poem? A legend? It saved a life? A poem's worth is based on its literary value; it does not depend on other stories or situations to add to its worth. I cannot see any literary value in this poem. All I see is moaning and drool. This can also be considered a modern poem? This is also called literature? Also, the author's ‘A Generation’, I would not comment on the poem's words, but why do I find the topic so twisted? A slightly past 20-year-old child commenting on a generation? This should be a term used by us, right? You are not grown up yet, and still have a long road ahead. You do not have the ability to see through your generation, so don't write such a poem to cause ridicule to yourself!”

Some people did not like that.

“It can't be!? I think it's very good!”

“So what about youths? Youths can't write poems?”

“What a joke! Just one sentence of ‘you young people don't know

anything' to negate all his worth? To think that you are the Deputy President of the Beijing Writer's Association?"

However, there were even more that joined the ranks of the doubters.

A number of them were authors and poets of the Beijing Writer's Association. They were all verified accounts.

Romance author Zheng Anbang commented, "Even Vice President Meng has commented? Actually, I was not able to continue watching this, starting from a long time ago. This poem may be very popular now, but no matter how many times I see it, I can't figure out what is good about it!"

Children's literature author Little Red Mushroom commented, "Zhang Ye's poem isn't bad, but it's only average. It does not deserve all this attention!"

A famous poet in Beijing, whose pseudonym was Big Thunder, said, "What a mess! Complete bull****! What sort of poem is this? What are you trying to express with 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel'? Do you think these are the old days? Even if you wanted to expression that period's rebellion and helplessness, how old are you? Do you know what the old society was like? Were you composing poems with your fantasy? How can there be any literary skill!? He is, at best, a temporary demagogue! Those who are following you, what's up with all of you? Do you even have any appreciation for art? I really wonder!"

Suddenly, five to six authors and poets began barraging Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye, who was in front of his computer, could not help but curse, “What the f***! Are you monkeys backup that were invited? Where did you all pop up from? Did I provoke all of you!?”

Zhang Yuanqi did not know what was happening as she came behind Zhang Ye. As she held her shoulders, her face was expressionless as she looked without blinking at his computer screen, “Who are they scolding?”

“Scolding me.” Zhang Ye said angrily.

Zhang Yuanqi’s eyelids twitched, “Meng Dongguo? Beijing Writers’ Association’s Leader? This person has quite a bit of reputation in the industry, right? Then what about Little Red Mushroom? She was the one who wrote fairy tales, right? Big Thunder? I have seen his poems. He is not anything in the country, but he is still quite famous in Beijing.” As the literature circle was encroaching into the entertainment industry, it was almost indivisible. As an S-list star in the industry, Zhang Yuanqi was quite aware of this. She was objective with their evaluations. Of course, only Zhang Yuanqi had the right to say this. If it was anyone else, no one would dare say who was not anything in the country. “Why are so many Beijing authors and poets scolding you? Are you very famous?”

Zhang Ye was still upset, “What do you mean, famous? I have only written a few poems. But who knows why they suddenly went crazy and started scolding me? My poems have problems? What an

unfunny joke!”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Yuanqi stared at him, “You can compose poetry?”

“Of course. Have you heard of ‘Flying Bird and Fish’?”

“...No.”

“What about ‘A Generation’?”

“....Never heard of it.”

“Alright. Then, forget that I said anything!”

Zhang Yuanqi seemed a little interested. She said in a deadpan manner, “Go sit at the coffee table.” There was only one chair in the house. With Zhang Ye standing up, Zhang Yuanqi sat down.

Zhang Ye no longer had the energy to care about this, “They are bullies!”

Zhang Yuanqi must have finished her work, as she began speaking to Zhang Ye, “Everything has a cause. Go look at the first person who questioned you, Meng Dongguo’s, Weibo.”

After checking, Zhang Ye was immediately enlightened. Meng

Dongguo had published a few poems early in the month. But other than a few fans praising it, no one else had seen it. The forwarding count of a single poem from Zhang Ye was more than all his poems combined by ten times. “He saw that my results as a newcomer are better than his, so he wants to pull me down? What a grandson! What sort of people are they!?”

Zhang Yuanqi was only watching the scene unfold before her as she remained silent.

At this moment, the fans of Meng Dongguo and a few poets and authors had rushed to Zhang Ye’s Weibo to curse at him. They did so indiscriminately!

“Demagogue!”

“To think you dare to publish such a beaten-up poem?”

“Everyone, don’t read this person’s poem. The industry’s experts have given their evaluation. This is not called literature. There is no value to it!”

“It can’t be? It’s quite good!”

“Do you know, or do the experts know?”

“That’s right; the Vice President of the Beijing Writer’s Association has already said it’s bad!”

“I see. I thought it was such a good poem. You wasted my feelings!”

“That’s right; I even recited Zhang Ye’s poem to my children. I never expected it to not have any cultural value. Isn’t this harming others? Harming me is fine, but don’t mislead my children!”

“Zhang! Get lost from of the field of poetry!”

“Get lost! There is no need for you!”

“To think I liked Zhang Ye’s poems in the past. Hai, it’s so disappointing!”

A few of Zhang Ye’s original fans were steered by Meng Dongguo and a few authors and poets, as they began to complain!

However, there were people who insisted on supporting Zhang Ye. However, soon, they drowned in those people’s spit. They had no chance to talk!

Zhang Ye felt sourness in his heart. He was also very distressed. That was the popularity that he had worked hard to obtain. But just because of their few words, it was being scattered away. Even those who supported Zhang Ye’s poems were no longer that firm in their beliefs. After all, with so many professional Teachers and famous authors and poets collectively denying Zhang Ye’s worth, people would all have second thoughts as to whether his poem was

really good.

Even his fans were scolding him. Zhang Ye's fists clenched tightly.

Zhang Yuanqi said indifferently, "This is what the circle is like. You have to get used to others. If not..."

"Then what's the 'if not'?" Zhang Ye asked for advice.

Zhang Yuanqi said coldly, "...If not, make others get used to you."

Zhang Ye thought for a while and, after digesting Zhang Yuanqi's words, he was no longer angry. Seeing the cursing or disappointed fans, Zhang Ye posted a message on Weibo.

It was a response!

A response from one to all!

Zhang Yuanqi was by his side, reading. As she saw Zhang Ye type one word after another, her gaze changed for the first time. There was a brilliance in her eyes!

Zhang Ye had written this.

“See me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy.”

“Miss me, or not. There will affection lay, no immersion, nor dispersion.”

“Love me, or not. There will love remain, no more, nor less.”

“Follow me, or not. In your hand is mine, no discarding, nor departure.”

“Come to me, or give me your heart to dwell in.”

“Love with serenity. Rejoice in silence.”

This was an old poem. Why so? Because according to the poem's age, it was actually quite old in Zhang Ye's world. It was not very famous at all until the movie, “[If You Are the One 2](#)” was released. It then became famous. Even the drama, “[Palace](#)” had used it as lyrics for its ending song. Later on, someone said that this poem was composed by [Tsangyang Gyatso](#). Actually it wasn't. There was even a copyright lawsuit. The original author of the poem was Tashi Lam, Dodo? The original name of the poem was “The Silence of Vajra Guru Pema” and also “See Me or Not”.

Some people might question whether a love poem like this would be suitable in this situation.

It was precisely that many people were not sure. This poem was not a love poem at all. It had nothing to do with love. This poem's

inspiration came from his world's [Guru Rinpoche](#)'s famous words, "I have never abandoned people who believed in me, or even those who did not believe in me. Although they will not see me, my children will forever be protected by my compassion." This poem expressed the Guru's neither clinging, nor abandoning love for his disciples. It had nothing to do with romantic love.

It was perfectly apt for Zhang Ye to use it as a response!

Maybe he was not as noble as the original authors, but it currently represented his feelings!

Regardless of people who like me staying or leaving me.

I will be right here, neither clinging, nor abandoning, neither sad, nor happy!

Chapter 52: Who Dares Say ‘Teacher Zhang Can’t Write Poems’?

After he posted on Weibo, the surging voices that came to curse at Zhang Ye seemed to stop!

See me or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy. What a free and easy poem! What a big-hearted attitude! Many people heaved in a mouthful of air upon seeing this! With the entire poem appearing, it gave a feeling that it was detached from all material things! It made the reader of the poem full of positive energy!

What was a good poem?

This may be what a good poem was!

Zhang Ye’s choice of this poem to hit back was undoubtedly very powerful!

With this, the other side weakened, whereas Zhang Ye’s neither clinging, nor abandoning fans felt their spirits enriched. They all began to shout!

SpringWindBlows: “Haha! Teacher Zhang Ye has fought back! Everyone, quickly have a look!”

WillowBowl: “Another new piece of work! Wow! This poem has a lot of feelings!”

Macho557: “None of Teacher Zhang Ye’s works can be faulted! Too awesome!”

There was a person who published a long evaluation, named LifeIsABallOfFire, “I never read modern poems. I have never liked things related to art, ever since I was young. However, Teacher Zhang Ye has made me completely fall in love with literature and art, like poems. I do not know if those people cursing at Teacher Zhang Ye behind their keyboards or those so-called professional authors have any eyes! All of you are at least authoritative literature authors in Beijing. One of you is even some association’s Vice President, so don’t make us look down on you, alright? Even a layman like me can see how good Teacher Zhang Ye’s poems are. Yet you despise it? Just because he is young? Is age a reason? Is this the method that you use to belittle the works of others? Then aren’t you stooping too low!?”

“The previous poster said it well! Supporting Teacher Zhang!”

“Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye! Bull**** experts! Ignore them!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye’s poems are popular. Look at the number of forwards. Look at the comments. Look at the search hits of every poem of Teacher Zhang’s, as well as the clicks in any major discussion forum. The eyes of the masses are bright. The market has already made its judgment. I’m curious; why would some people be jealous of Teacher Zhang’s results? Must they jump out and say some words to stomp on him? Using Teacher Zhang’s words, why did you give up treatment?”

With Zhang Ye taking the lead, his fans also followed him to counterattack.

The Beijing poet, Big Thunder, also commented, “Do you know literature, or do we know literature? Just now, that love poem... Does anyone know what he is saying? Do you know? Don’t pretend to know if you don’t understand! Literature is literature! Art is art! They are not things used to fool others!”

ZhangYeNumber1Fan came out. Ever since the Weibo war of words, this hardcore fan of Zhang Ye would not hesitate to stand up whenever Zhang Ye faced troubles. He retorted, “Then can I ask Teacher Big Thunder above, ‘what is art?’ Do you not know? Well, is art something that depends on what you say? Then what are we commoners for? Then what’s the point of us poetry lovers? Literary works are things only you can enjoy? What a joke! To be a poet at such a level? You aren’t even a hundredth of Teacher Zhang Ye’s level! A literary work is for the commoners to see it and for them to resonate with it. They would be moved; they would have feelings. That is why Teacher Zhang’s poem is so popular. This is the literary judgment by us commoners!”

There were also capable people on Weibo.

For example, a person named HDUSOS09 said, “Let me first declare that I am neutral. I do not support either side. I’ve been reading all day and have seen Zhang Ye’s poem. I may be lacking in knowledge, but let me correct Teacher Big Thunder’s evaluation. I think it is quite biased. Love poem? I do not think it is a love poem. Although the poem’s text has the word affection, and even the

ending has the word love, that is just something literal. If you can properly understand this poem, you will discover that this is a poem that is full of compassion. How can a person write about romantic love with a compassionate heart? That's why my analysis is that Teacher Zhang Ye had written this poem to his fans. No, actually, it should be said that he wrote this poem to everyone in this world!"

"Please continue."

"A capable person has come; please continue your analysis."

"Waiting for the capable person to analyze this poem I couldn't understand!"

A lot of comments came in below. Many of them did not understand what Zhang Ye wanted to express, but nonetheless they felt that the poem was especially carefree!

HDUSOS09 continued, "It is my personal opinion, but I think that Teacher Zhang Ye wanted to express love to the common person. He knew his work would not be accepted by everyone. Whether they scold him or dislike him, he will not be affected. He only wants to use his works to move people, touch people, help people. Which is why whether they see or not see him, he is neither sad, nor happy. Whether they follow or unfollow him, he will not discard or depart from them. Being a normal person, Teacher Zhang Ye might not be able to reach this state. But as a poet, he needs to have such an attitude. Yeah, this is what I see. I might not be correct, but this poem is so memorable and worth rereading; every sentence feels like it can make people think and

reflect upon on it for a long time!”

“Well said!”

“It’s informative!”

“So that’s what it means! Thank you for the expert dissection!”

HDUSOS09 replied, “It not really a dissection; the poem is really deep, so even I don’t have the ability to analyze it. It is just my personal opinion. Nevertheless, the truth has been proven; who says Teacher Zhang Ye does not know how to write poems? Who says Teacher Zhang Ye’s poems are not works of literature or art? Don’t take others as fools! I am neither an author, nor poet, but I’m still considered a literary person. If i dare to say it today, just based on Teacher Zhang Ye’s ‘See Me or Not’ poem, there should be a place for Teacher Zhang in the nation’s literary circle! No one can deny the quality of his art!”

“I sincerely apologize. Listening to those dog s*** Beijing Writers’ Association’s Vice President and a few vocal authors, I thought they were correct. It made me post and criticize Teacher Zhang Ye. I’m so godd*mn stupid; why did I believe them at all! What professionals? In the future, I won’t listen to any professional opinions! I will trust in my own judgement! Teacher Zhang’s poems must be good poems! They moved me so many times!”

“I apologize, too. I was really confused just now!”

“Yeah. Who still f***ing dares to say Teacher Zhang Ye doesn’t know how to write poems?”

Zhang Ye’s fans who left came back again and made a scene. Zhang Ye proved his worth and, at the same time, responded back at those unscrupulous people!

But there were still scoldings.

“Bull****!”

“He only knows how to put on an act!”

“That’s right! You said it so amazingly! It was too exaggerated!”

“How come I didn’t see anything good about the poem? You guys are just bragging about Zhang Ye! How much did he pay you all? A dollar for a comment? You guys are so supportive with the bragging!”

“The professionals have stated their case and yet you all are unhappy?”

ZhangYeNumber1Fan could not longer stand it, “Comrades, when logic no longer works, what do we do?”

ZhangYeNumber1Fan seemed to have a good reputation and network on the internet. When he appeared, lots of trolls would

respond to his callings. They had responded earlier, but were overwhelmed by the fans of those poets and authors. There were too many of them and the trolls were unable to do much. Now was the time to fight back!

“If logic doesn’t work, then there’s nothing to talk about anymore!”

“Let’s curse! Crash their Weibo!”

“When did our troll army ever need to use logic?”

“Hahaha. Logic was never our strong point!”

“All the discussion earlier... I did not understand one bit of it. Even the poem, I did not understand it. But so what! I just godd*mn support Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Let’s attack, bros!”

“Buy watches for all of them!”

“It’s time for us to attack our enemies again!”

“My large saber is again again again unable to endure the thirst!”

“Quickly gather the forces; there’s nothing better than fighting

our foes together with Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye’s troll army once again embarked on a bloody battle with their enemies. This group of people with nothing to do, who could find fault with anything, were bloodthirsty. Nothing could stop them. To them, this was the joy of living.

The opponents’ fans were awed by Zhang Ye’s “See Me or Not”. Some of them even quietly logged off. They knew that they were behaving vexatiously earlier. A person who could write such an awesome modern poem, how could he not know how to write poems? But many of them still supported the teachers of the literary circle. To them, Meng Dongguo and the others were the seniors, Big Thunder and the others were the real professionals on poems. Since they rejected Zhang Ye’s literary upbringing, then they must be right!

Two sides cursed each other, but there was no clear outcome.

Close to 12 midnight, most people had logged off. After both sides came to a standstill, Zhang Ye’s modified poems were scheduled for an appearance!

There was “The Song of the Stormy Petrel”.

There was “Flying Bird and Fish”.

There was also “A Generation”.

Everyone was more than happy with Zhang Ye's modified poems. This was something started by Zhang Ye, because no other writer had ever modified their own works for arguing!

“Proposing to me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy...”

“Marry me, or not. There will your mom always stay, sometimes sorrow, sometimes joy...”

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ye's “See Me or Not” Weibo message had been forwarded more than 2,000 times. There were more than 10,000 comments. Regardless of it being questioned, this poem had gone viral!

“Where's Teacher Zhang?”

“Our standards are limited. Wishing for Teacher Zhang's modifications!”

“Hahaha, that's right. Every time Teacher Zhang modifies his own poems, he does it so well!”

Seeing this, Zhang Ye heeded their summons and came forward. Again, he displayed his self-mocking spirit and posted a new Weibo message.

“Fan me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy.”

“(Thread) Bumping me, or not. There will people stay, no coming, nor going.”

“Reply me, or not. There will the thread stay, no increase, nor decrease;”

“See me, or not. There my poem stays in your Weibo, no discarding, nor departure;”

“Come to my Weibo, or let me go to your Weibo. Forwarding with serenity. Comment that’s all!”

This was one of the modifications of “See Me or Not” in Zhang Ye’s world. Zhang Ye felt that this was most appropriate to obtain fans, so he sent it out.

When everyone saw this, they were in stitches!

“I’ve already fan-ed!”

“Must fan!”

“Teacher Zhang is too cute!”

“I love you, Teacher Zhang!”

“So well-written! Hilarious!”

“Teacher Zhang can always spare no effort to publicize himself in the best method! And he doesn’t even show a trace of that!”

“The critical thing is his magnanimity. Look at what sort of spirit Teacher Zhang has! He can make jokes and mingle with us. Look at all those Beijing literature bunch of so-called authors and poets. All of them are as if they are all so high and mighty!”

“That’s right!”

“As expected of Teacher Zhang to be cute!”

“Teacher Zhang is the greatest poet in my heart!”

Chapter 53: Obtaining The Heavenly Queen's Cellphone Number!

It was midnight.

Zhang Ye switched off his computer. He had forgotten about the Heavenly Queen in his home and had casually turned on the radio to listen to his broadcast, "Late-night Ghost Stories".

"Hello, everyone. I am Zhang Ye. Today's story....."

Zhang Yuanqi, who was sitting on the chair, heard it, "You are a radio host?"

Zhang Ye, suddenly remembering that there was someone around, turned his head, "Ah, yes. This is my program; I have another program called "Old and Young Story Club" that plays in the afternoon. You can listen to it when you have time..." He passionately introduced his program.

Zhang Yuanqi replied straightforwardly, "I'm not free to listen."

Zhang Ye replied, "Can you be more tactful?"

"I can't do it." Zhang Yuanqi replied stiffly.

Zhang Ye was already used to her indifference and smiled bitterly, "I know that you are the Heavenly Queen and you are

busy with work. But on account of me letting you stay the night, cooking for you and washing your clothes, could you just say ‘I will listen to it when I’m free’? I will feel better, even if I know that you didn’t mean it.”

Zhang Yuanqi still insisted, “I’m not free!”

Zhang Ye was no longer able to communicate with her. He turned down the volume of the radio, “Go get some sleep? The clothes will only be dry tomorrow morning. I will make do with the chair. I’ve had enough sleep in the afternoon anyway, so I’m not sleepy.” Regardless of Zhang Yuanqi’s temperament, Zhang Ye was still a gentleman.

Zhang Yuanqi nodded and went straight to bed.

Zhang Ye also went to the bedside to retrieve a pillow from it. He thought that it would at least make his time on the chair more comfortable.

But Zhang Yuanqi frowned and said, “The pillow stays.”

Zhang Ye blinked “Why?”

“I’m used to having two pillows; one is too low.” Zhang Yuanqi justifiably took the pillow from him and put it at the back of her head.

Zhang Ye, “...”

This is my home, Big Sister!

Couldn't you be more gracious? Couldn't you?

Zhang Ye hesitated for a long time, but couldn't bear to grab the pillow away from the woman. He could only bear with the hard chair, while listening to his program.

“Lower the volume!”

“.....Oh, okay.”

“There are mosquitoes in your home; switch on the lights and kill them.”

“Big Sis, could you give me a break?”

“The mosquitoes will keep me awake. Quick, it's just at the edge of the bed!”

Zhang Ye thought to himself that he spent the whole day doing nothing but taking care of this Empress Dowager. The Cupid Sachet gave him five minutes of ambiguous feelings, but after that, all he had was suffering? If he got the item again in the Lottery, he would still have to consider whether to use it again! This time, he had met Zhang Yuanqi. What if he met someone worse the next time; how could he survive!?

Middle of the night.

The radio broadcast had ended and the house was quiet.

Zhang Ye was wide awake. There was a beautiful woman sleeping in his bed of a few months. In this proximity, it would be a wonder if he could sleep. He looked out the window at the moon. Tomorrow..... Strictly speaking, today was Mid-Autumn's Day. The moon was really full. He glanced under the moonlight and realized that Zhang Yuanqi was also awake. Was she admiring the moon as well?

"Teacher Zhang?" Zhang Ye carefully said.

Zhang Yuanqi responded with her usual unfriendly tone, "What?"

"You are not asleep, too? It's nothing... Just that it is Mid-Autumn's Day; I would like to wish you a happy Mid-Autumn's Day." Zhang Ye pondered a little, "Thanks for today. You said something that enlightened me greatly; either I get used to people, or people get used to me. I can't do the former; that's not my temperament. I will work hard towards the.. latter."

Although Zhang Ye had been complaining about Zhang Yuanqi's personality, never had he once looked down on her. She was already at the top and was very experienced and knowledgeable. Just a few words from her today became valuable help to Zhang Ye. Besides, her personality was not even really a problem!

She was all smiles and endearing in front of others?

Once alone, she revealed her nature that was cold and distant?

Or to put it in another way, Zhang Yuanqi was a real professional. She could differentiate between work and personal life. When she was friendly and polite, it was for work, in order to gain more fans and work partners, as well as to let more people like her, so that she could have a smooth career. What is a professional? This is a professional! Zhang Ye did not know how to differentiate like this. His life and his job were one and the same. One-minded, stubborn; to put it nicely, it's called personality. But to switch around the perspective, this sort of style may not suit Zhang Ye's career!

Zhang Yuanqi didn't look at him, "You don't need to thank me; I just blurted it out."

Zhang Ye replied seriously, "I still have to thank you anyway. You gave me the fighting spirit I needed. I want to slowly climb my way up. I will climb my way up to your position. Even if others scold or hate me, it will not matter. I will let people get used to me."

Zhang Yuanqi finally looked at him, "You want to be in the entertainment industry?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye coughed, "This has always been my ambition."

Zhang Yuanqi laughed coldly, “What is so good about where I am? Once you are famous, everyone knows you. Wherever you go, people’s eyes are always on you. You will be observed under a microscope; there will be no privacy. Today was my long-awaited rest day, but it wasn’t really my rest day. It’s my day to break off all communications with the outside world. At my position, there’s no longer such a thing as rest days. You want a break? I can’t answer any calls, nor contact my manager. Otherwise, there will be a load of appointments that I need to attend. To relax for a day is wishful thinking. Do you know how long I have not been able to enjoy myself, being able to go drinking and viewing the moon? At least a year!”

Zhang Ye replied, “How can that be? No rest days?”

Zhang Yuanqi spoke with a sunken expression, “You should feel lucky; not many people know this side of me. Even my friends, my manager and my assistant... All of them only know the pleasant side of me. They think I am good-natured and easygoing. What’s so easygoing about me? My temper has been bad since I was young. I only don’t show it to outsiders. It’s because I started off as a child star. As I became an artist when I was young, I cannot let down my fans. This kind of pressure is not something that you can understand now, but you will in the future. Now, there are only two places where I can be myself; one is my parents’ house, the other.. is your house.”

Zhang Ye was very flattered, “Please, don’t worry; I will keep it a secret!”

“Sigh. Why did I share so much with you? I’m still a little drunk, so I’m talking a lot.” Zhang Yuanqi rubbed her temple, perhaps still a little dizzy. “Also, here’s one more piece of advice. Your image and height are not suitable for the entertainment industry. You won’t become popular.”

Zhang Ye said, “You are too damn direct!”

“It’s only the truth.” Zhang Yuanqi said, “The entertainment industry does not suit you.”

Zhang Ye shook his head, “I know I am not suitable, but i want to give it a shot. The dark night gave me black eyes, but I use them to seek the light.”

“This is a poem?”

“It’s ‘A Generation’, which was written by me.”

“Recite your other poems to me.”

“Sure. Let’s start with ‘Flying Bird and Fish’. The furthest distance in the world is not....

...

At some point in time, Zhang Ye fell asleep. When he opened his eyes again, it was already morning. The bed was empty as well,

with no signs of Zhang Yuanqi around.

Where's the Heavenly Queen?

Where's the Empress Dowager?

Zhang Ye shouted twice, "Teacher Zhang? Teacher Zhang?"

She was not in the bathroom either. At last, he found a note on the table. Written on it neatly was the handwriting of a woman: I've saved your phone number; the same goes for your unit number. I've forgotten yesterday's incident; I guess you have, too.

Phone number?

Unit number?

Why does it feel like a threat!

Zhang Ye took his phone and checked. As expected, ten minutes ago, there was a call to an unfamiliar number. Apparently, this was Zhang Yuanqi's contact number. She had used Zhang Ye's phone to call herself, so that she could find out his number. Zhang Ye was delighted, and so saved Zhang Yuanqi's number as well. This was the Heavenly Queen's contact information. Most people would only be able to contact her manager or her assistant; how would they ever be able to get ahold of the Heavenly Queen's personal contact information?

Eh?

Dialed ten minutes ago?

That meant the Empress Dowager hadn't gotten too far?

Zhang Ye drew aside the curtains and looked downstairs. Not to mention the coincidence, but he really saw the back of Zhang Yuanqi leaving. As he opened the windows, her high heels could be faintly heard. She had just walked out from the staircase landing.

“Ah!”

“That is.....”

“I think it's Zhang Yuanqi?”

“It's her. It's really Big Sister Yuanqi!”

“Oh, my God! Who did I just see? Who did i just see?”

“Zhang Yuanqi is here! The Heavenly Queen is here! Everyone, come and see!”

The people were very familiar with with Zhang Yuanqi. She appeared on TV shows, in movies and sang music. Her classic

works were uncountable. She was one of those top S-list superstars; she was more famous than her works by a mile. Thus, even her shades and face mask could do little to hide her identity!

In the small district, there were many people going to work. Even during Mid-Autumn's Day, there were still people who put in work hours. There were also students who were out for morning practice. When they heard the commotion, everyone gathered around, causing quite a ruckus!

A female student went excitedly, "Could I have an autograph?"

Zhang Yuanqi asked smilingly. "Sure. What is your name?"

The female student was so excited that she almost couldn't speak, "Me? I'm called Wang Ying!"

"Okay. Wishing Wang Ying well in her studies and good health." Zhang Yuanqi wrote as she spoke.

The female student didn't expect that she would have gotten her autograph; furthermore, she had the blessings from the Heavenly Queen. She was so excited that she screamed and lost control of herself!

"I want it, too. I want it, too!"

"Could we get a photograph together?"

“Sister Yuanqi, I love you so much! Everyone in my family is your fan!”

Zhang Yuanqi unconditionally smiled with gentleness, “Thank you for your support and thank your family for their support, too. Okay, one by one. Everyone, don’t rush. Haha.”

“We aren’t delaying you, are we?” a middle-aged person who wanted a photograph together said.

Zhang Yuanqi smiled, “You aren’t delaying me. Even if it’s a delay, it is fine. Satisfying my fans is the most important thing to me; this is my top priority.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” said the middle-aged person, who was melted by the Heavenly Queen’s smile.

After 20 minutes, Zhang Yuanqi finally could move off.

“It’s great!”

“I’ve gotten a snapshot together!”

“Teacher Zhang is well-known for being approachable; it’s true!”

“Correct, correct. In the entertainment industry, who doesn’t know that Zhang Yuanqi is the one who puts on the least airs! She

is especially good to people! And she also gets along very well with other stars! Otherwise, why would everyone, regardless of their ages, address her as ‘Big Sister Zhang’? She has never lost her temper with anyone! She is especially gentle and kind! Ah, ah! Too beautiful! Sister Zhang is too beautiful! She’s prettier than on TV!”

Seeing the Empress Dowager treating her fans in a friendly manner, listening to the fans’ impression of Zhang Yuanqi, Zhang Ye became at a loss for words.

She was a different person in different situations?

This would require some skills!

If not, how could Zhang Yuanqi manage to get several top acting awards! Other people would not be able to pull this off!

Chapter 54: Mid-Autumn Festival's Poetry Meet!

Afternoon.

The weather wasn't too good. It was a bit misty.

Zhang Ye came to the unit and before he entered, his phone rang. It was his mother.

“Son.”

“Oh, mom.”

“Are you coming home for Mid-Autumn's Day?”

“I can't go back; I have to work overtime.”

“Overtime on a holiday? You should be free at night then?”

“I should be free tonight. I will go back once I have knocked off.”

“Don't come back to Cai Shi Kou; go directly to your grandmother's place. The relatives will all be there. They have heard that you have gained fame; your younger sisters (cousins) are all nagging to see you.”

“Okay. Then, I will try to go early.”

“Don’t forget; my face will depend on you tonight!”

“What face? They are all relatives. Are you bragging about me again?”

“Anyhow, just buy more things and bring them over. Don’t be too thrifty; buy the expensive ones. You are now a public figure; don’t go throwing my face. Okay, I’m hanging up.”

Du Du Du; the line was disengaged.

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly. His mom didn’t have any other bad points. The only big feature was that she liked to brag. Yes, Zhang Ye admitted that he had inherited this from his mother. But he had never felt this was a bad point! Many examples in his world would validate this.

Is bragging wrong? No!

Do you know how Bill Gates became the richest person in the world?

Do you know how Li Na became the tennis world champion?

Do you know how Liu Xiang broke the world record in the hurdles event?

Not many people should know about this! What is the reason? Haha, the reason is they..... Alright, all of these events have nothing to do with each other. Let's change the topic!

Not many people had arrived at the office.

Zhang Ye didn't look around as he walked in. Suddenly, a voice appeared from behind.

It was Big Sis Zhou. She smiled, "Greet me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy."

Zhang Ye quickly smiled and turn back to look at her, "Big Sister Zhou, good morning. I'm sorry. The flowers on your desk were blocking you; I did not notice you were here."

Big Sis Zhou said proudly, "How was it, Little Zhang? I used your poem correctly?"

Zhang Ye embarrassedly said, "You saw Weibo last night?"

"Of course, I saw it. I followed your Weibo last night. I did not expect that after I followed it, the party had also started. It caused me to fall asleep after 12 last night. You didn't follow me, right? I even forwarded your new poem." As she spoke, she felt some injustice for him, "Ignore those people from the Writers' Association. If you don't know what art is and can't write poems, then no one in the world can write poems. Big Sis supports you.

Don't take it to heart."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Thank you, Big Sis Zhou."

Outside, people began streaming in for their overtime.

"Eh, Teacher Little Zhang, you've come? Why did you get into a pinch with people yesterday?"

"Vice President Meng is the Leader of the Beijing Writers' Association. How did you offend him?"

"That's right. I saw it yesterday, too. Teacher Little Zhang, if I had any say, you shouldn't have posted your last poem. Those are the Writers' Association's Leaders and seniors. If you really offend them, how are you to enter the Writers' Association in the future? I think that it is best to leave some leeway. Hai, but those people are also too much. Why did they reprimand you for no reason? Even if your poems aren't comparable to them as seniors, how old are you? You are still young. They also can't say that your poems have no literary value. That's too damaging. I think your poem is still acceptable and isn't as bad as they say."

"Sis Liu, what did you say? You say Teacher Little Zhang's poem is acceptable? I think you have been misled by that group of people; Teacher Little Zhang has so much talent!"

Several sisters and aunties began an exchange of difference in opinions.

Until work starts at 9 A.M., the topic was hotly discussed amongst everyone.

Tian Bin also had an interest in the battle on Weibo last night. He interrupted to ask, “Sis Zhou, what sort of person is Vice-President Meng like? Those old timers are very experienced. Big Thunder and a few other poets, all of them are professionals. If they said so, then it must mean they criticized it according to their literary learnings. How can we judge, since we are not as knowledgeable as them? It’s not that I am stepping on Teacher Zhang Ye. But like the old comrades of the Writers’ Association said, there are many issues. After reading it, I also feel some doubts.”

Big Sister Zhou looked at Tian Bin, “Then why don’t you create a poem for me to listen to?”

Tian Bin replied, “I don’t have such capabilities, but I still have some basic judgment skills.” He turned around towards Jia Yan, “Teacher Little Jia, what do you think?”

Jia Yan gave some thought and said, “Teacher Zhang’s poems definitely cannot compare with those seniors. As for whether it has any literary value, it’s not my place to make an evaluation.”

What they said was also heard by Zhang Ye.

When Zhang Ye used two poems to save a life on Wang Xiaomei’s live broadcast, the office and even everyone in the Beijing Radio Station had completely acknowledged his talent and poem. They

had all said that it was good, with no one denying it. But now, the Writers' Association with Meng Dongguo as the head had openly questioned and denied Zhang Ye's poems publicly. As such, his colleagues were now not unified in their beliefs. Some said they were good, while others said they were bad. Even more were uncertain and confused. Sometimes, the authoritative opinions of experts were very damaging and also affected many.

How was one to change the situation?

How was one to eliminate the public's doubts?

There was no other way. As long as Zhang Ye's qualifications were weaker than Meng Dongguo and company's, then he was not able to turn the tide. He would only be repressed by their words. Unless... Unless Zhang Ye used his absolute talent and strength to trample on Meng Dongguo and company at a specific place and time. Otherwise, the doubts by people would forever linger on. So what if he responded yesterday? So what if the poem was well-written yesterday? The Writers' Association said that it wasn't good! They said that he did not know art! They said that he did not know literature! Just them moving their lips was enough to make you be helpless! This was the deceptive power of authority and prerogative. Many commoners did not understand this, so they only believed what the experts said!

Today, there was no announcement of the listenership ratings, as there were a lot of things happening in the station.

Zhang Ye did not care what everyone said. He got up to get his recording done, "Xiaofang, help me reserve a recording studio.

Quickly, or it will be too late.”

“Alright.” Assistant Xiaofang answered and immediately went to arrange it. However, she returned a few minutes later, “Teacher Zhang, the station has informed me that our Literature Channel’s programs from noon to 2 P.M. have all been canceled. There’s no need to record. Apparently, the News and Music Channels will also be broadcasting the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet!”

“Ah?”

“It’s been cancelled?”

“Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? This is the thing that the Leader has been busy with over the past few days?”

A few moments later, Zhao Guozhou entered, “Everyone, quiet down. Today’s broadcast has some last-minute changes. Listen for a while. From 12 noon, the seventh Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet that was held in conjunction with the Beijing Writers’ Association and our radio station will begin. Our Literature Channel will also join in for the live broadcast. This Poetry Meet will be different from the last one done by the Jinshi Radio Station. There will be a composing and voting segment. We have invited the Education Ministry’s Leader and the Vice President of the Beijing Writers’ Association and about a dozen of its members. The exact name list has not been confirmed, but there will definitely be quite a few people. As the association’s Teachers’ creations will be poems related to the Mid-Autumn Festival, the listeners behind the radio can also compose and post them on our website’s comment section. Later on, the listeners’ votes will decide on the top three.

So we have added some competitive elements to make the program more interesting.”

Compose poetry?

Then Meng Dongguo and those people from the Writers' Association would also come?

Zhang Ye chuckled upon hearing this. “He who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.” Yesterday, he had just been scolded by him on the internet. And today they would be meeting?

Would Big Thunder come?

Would Little Red Mushroom come?

In fact, Zhang Ye actually looked forward to seeing them in the station!

Zhao Guozhou exhorted, “So put down everything in your hands. Today, everything will have the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet as its focus. Everyone, go help out. The live broadcast venue will be in the auditorium. This is the first time that we are using such a large live broadcast venue. The equipment has not been fully tuned, so those I call out will follow me later and help out. Right. As it was not easy inviting a large audience, everyone should take an early lunch later. The cafeteria will hand out lunch early at 10.30 A.M. At noon, everyone will take their seats in the auditorium.

After calling out some names, Zhao Guozhou brought four young lads with him to the auditorium.

Big Sis Zhou suddenly said, “Teacher Little Zhang, will you be participating in the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? Writing poetry is one of your strengths. They said that you don’t understand literature? Then show it to them!”

Another Big Sis said, “Come on. Little Zhang did not make any early preparations and just got notified. Those Teachers must have been informed a long time ago. They would have foolproof preparations. How can Little Zhang compete with them? It’s better that he not embarrass himself.”

An auntie in charge of copyright said, “Little Zhou, don’t let them give you bad ideas. Little Zhang’s poems are good, but that’s only to us. Those people from the Writers’ Association are professionals. Some of them are poets and famous artists; how is he to compete with them?” In a layperson’s heart, the work is not actually important. Reputation and prestige is what they first look at. Zhang Ye is just a newcomer and has never entered the Writers’ Association, so people will subconsciously identify Zhang Ye’s works as inferior.

There were all sorts of differing opinions.

Later, as there wasn’t much time left, everyone went to the cafeteria for an early meal.

Zhang Ye was actually in a dilemma. For the Mid-Autumn Poetry

Meet, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company would most likely be participating. Wasn't this the best time to turn the tide for himself? Wasn't this the best moment to prove himself? But how was he to participate in it? It could be seen from the format of the poetry contest. Although the listeners could participate by publishing their creations, that was just in text form. But the people from the Writers' Association would be reciting their works live. Hence, the top three had already been decided by the station to be one of those from the Writers' Association. They had already given them a huge advantage!

Go mess things up?

Stab them in their backs?

Hence, even if Zhang Ye wanted to go on, he did not know if the radio station's management and the people from the Beijing Writers' Association would let him go on the show.

Forget it. We'll see how it goes. As for the poem regarding the Mid-Autumn Festival? Zhang Ye had not thought of it yet. It was not that his brain was void of works, but it was.. filled with too many!

He wasn't prepared?

Did he even need to prepare?

Mid-Autumn Festival poems? Not to brag, but Zhang Ye would

probably not be able to finish reciting them, even if given a day and a night!

The Mid-Autumn Festival was not a modern day festival. It had a long history that dated back to ancient times, so there was a countless number of poems relating to the Mid-Autumn Festival. In this world, history did not have many changes. There were the same old dynasties and emperors, just like in Zhang Ye's memories. As such, history would not cause too many changes. The game ring probably could not change the historical background, or else society might no longer have such a social structure. It would affect everything.

However, many famous cultural works and famous historical figures did not exist!

[Li Bai?](#)

[Du Fu?](#)

[Wang Wei?](#)

None of them existed!

They were all replaced by others!

This world's ancient master poets were people Zhang Ye had never ever heard of. For example, there was Haoran, or Chen Yiqian, or Meng Fan. Zhang Ye had also never heard of any of the

poetry of this world. Similarly, he was sure that they had never heard of the classic poems from his world!

Chapter 55: You Don't Meet Unless You Are Enemies!

Before noon.

Beijing Radio Station.

The auditorium at the top floor was filled with people. Many anchors and staff from the various channels had arrived. All segments had made way for today's Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet.

Zhang Ye had a stomach ache as he squatted on the toilet at the top floor. It might be due to having eaten too many instant noodles during the past few days. Even an Instant Noodle Hero would have times when he could not cope, for his stomach would also revolt. As he was squatting while doing his big business, he surfed the internet on his cellphone. He realized that the station's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had been publicized greatly. Not only was the publicizing in full swing on the radio station's website, it was also advertised on large message boards and other portal websites. Today was a public holiday, so most people were resting at home as they spent the festival with their friends and relatives. Noon was when people were gathered together to have lunch and chat. As they would be idle, listening into the poetry meet was a good choice. It was a very wise choice for the radio station to choose this time slot for the poetry meet.

There was a lot of discussion on the internet, with numerous messages posted.

“Poetry Meet? Great!”

“I must listen to it!”

“Last year, the one that the Jinshi Radio Station organized was not bad. There were many good poems.”

“Ha. This year will be even better. Didn’t you see that so many Teachers are coming from the Writers’ Association? I guess that there will be at least one classic Mid-Autumn poem.”

There were also people who heard of yesterday’s Weibo war of words, or people who knew about Zhang Ye.

“Eh? Meng Dongguo? A person who writes fairy tales like Little Red Mushroom is also going? The namelist also includes Big Thunder? Those poets who looked down on Teacher Zhang Ye?”

“Haha! There will be something to see!”

“Right. I remember that Zhang Ye works at Beijing Radio Station, right? Today’s Literature Channel will also be broadcasting it? Teacher Zhang Ye will also be there too, right?”

“That’s right. They will meet each other!”

“To think that they were scolding each other yesterday, but now

they are meeting today. You really don't meet unless you are enemies!"

"Will Teacher Zhang go on stage to recite a poem? I'm slightly looking forward to it!"

"I don't know. His name isn't on the namelist. It's all people from the Writers' Association!"

There were supporters of Zhang Ye's poems, and naturally, there were even more who were fans of Meng Dongguo and the other Teachers. They were people who did not agree with Zhang Ye's prowess in literature!

"All of you are still not convinced? Still speaking against Zhang Ye?"

"Ignore those people. There's no way of getting through to them. It will only be troll bait!"

"Zhang Ye's name is definitely not on the namelist. Yesterday, the Teachers have already made it clear. This person is a demagogue. How is he able to write poems? At such an important event as this important Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet, letting Zhang Ye go onstage would be a joke, since it's a live broadcast. His poems can deceive those who aren't knowledgeable. Those who are knowledgeable will just laugh silently at him, before letting others laugh their heads off."

“Hurhur. I don’t think Zhang Ye will dare to go up, even if he was asked to!”

“That’s right. Don’t talk big when you don’t have what it takes!”

“I’m actually hoping that Zhang Ye will go on up. Previously, there was no comparison to let others know his true self. But with so many Teachers present, it will let everyone know what a true poem is. That crappy poem of Zhang Ye’s will reveal its true colors. Let the Teachers teach the junior!”

“Support!”

“What sort of crap is Zhang Ye!?”

“This person is just an empty vessel. I’m guessing that he will definitely not go onstage. Have you seen the words Zhang Ye uses to curse? Your sister! As a cultured person, as a poet, how can you curse at others in this way? He doesn’t have the temperament of a cultured person at a glance. The Teachers are right in questioning him. He can’t write poems!”

Basically, they were all people who questioned Zhang Ye. He did not carry on reading as he left the bathroom.

People who were invited were important figures. Seeing that the poetry meet was about to begin, the station’s Leaders and the invited guests from the Writers’ Association began walking in.

Zhang Ye happened to meet them at the door.

Deputy Station Head Jia smiled as he led them inside, “President Meng, this is our auditorium. I remember that you have come here the year before?”

Meng Dongguo was a forty-to fifty-year-old plump man. He had quite a lot of hair and was not suffering from balding. He nodded, “I did come once. That was for a meeting. I’ve not seen Station Head Jia for two years. You sure seem as energetic as ever, while I can’t go on anymore. Look at all these wrinkles.”

Deputy Station Head Jia seemed to have a good relationship with him, “Haha. Come on. I’ve already lost so much hair. I think you are the one as energetic as ever.”

At this moment, a group of young ladies from the station piled forward the moment they saw them!

“Teacher Meng! You are Teacher Meng, right?” a 20-year-old girl asked excitedly. She had rushed forward, despite her work to guide the line outside. “I’m your fan. I especially like your poems. My mom frequently recited your poems to me when I was young. I really grew up listening to your works. Aiyah! I’m too excited, too excited. You, you... Can you give me an autograph?”

Deputy Station Head Jia waved his hand, “The meet is almost about to start.”

However, Meng Dongguo said, “It’s alright, old Bro. Giving an autograph doesn’t take much time. Here, young lady.”

The girl got the autograph as she wished, before leaving happily.

Seeing Meng Dongguo being so friendly, immediately, a few girls and youths came over to get his autograph.

There were a few people who ran to the back and ignored if the Leader was agreeable to it. They found their own idols and Teachers they liked, so that they could get their autograph.

“Auntie Little Red Mushroom! You, I, can I get your autograph? I grew up listening to your fairy tales. I really like you!” a youth said submissively.

Little Red Mushroom was a bit plump, but she was dressed very prettily. She said in a nice way, “Sure. Where do I sign?”

“Teacher Big Thunder!” Another person came forward, “Your poem has always been on my cellphone’s home screen. Can I take a picture with you? Just one would do!”

Big Thunder was a big, stout man from the northeast. His accent was heavily northeastern. It was written in his personal information that he was from Beijing, but he might have grown up in the northeast. “That wouldn’t be a problem! Here!”

Autographs, pictures together.

The Teachers from the Writers' Association received quite a lot of praises from onlookers. It was no wonder, as they were very famous in Beijing. Since the Beijing Radio Station was broadcasting in the regions around Beijing, it would also broadcast their works occasionally. Hence, the staff were no strangers to these Teachers. Some even idolized them.

Big Thunder? Meng Dongguo? Little Red Mushroom?

There were still about a dozen people behind them. Hearing the fans shout, it seemed that there was also the romance author, Zheng Anbang?

Weren't these people those who had scolded him yesterday? Hei, alright. All of them came?

Zhang Ye stared deeply at all of them as he remembered all their faces. Suddenly, someone shouted at him from behind.

"Teacher Zhang Ye. Aiyah, I've finally found you. I reserved a seat for you. Our Literature Channel's seats are in the middle of the back row. Let me bring you over." a youth who had just joined the Literature Channel said.

"Alright, let's go." Zhang Ye followed him into the auditorium.

Zhang Ye?

He is that Zhang Ye?

Upon hearing this, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder, Little Red Mushroom and company all looked over.

Big Thunder was still confused over the situation. He did not have much of an impression of this name. Seeing Meng Dongguo and company's expression, Big Thunder finally remembered the name, as he asked, "Which Zhang Ye? The one who wrote the so-called modern poem?"

Little Red Mushroom said, "Should be."

Deputy Station Head Jia confirmed, "Yes, it's him. Why?"

Big Thunder said, "He works at the radio station? I just learned about that."

Zheng Anbang said to Deputy Station Head Jia, "It's nothing, Station Head Jia. We just happened to comment about him yesterday on the internet. He completely can't write poems, and things he writes cannot be considered literature. President Meng wanted to advise him as a senior, but he ended up unhappy about it. He was not modest at all, and even wrote a poem to retort. What would you call this matter? President Meng and us had good intentions, wanting to teach him, but he was ungrateful. He treated our kindness as dirt!"

Deputy Station Head Jia was enlightened as he laughed, "Zhang

Ye is just a newcomer. He can be considered not bad when it comes to writing ghost stories, but as for composing poems... How can he compare to all of you? Hurhur.”

Meng Dongguo shook his hands, “Let’s not talk about him, old Bro. Let’s go in?”

“Let’s go. It’s about to begin.” Deputy Station Head Jia and a few smaller Leaders in the station led them in. They sat in the first row.

The surrounding people looked at each other.

“Did you see Zhang Ye’s Weibo yesterday?”

“I saw it. I never expected them to meet today!”

“I think that something is going to happen. Who doesn’t know what sort of temper Teacher Zhang Ye has? When has there ever not been something happening when he’s around? Hopefully, they don’t end up fighting.”

“I doubt it. I don’t think it will be as bad as fighting.”

“Cultured people tend to scorn each other. People from the Writers’ Association insisted that Zhang Ye doesn’t know literature. And with Teacher Little Zhang’s personality, it would be a wonder if he could endure it. What sort of person is Teacher Little Zhang? He is a person who would even curse at his

colleagues. He is a person who doesn't give face to the station's Leader. Watch and see. I believe that today will not end peacefully."

In the radio station's other channels, Zhang Ye was currently quite famous. Everyone knew him, so once the situation was understood, they had a feeling that a storm was about to brew.

...

In the middle of the back row of the auditorium.

Zhang Ye sat at his seat. To his left was Wang Xiaomei, and to his right was Wu Datao. He had bad relations with Wu Datao, so they naturally did not speak. Wang Xiaomei was well-known to be quiet, and seldom exchanged words with Zhang Ye; hence, Zhang Ye only looked down at his cellphone.

And of course, the cellphone's reception wasn't good.

It might have been due to the good sound isolation of the auditorium, which also blocked out the reception.

Zhang Ye only managed to go on the internet after trying a few times. The judging interface of the radio station's Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet indicated that it had already begun. There were quite a lot of listeners and people from all walks of life publishing their works. Some wrote ancient poems, while some wrote phrases. Some were modern poems, and some were original

song lyrics that were relevant to the Mid-Autumn Festival. There was no prize for this meet, but there was glory to it. If you could gain any spot in the top three, it would cause your fame to rise sharply in the industry. Hence, there were many people who participated.

However, the content was nothing flattering.

“The moon, my moon, you are so beautiful...”

“Mid-Autumn Festival, families eat mooncakes. Finishing one, eating another one.”

Zhang Ye nearly cried tears seeing this. The voting process had already begun, but even the number one voted poem was average. The quality was not high.

Dong.

The doors to the auditorium closed.

The last signal bar on the cellphone disappeared. There was no way of going on the internet, so Zhang Ye kept his phone in his pocket. He was pondering how he could correct his reputation!

My poems aren't good?

My poems have no literary value?

This was not denying Zhang Ye, but denying the famous masters of his world. Zhang Ye felt amused for them. This was only happening in this world. If it was switched to Zhang Ye's world, would Meng Dongguo and company dare to question these poems? They would only be beaten to death if they did!

Chapter 56: One Poem After Another!

At 12 o'clock sharp.

The auditorium was directly broadcasted live.

The stage was decorated nicely and there were flowers and carpets. A handsome man and a beautiful man presided over the event as hosts. Well, unfortunately, only the staff and family members present at the radio station could witness this. The listeners in front of the radio could not appreciate this, as they could only hear their voices.

“Our listening friends, how are you?”

“I am your host, Zhang Huo. This is my partner, Sun Mengjie.”

“People have reunions during the festive season of Mid-Autumn. Welcome to our listeners for today’s News, Literature and Music Channels’ live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet!”

The two hosts were the star hosts of the News Channel, and they were recognized as some of the best in the station. They were steady with their words and rarely made mistakes. Letting them be in charge of this huge event was because they were highly appreciated by the station. After saying a few words of introduction, the two hosts began to introduce today’s guests.

“Let us welcome Beijing’s Education Ministry’s Deputy Director,

Chen Kun!”

“Also Beijing Writers’ Association’s Vice-President, Teacher Meng Dongguo!”

“Famous poet, Big Thunder!”

“Famous children’s fairy tale author, Little Red Mushroom...”

Every introduction was met with applause.

After the introduction, the host, Zhang Huo, said beamingly, “Before the poetry meet begins, let’s invite a few Teachers from the Writers’ Association to come onstage to recite a poem as an opening. We also wish that the listeners in front of the radio have a good and perfect family. May your dreams come true. And may you have the best of all reunions!”

The poem recitation for the opening was clearly prepared beforehand.

Meng Dongguo was first to go onstage, and then he lightly recited, “Many Mid-Autumns underwent, but together seldom spent. Compensating it today, mellow, as a memento.”

With this sequence recited, everyone present knew what poem they were about to recite to tune up the festive mood. Of course, Zhang Ye himself was probably the only one present who had not heard of this poem.

Big Thunder went onstage, “Through the mirror, possessing two moons.”

Zheng Anbang went onstage, “Wrapping silence with a wooden branch.”

An old man from the Writers’ Association that Zhang Ye did not recognize was the third person to follow up, “Fragrance from one tree lulls.”

The last sentence was followed up by Meng Dongguo, ending the poem, “Brimming full of Fall.”

Everyone enthusiastically applauded. Zhang Ye also applauded after hearing it. This poem was not bad, it was really not bad.

This poem was “Time for Well Wishes”, written by this world’s famous poet, Ma Ruihong. Because of some reason, this poem was made famous everywhere. It was always a highlight of the Mid-Autumn Festival. Only a person like Zhang Ye, who did not understand this world, did not know it. Not many others did not know of “Time for Well Wishes”. Anyone of any age and gender, if pulled off the street, would be able to recite it. Yes, if an example was needed, it was the same feeling as “Hoeing millet in mid-day heat, sweat dripping to the earth beneath” in Zhang Ye’s world.

Zhang Ye no longer had the intention to belittle all heroes of this world. This world was also filled with capable predecessors.

After the poem was done reciting, Beijing's Education Ministry's Deputy Director, Chen Kun, went to the podium to give his speech. Following that, Deputy Station Head Jia also went onstage to give his speech, wishing everyone a happy Mid-Autumn Festival on behalf of everyone working at the Beijing Radio Station.

After a while, the main highlight came.

The female host, Sun Mengjie, said with a brilliant smile, "Thank you for the speech of the Leader. Next will be the poetry contest segment. Let me introduce the rules. Regardless of whether it is for the poems by the Teachers from the Writers' Association present, or for the poems posted by listeners on our official website, anyone who likes poems can vote three times for the works you like. Today, we have invited a notary from the Chengdong district. We will find out who is voted into the top three. So please, cherish your every vote."

Zhang Huo smiled, "Then, who will be the first Teacher?"

There were more than a dozen people from the Writers' Association. After looking at each other, Meng Dongguo walked forward, "Hurhur. Since no one came forward, then let me be the first. I have a poem." Clenching the microphone, Meng Dongguo stabilized his mind and began speaking gently, "The poem's name: 'Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night'."

"Abundance of flower blossoms fall, the full moon laments the waning moon."

“Day by day the Spring resides, farewell the twilight bids.”

“Thickness begets flourishing, sparseness begets Autumn farewell bidding.”

“The supporting pillow hears the thunder, as the stormy rain recalls the night.”

Big Thunder was the first to applaud, “Good poem!”

Another youth from the Writers’ Association said, “President Meng is getting more superb!”

Zheng Anbang also nodded, “It is well-written. There are too many reunion Mid-Autumn Festival poems these days. This poem reverses the trend, writing about separation, defects and weeping. It may not give people the scene of a family reunion, so it is not suitable for the occasion, but this makes people reflect and treasure the beauty of their reunion even more. This is writing about the Mid-Autumn Festival from another angle. This part of “recalls the night” was so well-written. Hai, I don’t even feel confident with my poem.”

Little Red Mushroom gave a wide smile, “Old Zheng, don’t compete with them. We are novel writers, so wouldn’t we die of anger competing with them over poems?”

Zheng Anbang laughed, “Indeed.”

The two hosts also flattered onstage. They also introduced them to the listeners since they could not see anything. “This is the Beijing Writers’ Association’s Vice President Teacher Meng Dongguo’s new work. Wow, just hearing this makes me intoxicated.”

Meng Dongguo laughed, “Not really. Hurhur. If the listeners find it good, remember to vote for me. I came here with some stress. If my voting numbers are too low, I won’t have any face to go home, so I need to try to garner some votes.”

Zhang Huo said, “President Meng is too modest.”

“That’s right.” Sun Mengjie said, “I think this poem has the looks of a champion.”

“This is just the first poem, isn’t it?” Zhang Huo pretended to ask.

“Hurhur. Zhang Huo, why don’t we make a bet? I’m guessing that this poem will be first.” Firstly, Sun Mengjie was giving face to Meng Dongguo. Secondly, she also felt that this poem was very good.

Zhang Huo said, “Alright, so what if we bet? Then I.. will also bet that this poem will be first!”

Seeing the both of them joking around, the audience laughed.

Actually, many people agreed. Meng Dongguo was a professional at this, so how can his poems be bad? With his skills placed there, and with Meng Dongguo's status placed there, he was the Writers' Association's Leader and was quite famous in Beijing. He was a veteran. Even if this poem was not flattered by them to the heavens, it was still of very high quality. It was pretty difficult for it not to get first.

Meng Dongguo went down.

The second person was Zheng Anbang. The moment he went onstage, he added onto Meng Dongguo's words, "President Meng said that he was stressed. Actually, my stress is greater. Just being after President Meng, isn't he trying to make a fool out of me? Forget it. I need to say it regardless. I'm not good at ancient poems, so let me help cheer the mood with a modern poem."

A minute later, he finished.

Everyone was stunned as they all gave a round of applause.

Meng Dongguo praised, "This Little Shen. He kept being modest, but he actually had such a good piece of work."

The other people from the Writers' Association did not expect that a romance novel author could compose such a good modern poem. It might not be better than Meng Dongguo's, but it definitely had what it took to compete for second or third place.

The third to go onstage was a young author. However, he did not recite a poem, but said a phrase, song lyrics. Although there was no companion music, the song lyrics were still vivid and refined. It was very creative.

The fourth person was Little Red Mushroom. The moment she went up, she first said, “Let me say something first. I don’t have talent writing poems. I write fairy tales. Today I will tell a fable.” She began narrating. The story was about personification, making the moon into a person. It was quite beautiful.

One worked followed another.

One person followed another.

Everyone that entered the Writers’ Association was not simple. They all showed their abilities.

The last person to appear was Big Thunder. His poems were always known for their magnificence. It was similar to his character. Hence, the theme of the Mid-Autumn Festival had hindered his abilities slightly. He narrated a melody poem, but the effect was not as satisfactory as he had wished. It did not garner a lot of applause. However, as it had quite a lot of literary value, the melody poem managed to make people reflect a lot. Meng Dongguo and the other Teachers from the Writers’ Association also gave him high praises after he came down.

“Big Thunder, it was a nice melody poem.”

“Do not care about the applause. It’s very good.”

“Their applause is lacking because they can’t understand it. They have not researched it deeply. If they listen to it several times, after some rumination, they will really find it memorable.”

Big Thunder said indifferently, “I also think it’s fine.”

About an hour after the poetry meet started, it was almost 1 P.M.

The host, Zhang Huo, took over the microphone, “Thank you for the interesting works from the Teachers of the Writers’ Association. It was indeed an eye-opener today. Every work really made me wish to not miss a single word. I’m guessing that the listeners in front of the radio must have enjoyed the feast for the ears. What are you hesitating for? Quickly vote for your favorite work. The voting deadline is at 2 P.M. sharp. Just now, the notary has told us that it takes five minutes to verify the votes. Hence, our poetry meet still has one hour and five minutes left. What will we do for the rest of the time? Let us announce the rankings from the voting website. Everyone can have a listen to the submissions by the netizens at the same time, too.”

Female host, Sun Mengjie, held a tablet. There was no cellphone reception here, so most of the broadcast equipment was equipped with their own wireless signal. Hence, they could still use them. “Ah, let’s see. Ranked first is Teacher Meng Dongguo’s work. Let me announce the top ten.”

1st place: Meng Dongguo, 23,019 votes.

2nd place: Zheng Anbang, 12,553 votes.

3rd place: Dong Fei, 9,813 votes.

4th place: Little Red Mushroom, 9,681 votes.

And so on and so forth. The top ten were all people from the Writers' Association. Meng Dongguo was leading far ahead. Dong Fei was also a very famous modern poet in the Writers' Association. They all swept up the top spots. Even though Big Thunder's poem was not well-received amongst the station's staff, it had also obtained 10th place. Only at 11th place was there a netizen's work.

The host read it out.

This piece of work called "Wind Breaking Through the Clouds" was not bad. But it was just not bad. There was always a difference between a professional and an amateur. One could tell just from the votes.

Chapter 57: Zhang Ye's Anger, "[Shuidiao Getou](#)"!

In the audience.

Wang Xiaomei was fiddling with her phone, "Can you access the internet?"

Zhang Ye didn't know if she was asking him, but replied anyway, "Ah, there is no signal."

"How will you post without the internet?" Wang Xiaomei glanced at him.

Zhang Ye blinked, "How did you know I would participate in the poetry contest?"

Wang Xiaomei replied matter-of-factly, "With your temper, you wouldn't swallow your pride just like that. See you, or not, there will you stay, no sorrow, nor joy? I didn't take that seriously."

Zhang Ye was embarrassed. It was true; he was not that forgiving.

"Do you need me to ask around for whose phone has a signal? And borrow it for you?" Wang Xiaomei took the initiative.

Zhang Ye replied, "There's no need for that. If I want to post, I

will go outside to post. But I have yet to think of a poem. Teacher Xiaomei, what's with you?"

"Why I am so enthusiastic?" Wang Xiaomei answered, "Because you are the representative of our Literature Channel. You already are our channel's branded host. If they doubt you, it means they are denying our Literature Channel's cultural standard. Besides, I don't think that your poems are worse than theirs. I cannot feel no sorrow, nor joy. I am angry right now."

...

Onstage.

The poetry event has progressed to the poetry recital and appreciation round.

After reading a few netizens' poems, Zhang Huo spoke, "These few poems are pretty well-written. It looks like our netizens are also capable people. Haha. But Sun Mengjie and I are really just here to watch. We are not professionals, so would still hope that the teachers from the Writers' Association would enlighten us a bit."

The participants from the Writers' Association passed around the responsibility for a while.

Finally, Meng Dongguo stood up, as expected. He was the one with the most influence within the group, "After listening to a few

of the poems, I find them still to be okay.”

The female host said, “Still okay? I can understand President Meng’s thought on this; so that means they still have their problems?”

Meng Dongguo laughed “They are only amateurs, so to be able to write like this is not bad.”

“Can you explain to us the differences between their poems and a professional’s? We are still unclear; perhaps everyone here is unclear. The poems sounded pretty good.” Zhang Huo pretended to be a layman.

Meng Dongguo touched his beard and spoke honestly, “Those who don’t understand poetry may not be able to tell the difference. On the surface, it’s quite good. The writing and phrases are elegant. But there are too many ways to read into it. Like the work “Wind Breaking Through Clouds” by that netizen... A professional would know immediately that there are issues with it. The modern-style poetry he wrote? It’s actually not. Modern-style poetry must adhere to a certain tonal pattern, rhyme scheme and parallelism. With the five character poems as an example, it must start with a level tone. The second part requires a deflected tone. Then the third part requires it to go back to the level tone. On the contrary, if the first part uses a deflected tone, then the second part requires a level tone, then in the third part, it has to be a deflected tone. He was not right with that.”

Zhang Huo was enlightened, “I see.”

Meng Dongguo said, “Hence, if they are amateurs or beginners, they are recommended to write modern poems. The requirements are simpler. Well, one of the modern poems that the hosts recited also had a small problem. The mood seemed a bit off, and the entire poem did not have a core literary belief. In our jargon, we would say that it’s lacking ‘spirit’. The words used are pretty, but literature eventually needs to abide by literature. It needs to move the hearts of the people. If a poem that is lacking in essence, energy and spirit, it cannot move the hearts of people, then it is empty at its core. It is just showy.”

“We’re gaining knowledge here.” Zhang Huo said.

Meng Dongguo seemed like he was hooked onto saying more. It was unsure if he did it consciously, but he suddenly mentioned, “Like recently on the internet, there have been several poems with a lot of views. Actually, in my opinion, there are some flaws in their conception. Of course, this could be a matter of ‘beauty is in the eyes of the beholder’, so there’s still room for discussion.”

Sun Mengjie added, “Vice President Meng, are you talking about ‘Flying Bird and Fish’? Or ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’?”

Meng Dongguo smiled, “I’ve mentioned it on Weibo. Those who have seen it will know. I have my reservations about these two poems.”

What?

Zhang Ye was mentioned?

Immediately, quite a number looked towards Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye's seat had become the focus of attention, with many eyes on it.

Zhang Ye had not expected Meng Dongguo to question him openly like this at such an important event like the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet. What's more, this was a live event and held at Zhang Ye's own unit. Meng Dongguo was now publicly invalidating him and killing his chances with just a simple nod? Did I f***ing kill your father or your mother? Why are you trying to fix me? After your online "education", you now came to my unit to "educate" me? Are you f***ing sick!?

"What sort of people are they!?"

"How can they say such things?"

"It wasn't easy for Teacher Little Zhang, too. What are they trying to do?"

"This is a live broadcast program! Aren't they trying to destroy him!? They are pushing it too far!"

Many of the Literature Channel's employees could no longer bear to continue listening. Even those who did not know Zhang Ye well were feeling angry. Yes, even if Zhang Ye was not a professional poet, even if Zhang Ye's poems were ordinary and not comparable to yours or have literary standards... But you still can't bully your

way around here like that! These people from the Writers' Association were really too much! This was their unit! This was their radio station!

...

At this moment.

The poetry meet's website blew up!

"Did you hear that?"

"Teacher Meng said 'Flying Bird and Fish' and 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel' were problematic?"

"That can't be? I think those two poems are very good!"

"Can the Vice President of the Writers' Association be wrong? So that Zhang Ye actually isn't anything. I was still wondering over all that clicks and forwards. So it was just crap!"

"Right, this person does not have any ability!"

"Zhang Ye's poem really has a problem?"

Many people who weren't already in the know of yesterday's incident on Weibo became informed of it now. Today, right now,

was even Zhang Ye's "Old and Young Story Club" program's schedule. The event was broadcast live through the Literature Channel and many of Zhang Ye's listeners were tuned in. To be passed judgement upon by such an authoritative person like the Writers' Association's Vice President, it would be expected that from tomorrow onwards, Zhang Ye's segment listenership ratings would be dealt a big blow. A listenership ratings drop of more than half would even be possible. Perhaps those who really liked Zhang Ye or those who held their own views would not be affected, but how about the others? The citizens' views would be affected by herd mentality and belief in authoritative figures!

A newcomer host!

An industry's Writers' Association Vice President!

Whose literary level would everyone believe in? It was clear at a glance!

This move by Meng Dongguo was really vicious, with the objective to kill off Zhang Ye's chances!

Zhang Ye was bursting with anger. This was really forcing his hand!

Zhang Huo secretly glanced over to his partner, Sun Mengjie, blaming her for saying a little too much. He was actually biased towards Zhang Ye. It wasn't because of Zhang Ye's poems; he also believed that Zhang Ye, as a newcomer, could not be better than these teachers from the Writers' Association. But because Zhang

Ye was his colleague and Meng Dongguo had publicly doubted him, Zhang Huo felt that this was uncalled for. After taking a look at the computer tablet, Zhang Huo continued, “Teacher Meng, the two poems you just mentioned... From my understanding, they were composed by our Literature Channel’s Teacher Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang Ye should be here at the venue, too. I’ve seen the comments left by our listeners and they all feel that ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ is really good. All of them don’t seem to understand what’s lacking in the poem.”

Meng Dongguo smiled without a word, before he said, “Let’s have Big Thunder explain; he is a specialist in modern poems and also a well-known critic. He would explain better than me.”

On hearing that, Big Thunder stepped up, “Haha. Since President Meng called me out and the subject is on this, it’s now the poetry appreciation segment, so let me bring up an example to explain. Actually, President Meng had already said it once on Weibo last night and I fully agree with it. ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ has become very popular on the internet recently, but it is so because of the circumstances at that time. Because this poem has saved someone’s life before, it leads to it being hotly followed and discussed, furthering its popularity. This practically added a lot of value based on the circumstances. There aren’t much literary learnings within the poem; likewise for other works by Zhang Ye. Its depth in essence, energy and spirit are just imaginary and I cannot see what he wanted to express. So in the eyes of us professionals, the author is just an amateur hobbyist.”

“It’s like this?” Zhang Huo questioned.

Meng Dongguo chimed in, “Explaining this way would not be clear enough for everyone here. Since Zhang Ye is here today as well, why don’t we invite him onto the stage, so that he can compose a Mid-Autumn Festival poem. We will analyze the flaws in it for everyone, so that it will be clearer to understand.”

“This.....” Zhang Huo looked towards the station’s Leader.

Sun Mengjie could not make a call either. Although there was still a lot of time, but to let their colleague come up onto the stage to be treated as a negative example? To be slapped in the face by Meng Dongguo and company right in front of everyone? They couldn’t bear with the thought of it!

Big Thunder agreed, “Is this not the poetry appreciation segment? It’s for everyone to learn more about the traditions of poetry.”

They were both singing each other’s tunes. Zhang Ye’s reputation was decided before he could say anything — Zhang Ye was an amateur; they had wanted to show the differences between a professional and an amateur!

Deputy Station Head Jia looked at Zhang Huo, and pondered for a moment before he nodded slightly.

Zhang Huo then said, “Alright, then. But we need to know first if Teacher Zhang Ye has any new works. Because Teacher Zhang Ye was not informed beforehand of this poetry meet. This was impromptu, so.....” The Writers’ Association was informed much

earlier to give them some time to make preparations. But Zhang Ye was not given this advantage. With Meng Dongguo and Big Thunder yelling for Zhang Ye to come onto the stage, Zhang Huo felt they had really overstepped their boundaries, not even allowing for a minute of preparation! They really wanted to pick on Zhang Ye's flaws, to strike him a fatal blow! What feud is there between all of you? That it had to come to this, to step over our colleague? The critical issue was that even Deputy Station Head Jia had agreed to this impudent proposal?

Many eyes were focused on them!

Zhang Ye let out a furious laughter. You want me to go up? You want to slap my face? You guys are courting death!

Wang Xiaomei's eyes had already gone dark upon hearing what was said. She said to Zhang Ye, "Let them see, Teacher Little Zhang!" "Show them whether we hosts from the Literature Channel understand art and literature!" said a furious Wang Xiaomei!

In front, Big Sis Zhou turned back, "Teacher Little Zhang! Attack!"

Auntie Sun, who did not really acknowledge Zhang Ye's poems, could no longer bear with this. She shouted across two rows of seats, "Little Zhang! Go get them! This is pushing it too far!"

Tian Bin, putting on a damper, said, "Forget it; don't go!"

Wu Datao shook his head, “Little Zhang, listen to me and don’t go. An amateur like you wants to put on a fake act in front of the professionals? Just say that you aren’t prepared; otherwise, when they criticize and point out your flaws, not only will you be embarrassed, even our Literature Channel will be embarrassed!”

All around, colleagues from the channel softly advised, “Teacher Zhang, ignore them.”

Some colleagues who wanted justice for Zhang Ye said, “If they are capable, let’s see them challenge Teacher Zhang in ghost stories! If they are capable, let’s see them challenge Teacher Zhang in fairy tales! Story writing is the true profession of Zhang Ye! Competing with poetry won’t determine anything! You all have been in this for so many years! Isn’t it a shameful for you to compete with a rookie? Eh?”

It was a little messy in the audience.

The auditorium’s mood was slowly losing control!

But under the spotlight, Zhang Ye stood up without any resistance. He smiled coldly, looked towards Zhang Huo, and signaled a ‘1’ determinedly. This was a signal everyone in the station knew. When hosting a radio live broadcast, ‘1’ would be signaled to the assistants to convey readiness.

“Zhang Ye!”

“Teacher Zhang! Think carefully!”

“Aiyo! Don’t go! Don’t you see that they are purposely making it difficult for you?”

Zhang Ye didn’t listen; he was already making his way out past the row of seats.

Zhang Huo understood, “Teacher Zhang has said that he is okay. Everyone, please give some applause.”

Meng Dongguo was waiting for Zhang Ye to recite before he passed his judgment on Zhang Ye’s flaws for everyone listening.

Zheng Anbang and Little Red Mushroom were also waiting for Zhang Ye to make a joke of himself. The others also knew that this time Zhang Ye would embarrass himself, but yet he willingly stepped up to be embarrassed!

In the applause that was either disturbing, helpless or gloating, Zhang Ye followed his determination up towards the stage. In the spotlight, and on the red carpet, this was his first time standing in front of so many people, unlike the sealed-up space of the recording studios. It was a meaningful face-to-face experience with so many people. But Zhang Ye did not have stage fright. This psychological strength of his had always been very good. Instead, he seemed to enjoy this moment!

Since you have forced me out, I will respectfully obey!

My poems have no literary value?

I am biting off more than I can chew by displaying my incompetence in front of an expert?

I am an amateur while you are a professional?

Alright, then! Today, I'll let you bunch of Beijing Writers' Association people know who is the amateur and who is the professional!

Sun Mengjie tried to stall for time for Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, since you were unprepared, please don't rush. You can take your time to think it through."

"There's no need," Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Huo paused. There was no need to consider? Creating the work on the spot?

Big Thunder disdainfully looked on. On the fly composing? What's more, a poem that has a theme? Even for him, he would need at least half an hour to seek inspiration! If I can't do it, how could you?

Of course, Zhang Ye did not need any preparations, nor did he even feel a need for preparations. A poem had already appeared in

his head!

When he knew about the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Zhang Ye began thinking about which poem he should use. He had not decided on or even wanted to use this poem. Why? Because this poem was too classic! A classic that when someone mentions Mid-Autumn and poems, 9 out of 10 people would think of this! After this poem existed, there were no other poems for Mid-Autumn! It could be said that no other poems could measure up to the influence of this poem!

To compose for Mid-Autumn, this would be the top choice!

It deserves the spot!

Zhang Ye did not want to choose it; he had wanted to leave some leeway for them. But after seeing how Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and the others played dirty to force him, Zhang Ye no longer wanted to hold back!

Some of the audience were anxious.

Big Sis Zhou urgently asked, “Is Little Zhang going to be alright?”

Auntie Sun replied, “Even if he cannot, he mustn’t lose his composure. That group of people have already s*** on our heads!”

Tian Bin purposely sighed, “Was that necessary? Isn’t he asking for it? This Zhang Ye is really..! An amateur is an amateur!”

Despite all the talk, Zhang Ye touched the microphone and took in a light breath, “When will the moon be clear and bright? With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky. In the heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?”

Everyone was stunned when he said those lines!

He wasn't using the modern poems that he was good at? And he chose a melody poem? Zhang Ye could also write melody poems?

And why was this melody poem.. able to make people have goose bumps? This...

Zhang Ye closed his eyes as he looked up at the ceiling. He was completely in a recitation mood, “I'd like to ride the wind to return home. Yet, I fear the crystal and jade mansions are much too high and cold for me. Dancing with my moonlit shadow, it does not seem like the human world. The moon rounds the red mansion, stoops to silk-padded doors, shines upon the sleepless. Bearing no grudge, why does the moon tend to be full when people are apart? People experience sorrow, joy, separation and reunion. The moon may be dim or bright, round or crescent shaped. This imperfection has been going on since the beginning of time.” After pausing for two seconds, Zhang Ye opened his eyes. With his gaze soft, he slowly read the last sentence, “May we all be blessed with longevity; though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share.. the beauty of the moon together.”

Chapter 58: The Masterpiece that Shocked the Entire Hall!

May we all be blessed with longevity?

Though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share the beauty of the moon together?

Zhang Ye had already finished reciting his poem, but the sound lingered on. Everyone present seemed to have their goosebumps explode. They were momentarily silent! The entire auditorium was echoing with the sound from the microphone!

With the poem unleashed, it shocked the entire auditorium!

Meng Dongguo was already stunned when he heard half of it!

Big Thunder, Zheng Anbang, Little Red Mushroom and the other Writers' Association's Teachers were dumbfounded!

Even without mentioning them, one could tell just by observing the atmosphere in the auditorium. Everyone in the audience had turned silent. Even the host, Zhang Huo, was at a loss for words while holding onto the microphone. The female host, Sung Mengjie, was even worse. She stared straight ahead and did not even realize that her hand had lost its grip on the microphone. Only when it issued a heavy thud on the red-carpeted floor of the podium did she come around. Following this, the souls of the people returned to their empty bodies, as if they had just crawled

down from the moon in Zhang Ye's poem!

Wow!

Shouts immediately exploded!

“Good poem!”

“What the f***!”

“Heavens! What did I just hear!”

“The pen of God! The pen of God!”

“Too awesome! This poem is enough to explode!”

Some people could not help but stand up and applaud loudly!

Director Zhao Guozhou and Wang Xiaomei were stunned!

Big Sis Zhou exclaimed, “What a good melody poem! Teacher Little Zhang really created it on the spot? Oh, my God! Oh, my Buddha! Oh, my Guanyin Bodhisattva! Oh, my Jesus! Oh, my Heavens!” She believed in quite a few religions, as there were all sorts of variations. “That ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’ was made on the spot. ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ and ‘A Generation’ were also improvised on the spot. ‘See Me or Not’ was also written there

and then. This is also written at the last minute? How could this be possible!? What sort of brain does Teacher Little Zhang have!?”

Wow!

It was unknown who gave the first applause! Thunderous applause!

This was not an analogous description! It was really like thunder! The entire auditorium’s ceiling seemed to have been blown away! Other than applause, nothing else could be heard!

What was good about this melody poem? Many laymen might not be able to tell what was good about it, but they knew that it was definitely good.

Only Meng Dongguo, Zheng Anbang and company knew what realm this melody poem had reached. This was written too well. It revolved around the thoughts and imagination that opened up due to the Mid-Autumn’s moon. It embodied the joys and sorrows of the world into a philosophical pursuit of the meaning of life and the universe!

When will the moon be clear and bright? With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky.

In the heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?

Almost every word was classic. Each word had a charm to it.

Some of the words even needed to be repeated several times to gain an understanding of the profound meaning behind it! For example, the sentence, “ride the wind to return home”? Why was the word “return” used? A few people from the Writers’ Association did not understand the first time that they heard it. Only as they heard to the end did they slowly understand. The word “return” was the finishing touch. It expressed how the original author, Zhang Ye, was in fact not treating himself as a mortal of this world. He treated himself as an immortal that had detached from the world; hence, he needed to “return” to the immortal palace, and not “go” to the immortal palace. It sounded insolent, but this melody poem’s essence, energy and spirit had suddenly broke the confines of this world, and had raised the bar by more than one grade! Coupled with the ending sentence, the dozen or so Teachers and authors from the Writers’ Association were too shocked for words!

Zhang Ye?

Who was he?

What sort of person is he!?

Other than Meng Dongguo and Little Red Mushroom understanding Zhang Ye a bit more, the other Teachers from the Writers’ Association did not know this person. They had never even heard of him; hence, they were so shocked. How could a person that could write such a melody poem be some nobody? How could he be a rookie that they had never heard of? Furthermore, these people had prepared for the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet for several days, while this person was called out onto the stage! He did not even have time to prepare! Just this alone! No one present

felt that they could do it themselves! What's more, he produced such a shockingly great melody poem!

When did the realm of poetry have such an awesome person!?

Two minutes. The applause lasted for two minutes before it ended!

“Zhang Ye!”

“Zhang Ye!”

“Zhang Ye!”

“Zhang Ye!”

Finally, loud cries began to shout out in unison. Many people were calling out Zhang Ye's name, cheering him on and encouraging him. They were backing him!

Why?

It was because Meng Dongguo was too much of a bully!

He had publicly invalidated Zhang Ye? And even said that he was an amateur? And even called him out to get him onstage for a showdown? And even wanted to find his faults, so as to show

everyone how to write a poem? Don't forget that this was Beijing Radio Station. It was Zhang Ye's unit. Everyone was a bit angry that their colleague had been bullied! Hence, seeing Zhang Ye coming up with such a magical and godlike poem in an impressive fashion, everyone seemed like they were on stimulants as they cheered him on. Although they were cheering on Zhang Ye's name on the surface, they were in fact trampling on Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company!

Deputy Station Head Jia's face turned black. He stood up to clap his hands. This was a live broadcast. What were they doing!?

Seeing the station's Leader's attitude, everyone stopped shouting and began to sit down one after another. They were all waiting to see the commotion that was to follow!

The host, Zhang Huo, managed to come around and speak. As he drew in his breath, he asked, "Teacher Zhang Ye, what is the name of this melody poem? Can you tell us?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "It's called '[Shuidiao Getou](#)'."

Sun Mengjie said, "I already do not know how to evaluate it. I'm a layperson and do not understand melody poems much. However, with me dropping the microphone without realizing it, you should know how much I love this poem. Really, I love this poem to death. Its words are beautiful to an extreme!"

Zhang Ye was a person who did not fear stirring up chaos in the world. He immediately said, "It's alright. You are a layperson, but

there are many experts on-site. They are professional Teachers from the Writers' Association." Turning his head, he looked towards Meng Dongguo and Big Thunder. Both of them had already returned to their seats when Zhang Ye recited his poem; however, Zhang Ye was able to find them with a glance. "Teacher Meng, Teacher Big Thunder... Previously, the both of you said my works have no literary value. Previously, you have also said I might not be good at writing poems. Yes, I admit I'm a beginner and an amateur. I shall modestly ask you Teachers for advice to please help me improve my level. Can you advise me on this poem?"

Zhang Huo nearly burst out laughing.

Sun Mengjie was also at a loss as to whether to laugh or to cry.

Upon hearing this, Big Thunder nearly vomited a mouthful of blood. He nearly cursed his mother. Your granduncle! I advise you, my ass!

Find a problem? Find faults? I haven't even fully understood the melody poem's complete meaning! Where can I find fault with it!? Although he was unrelenting and was angry, most of this anger came from being embarrassed. To be fair, Big Thunder had no choice but to admit that Zhang Ye's poem was flawlessly perfect. Not even them, probably no one could pick a fault with it. Zhang Ye had trampled on them!

Meng Dongguo was even more direct. He stood beside a youth from the Writers' Association and whispered with his head down. It was as if he was discussing the poem and had pretended not to

hear Zhang Ye's words.

Everyone who had called him out no longer made a noise!

Against such a dazzling poem, they had no means of making a noise!

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye also felt it was meaningless. There was no need to say anything more. He had already expressed himself using his work. Furthermore, it was a live broadcast, with many listeners listening into it. It was not good for him to say so much, as it was easy to make a mistake with too many words. It would make himself seem agitated. Although anyone could tell that those words were Zhang Ye's way of fighting back, what he said was without fault. He had admitted to being an amateur and had asked for advice as a newcomer. No one could speak ill of that. Hence, he passed the microphone back to the host and prepared to go offstage.

Zhang Huo was actually quite warm-hearted, "Teacher Zhang, although we are in the second poetry appreciation segment, it is still part of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. Your poem will definitely be voted upon by netizens. Do you want to canvass for votes for yourself?"

Zhang Ye turned around and smiled, "It's alright. There's no need."

No need to canvass for votes? Meng Dongguo and company had all canvassed for votes, but you don't need to?

Zhang Huo did not understand what Zhang Ye's attitude was and could only respect his idea.

Meng Dongguo, who was below the stage, squinted his eyes slightly upon hearing this. He was not canvassing for votes? It was alright, even if he canvassed for votes. He believed that he was guaranteed to receive first place.

There were two reasons. Firstly, he also felt that his poem was very good. He did not believe that his "Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night" was in any way inferior to Zhang Ye's "Shuidao Getou". He felt that it was one of the best Mid-Autumn works that he had created in recent years. Secondly, he had the advantage of time. Meng Dongguo was the first person to recite his poem at the Poetry Meet. It began at 12 noon and ended at 2 P.M. There were two hours, so the longer the program went after your poem was presented, the more people there were to vote for you. There was no dispute. This was also the reason why Meng Dongguo had arranged to be the first to present a poem. As the Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President, and a leader of the capital's poetry industry, he could not even show his face if he got second place for this sort of competition. He and the radio station had at least done their best to make sure that he would be the champion. If not, Meng Dongguo would probably not have participated in it, as it would affect his prestige.

But what about Zhang Ye?

Now, it was already 1.30 P.M. That was to say, Zhang Ye had barely half an hour left!

Even if the netizens and listeners liked his poem and voted for him, how many votes could they cast? It definitely could not exceed the votes for Meng Dongguo. Hence, he believed the championship title was likely in the bag!

Other people also shared his thoughts.

For example, Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom had the same thoughts. Although they knew that Zhang Ye's melody poem was well-written, it had no chance of becoming the champion. It was also quite impossible for him to enter the top three. How many votes could one garner in 20+ minutes? The other people already had more than ten thousand votes. It was already not bad if Zhang Ye could get into the top ten! When the results were out, people would not care about the procedure or that there wasn't enough voting time. They only looked at the final outcome. When the top three was dominated by people from the Writers' Association and Zhang Ye was ranked beyond third place, then it was a way for the Writers' Association team that Meng Dongguo led to save their face!

Ah, alright!

Your melody poem this time had a lot of literary value to it!

We acknowledge that your melody poem was indeed very good!

But so what? Aren't you still ranked behind us? In the end, everyone will still see that you are inferior to us professional

Teachers from a professional body like the Writers' Association!

Scholars tended to be more stubborn. There may have been some small conflicts at the beginning, but as the situation worsened, neither side would agree to back down. Anyway, they were going to go forceful on Zhang Ye! This was probably the clash between their orthodox background as Teachers of the Writers' Association and Zhang Ye, a half-past-six unorthodox "amateur" that wrote supernatural stories, fairy tales and poems! They would not give up until they beat the other party into submission!

Chapter 59: A Shocking Vote Count!

In the audience.

Under the attention of everyone, Zhang Ye went back to his seat.

The atmosphere of the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet was pushed to its peak by “Shuidiao Getou”. Everyone was getting more and more excited about the final results of the voting. Right now, the top ten spots are all held by people from the Writers’ Association. Even the next ten spots were scattered with people from there. It was an almost unanimous victory for them. But the breakout of Zhang Ye had put the whole contest into suspense and uncertainty!

“Teacher Zhang, you were great!”

“Good job! You didn’t embarrass the Literature Channel!”

“Those Writers’ Association guys don’t dare to speak up anymore? That’s what they get for showing off! They are all humbled now!”

“Haha. Teacher Little Zhang, give me an autograph later; I want it as a memento.”

The members of the Literature Channel were seated in the same area. When Zhang Ye came back to his seat, everyone gave him a thumbs up. Even Tian Bin, Jia Yan and Wu Datao did not dare to

make snide remarks. The poem had them in awe, too!

Zhao Guozhou, who was originally seated the furthest away, changed his seat with several subordinates and said to Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang, you have impressed everyone yet again!”

Zhang Ye replied, “Thank you for your acknowledgement, Leader.”

Zhao Guozhou queried, “Why did you not canvass for votes?”

“That would be unnecessary, right?” Zhang Ye had felt it wasn’t necessary, “Everyone is not stupid; they all have their own artistic appreciations and if they thought my poem was good, then they will vote for me. If they felt the other poems were good, they will vote for them. There’s not much meaning to canvassing for votes. It’s not a contest, but an exchange of literary learning. It’s better to keep it simple.” He had said so logically, but self-righteously.

Wang Xiaomei said, “You seem rather relaxed.”

Zhao Guozhou asked everyone from the Literature Channel, “What ranking does everyone think Little Zhang will get? Teacher Xiaomei, what’s your opinion?”

“In my opinion, from just the quality and literary qualities, Teacher Little Zhang would definitely get first. But that’s just my own opinion. We don’t know if the audience has been convinced by it. Vice-President Meng Dongguo’s poem was good, too. Perhaps

some will find it to be better. It's all possible." Looking at her watch, she said, "Besides, there's only about 20 minutes left."

"20 minutes?"

"Ah, yes! The voting will be ending soon!"

"Aiyo, then there's no hope; how can we catch up to them!?"

Everyone felt a little pity; such an amazing poem appeared, but it could not achieve a good result due to the lack of time!

From behind, the Literature Channel's Big Sis Zhou came back alone. So as to not block the people behind her, she bent over as she squeezed all the way over. "Excuse me. Liu'er, Zhou'er, let me get past." In the blink of an eye, she was beside Zhang Ye, "Eh. Leader, you are here, too?"

Zhao Guozhou tersely acknowledged, "What did you do?"

"I pretended to go to the bathroom." Big Sis Zhou held her cellphone, "Actually, I was checking the voting results for Little Zhang. There's no internet reception in the auditorium and I can only see it outside."

Auntie Sun asked with concern, "So how was it? How was it?"

The other people from the Literature Channel also tilted their

heads over, wishing to know.

Big Sis Zhou pointed to her cellphone. There was no more internet connection, but the web page that she had opened before could still be seen. “Little Zhang’s ‘Shuidiao Getou’ has already caused quite a sensation. Three minutes ago, the website staff had uploaded his poem after he finished reciting it. ‘Shuidiao Getou’ already has more than 900 votes. Look at their comments. The comments left by the netizens are practically going nuts. It’s almost explosive!”

The cellphone’s screen showed densely packed messages.

“God!”

“This melody poem is invincible!”

“Can it not be so powerful?”

“Who is Zhang Ye? Why have I never heard of this Teacher?”

“Did I hear wrongly? Previously, I thought Meng Dongguo and someone from the Writers’ Association were going to criticize Zhang Ye’s poems? Using him as a negative example? With the melody poem out, why did no one criticize it?”

“I’m laughing. I’m really laughing!”

“The Writers’ Association is so hilarious! Their faces are swollen from being smacked!”

“Haha. I have always supported Teacher Zhang Ye. Today, I want to see who dares to say that Teacher Zhang Ye doesn’t know how to write poems! From today onwards, I want to see who still dares to say that Teacher Zhang Ye’s works have no literary value!”

“To be going against the Teachers from the Writers’ Association, I can only now express my heartfelt condolences!”

“If a person who can compose a melody poem like “Shuidiao Getou” does not know poetry, then the whole f***ing world doesn’t know poetry. Are the people from the Writers’ Association stupid? And a Vice-President at that? I want to ask you now: are you the ones who do not know literature or is it Teacher Zhang Ye who doesn’t know?”

“Quickly vote!”

“Right, cut the crap. Voting is of utmost urgency. Time is running out!”

“Troll army, gather! Although we won’t be able to catch up and we are too far behind, when have we ever been afraid of anyone? We fear no one! Even if an individual is weak, we will contribute that tiny amount of energy to Teacher Zhang Ye! Not for anything else, just because of the spirit of Teacher Zhang Ye’s courage to fight with anyone! We must not fail him!”

“I’m here!”

“Troll army signing in!”

“Vote has been cast!”

“My large saber is again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!”

Zhang Ye’s fans came to support him. There were many others who first got to know about him through the poetry meet, who were touched by “Shuidiao Getou”. They all sent in their support!

...

“Just 900 votes?” Zhao Guozhou frowned.

Big Sis Zhou said, “That happened in an instant. Isn’t that already a lot?”

“Sis Zhou, what is Little Zhang’s ranking now?” Wang Xiaomei inquired.

“Before I went offline, there were 925 votes, so he was ranked at 41.” Big Sis Zhou spoke for Zhang Ye, “It may seem low, but that was just in a few minutes. If it increases at that speed, then it would definitely be higher than those people from the Writers’ Association. Little Zhang is too formidable!”

41? Zhang Ye was not very satisfied.

Aunt Sun sighed, “Hai, there’s no way of catching up. There’s no need to think further. The others have accumulated their votes for two hours, while we only had a bit more than 20 minutes. The difference is too large. Besides, the people from the Writers’ Association have fans that number in the hundreds of thousands. How many fans does our Teacher Little Zhang have? His popularity definitely can’t compete with them.”

Big Sis Zhou curled her mouth, “But there is still hope. Many listeners had just heard it and might not have the opportunity to vote yet. There will be more. I believe that Little Zhang will be able to fight for the top ten! No, maybe even the top six is possible!” Holding her cellphone, she said, “Look at this. Other than first-placed Meng Dongguo, who is leading far ahead with 37,000 votes, the ones after him have considerably fewer votes. Sixth place only has 11,000 votes. I think Teacher Little Zhang definitely has the chance of overtaking this! Even if it was any worse, tenth place had 8,500 votes. Even if he didn’t enter top six, there is still chance to enter top ten. I don’t think there is a problem!”

An editor from the Literature Channel said, “Entering the top ten would be enough. At least we can break the monopoly of the members from the Writers’ Association. It will also gain some glory for our channel.”

“That’s right!”

“May the Heavens bless you!”

Everyone also began to accept the harsh reality.

Big Sis Zhou suggested, “I think we should take turns ‘going to the bathroom’. Let’s go five at a time to help vote for Teacher Little Zhang. The higher Little Zhang’s placing is, the more glory our channel will receive! I have already voted for Little Zhang once just now!” This old sister sure was warm-hearted.

Zhang Ye sweated profusely, “There’s no need to; there’s no need. Thank you, everyone, but there’s really no need!”

What was this poem?

This was Su Shi’s poem!

This was the famous “Shuidiao Getou”!

Did he need to rely on his colleagues’ ten or so votes to help pull up his vote count by pretending to go to the bathroom? That would be too drastic a drop in this work’s value. This would be too much. If this was seen by people from his world, they would all be laughing their heads off! Anyway, Zhang Ye would not do something this embarrassing! If people did not appreciate this melody poem, “Shuidiao Getou”, then Zhang Ye was also helpless. He was also helpless if the vote count did not increase.

Forget it.

Let's resign ourselves to fate.

Whatever Zhang Ye could do, he had done. He had also worked hard. Now, to see if Su Shi's masterpiece was able to reverse the situation and whether it was able to help Zhang Ye trample on the bunch of people from the Writers' Association and establish his fame. All that he could do was wait. Everything was in the hands of the people to judge!

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

Time flew. Even if Zhang Ye was looking forward to it and more time was given to him and the listeners, the watch would not stop. Soon, it was already 2 o'clock!

"Alright, now the voting has ceased." Zhang Huo announced, "We are waiting for the notaries to consolidate the final scores. While they are reviewing it, let us recount the classic poems from before."

With the recording played, Meng Dongguo, Zheng Anbang and Big Thunder's poems were replayed once again.

Soon, a man and a woman from the Chengdong District's Notary Office came over with a book. "It's done."

The female host, Sun Mengjie, smiled, “The comrades from the Notary Office have done the statistics, and I’m dying to know what the results are. I need to first take a look.”

She immediately took a peek at the results.

Zhang Huo was also very curious. He also looked at the rankings in the notary’s hand.

This look did not matter, but Zhang Huo and Sun Mengjie were completely stunned!

Upon seeing the two hosts’ expressions, there was a commotion from offstage. They did not know what had happened, and were even more curious!

“What’s the matter?”

“Are the results too exaggerated?”

“Could it be that Vice-President Meng’s votes are leading by too much?”

The female notary held the microphone, “September 8th, from 12:00 to 14:00, Chengdong District notaries Li Hai and Zheng Meihong as supervisors have declared the votes to be fair for this Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet. I will begin to announce the top ten!”

Zhang Ye listened attentively.

Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei and company stared straight ahead!

Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company were more relaxed. They felt there was no suspense.

“Tenth place, Little Red Mushroom. ‘Auntie Moon’. Vote count: 9,300!” the female notary read.

Upon hearing this, Big Thunder congratulated with a smile, “Congratulations. This is a poetry meet, yet a fairy tale writer like you can get into the top ten. This sure shows Teacher Little Red Mushroom’s skill.”

Little Red Mushroom said, “Come on. Don’t flatter me.”

The notary carried on, “Ninth place, Big Thunder, ‘Untitled’. Vote count: 9,800!”

Little Red Mushroom smiled, “See? You are even better than me. Who said your melody poem was too niche? See, the listeners still recognize it.”

Big Thunder waved his hand modestly, “Actually, I was not pleased with this melody poem of mine. It doesn’t have my

character or mood. A poor response from everyone is also normal.”

...

“Fourth place, Zhou Anyi, ‘Onlooking the Moon’. Vote count: 16,001!”

At this point, the fourth to tenth places had been read out. All of them were people from the Writers’ Association. Not a single netizen’s poem entered the top ten!

“It’s time for third place!”

“I’m so nervous. Who will it be?”

“Why haven’t we heard Zhang Ye’s name?”

“That’s right; could it be that he took third place?”

“It can’t be that high. He only had twenty minutes of voting time, so it won’t happen.”

As everyone was discussing, the female notary announced third place, “Third place, Zheng Anbang, modern poem, ‘Feelings of Mid-Autumn’. Vote count...19,822!”

What?

Zheng Anbang was third?

Big Sis Zhou urgently said, “What about Little Zhang!? Why isn’t there Little Zhang!?”

Tian Bin said, “There’s no need to ask. He definitely did not enter the top ten.”

“It’s a conspiracy! There definitely is a conspiracy!” Big Sis Zhou said angrily, “Little Zhang did not even enter the top ten? Who would believe it! It’s such a good melody poem!”

“Hai, it was all for naught in the end.”

“That’s right; there was too little time, or else this result might be unthinkable!”

The people from the Literature Channel were all feeling a sense of regret. Some sighed, while some refused to accept the outcome!

However, when the female notary announced second place, everyone was silenced. It was as if everyone was muted suddenly. There was complete silence!

“Second place, Meng Dongguo, ‘Thoughts of a Rainy Mid-Autumn Night’. Vote count...40,058!”

Second?

Meng Dongguo was second?

There was an uproar offstage!

Meng Dongguo was also shocked. How could it be possible!?

Big Thunder and Zheng Anbang looked each other in the eye as a bad premonition hit them!

Everyone suddenly had a staggering thought. Meng Dongguo wasn't first? Then who was first? Who would be the champion for this Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet?

The female notary paused for a while before looking and said loudly, "Voted first for this Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Zhang Ye! 'Shuidiao Getou'! Vote count..." Upon reading up to here, the female notary's voice also had a tinge of surprise. Actually, she and her colleague had already seen the votes and placings; however, now upon looking at it again, the female notary felt that it was unbelievable. "The vote count for 'Shuidiao Getou' is...158,600!"

150,000?

150,000 votes??

What the f*** to your fifth granny!

Upon hearing this, the audience was completely shocked!

Chapter 60: Using Mo Yan's Prize Acceptance Speech!

“It's gone mad! Everyone has gone mad!”

“How many votes did she say!? Did I hear wrongly?”

“Is that true? Isn't this result just shooting out of the universe?”

“How can there be so many!? It isn't scientific! Really too unscientific!”

“150,000? The dozen or so works from the Writers' Association combined have fewer than Zhang Ye's votes alone?”

“And it's really true! One against ten! Complete victory!”

“All the Teachers from the Writers' Association combined lost out to him? Holy ****!”

Too many people could not believe their ears. It was too unbelievable!

More than 150,000 votes? What did this mean? This meant that it was going against the Heavens! Others may not understand this, but how could they, as people from the radio station, not understand? This was because the poetry meet was special and it had an upper limit to the amount of attention it could garner.

Every year's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was not broadcast on television; it was just broadcast live through the radio. The year before last's Hebei province's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had an old man from the Hebei Writers' Association for its champion. He won weakly with about 23,000 votes. And last year, the champion of the Jinshi Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was an operatic actor from the Jinshi literary circles. As he had used the moon as his topic and performed an operatic piece, he won with an undisputable 37,000 votes!

20,000+!

30,000+!

Even considering all the previous years, the number of votes the champion garnered had never exceeded 50,000 votes!

However, this year, what had happened in the Beijing Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? Alright, Beijing had more people, so it had greater influence than provinces like Jinshi or Beihe. The Beijing Radio Station's frequencies provided a greater coverage area than even provinces like Tianjin and Hebei could broadcast to, but it should not have been so ridiculous!

150,000?

Are you all f***ing pumping stimulants!?

And what was most shocking was that "Shuidiao Getou" had only

about 20 minutes of voting time! It was not even half an hour! 150,000+ votes! This far exceeded everyone's imagination and beliefs. Hence, no one had thought of this possibility! This was because it was too unreal! But the fact was that Zhang Ye had done it! "Shuidiao Getou" had done it! Zhang Ye had used a melody poem that he came up with on the spot to create such a Heaven-defying miracle!

No one questioned the authenticity of the votes. Everyone knew this was not a statistical error, as the two notaries were present. They were monitoring the entire process!

Big Thunder remained silent!

Little Red Mushroom and Zheng Anbang turned sullen!

Meng Dongguo choked to the point of not being able to say a word. He moved his lips, but no words could come out from them!

Zhang Ye, this person who Meng Dongguo and the Writers' Association looked down upon and said did not know literature! He had used a single "Shuidiao Getou" to smack them all in the face! And it was the type of smacking that slapped them repeatedly! Their faces were really swollen! Meng Dongguo had only obtained 40,000 votes! The ten thousands spot of Zhang Ye's vote numbers were more than his by 10,000 votes! Zhang Ye's single vote count exceeded their combined vote count by a lot more! Wasn't this a smack in the face? Describing it as hanging them on a tree while smacking them wasn't too much! It was even too light a description!

Zhang Ye was an amateur?

All of you are the professionals?

Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company's ravings were still echoing in their ears. Just thinking of those words, those members from the Writers' Association who had come with them felt their faces turn green. They had disgraced themselves along with Meng Dongguo! They were completely ashamed! They had been pulled into this for no reason!

"Who is the real amateur?"

It was as if they could see the evening news' headlines for tonight!

Speaking of this, up until now, Big Thunder still did not understand how "Shuidiao Getou" managed to garner so many votes. He admitted that this melody poem was extremely well-written, but it shouldn't be so exaggerated. The commoners also liked it that much? 150,000 votes? About half of those tuning into the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had voted for "Shuidiao Getou"?

Zhang Huo was very relieved, and was most gratified. He was very happy to see this scene. It was time for someone to kill these so-called expert Teachers' momentum and their unrelenting words. Just because of these expert Teachers' baseless rhetoric and unrelenting words, how much public controversy had they caused in society over the past few years? Maybe, as Zhang Huo was in the

news-reporting business, his philosophy was that as public figures, one had to respect the facts and be proper with their words. If they spoke blindly, then they could mislead the public, causing great harm!

Just because of a few words from them, how much criticism did Zhang Ye endure? They nearly ruined an excellent and great poet! If Zhang Ye did not have a good psyche, he would not have been able to create this work today. Zhang Huo firmly believed that if “Shuidiao Getou” was killed in its infancy, then it would have been a great loss to the cultural world! The entire People’s Republic would suffer!

Thankfully, Zhang Ye had not been disappointed, and was not put down by those words. In fact, he became braver, despite the setbacks. And for this, Zhang Huo gave Zhang Ye a huge thumbs up in his heart!

Great!

He had really made the Beijing Radio Station proud!

Zhang Huo raised his microphone, “Let us congratulate Teacher Zhang Ye in becoming the champion with an overwhelming number of votes for ‘Shuidiao Getou’! It is well-deserved!”

A round of applause exploded!

The female host, Sun Mengjie, said, “Next, let’s invite the top

three placed Teachers onstage for them to say a few words to our listeners.”

Big Sis Zhou laughed, “Little Zhang, quickly go!”

“They are calling for you. Hurry, hurry!” Aunt Sun urged.

Another colleague slapped him on his shoulder, feeling excited for him, “You sure are awesome! I thought you wouldn’t be able to enter the top ten! In the end, you obtained first place!”

Zhao Guozhou was also laughing, “Hurry up and go, Little Zhang. Say a few words. You deserve this honor.”

Zhang Ye could only squeeze out and walk towards the stage from the back of the auditorium.

When he reached the stage, he saw that Meng Dongguo, who was sitting in the first row, was shaking his hand at the host. He had no intention of going up!

Zheng Anbang, who had obtained third place, decided not to go up and embarrass himself once he saw that Vice-President Meng had no intentions of going up. What glory was there with third place? In his opinion, it was shameful and humiliating! Zheng Anbang also shook his hand, indicating to the host that he was not going up onto the stage.

Zhang Huo also ignored Meng Dongguo and company as he

smiled, “Then let’s invite this meet’s champion, who is also my colleague, Teacher Zhang Ye, to say a few words.”

What should he say?

This fellow, Zhang Ye, was a person who bore grudges. He glanced at Meng Dongguo and company. Although he knew that at this moment, they were full of wounds and scars, he still made it his obligation to add another stab, “Actually there’s nothing much to say. I’ll just thank everyone for your support. I am a half-past-six poet and am indeed an amateur. I do not know if my poems have any literary value or if it is art. I have also not considered these while composing this poem. As long as everyone likes it, and everyone acknowledges me, I think it is enough!”

What was adding fuel to the fire?

This was what adding fuel to the fire was!

What was rubbing salt in one’s wound?

This was f***ing rubbing salt into one’s wound!

Below, Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and company’s faces were flashing red and white. They had never expected this newcomer with surname of Zhang to still be mentioning this thing! He refused to let this go!

Zhang Huo was clearly unsatisfied, “Teacher Zhang, please say a

few more words.”

“Yes. From the messages from our listeners, they want to hear you talk about things regarding literature, such as producing works, or for example, the value of literature.” Sun Mengjie added.

Really say his thoughts?

Zhang Ye could not help but have a headache.

He could speak very well and was a broadcast major. All he relied on was his mouth. Since it was his profession, how could he not be able to speak? But this fellow was, most of the time, saying things ad verbatim. It was the same with how he learned in university. If not, he could tease and scold others, which was also what he was good at. But if he had to say something decent, such as speaking seriously about literature, he would be grasping at straws. There was no other way. He did not have the ability.

What should he do?

And it had to have literary value?

Eh. Zhang Ye had a flash of brilliance. I got it!

Zhang Ye pondered over it and decided to use the Nobel prize winner from his world, [Mo Yan](#)’s [\[*\]](#), words in his acceptance speech. He nearly recited it ad verbatim, “Alright, then. Then I

will seriously repeat myself. I want to thank my family and friends. Their wisdom and friendship shines through my work.”

Mo Yan’s original words were as such.

These words might not mean much to others, but it had a deep meaning for Zhang Ye.

Then he carried on Mo Yan’s acceptance speech, “Just now, we talked about the value of literature. My personal understanding of it is actually very simple. In comparison to science, literature indeed has no practical use. Yet the greatest function of literature is perhaps its lack of function.” With a nod, “Thank you, everyone. I’ve finished speaking.”

Upon hearing this, Meng Dongguo was dumbfounded.

Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom also gave a surprise look at each other!

Zhang Huo’s eyes lit up and sighed, “Teacher Zhang Ye keeps saying that he doesn’t know art and is an amateur, but his final words have perfectly revealed what sort of literary quality Teacher Zhang has. This is the most thought-provoking acceptance speech that I have heard in the past few years. Let us once again give a round of applause of Teacher Zhang!”

As people applauded, they were deep in thought.

Some people did not understand it, but others could understand a tiny bit!

The greatest function of literature is perhaps its lack of function? Those dozen or so Teachers from the Writers' Association stared at Zhang Ye, who was walking off the stage. This was the first time that they garnered interest in him, a broadcast host who had written "Shuidiao Getou". An "amateur" poet who had managed to completely destroy predecessor authors, them! A just over 20-year-old young man who could say such an acceptance speech! The things that Zhang Ye had managed to display were things that they could not ignore!

In the middle of the back seat rows.

The moment Zhang Ye returned, everyone began to speak!

"Congratulations, Teacher Zhang!" an editor said.

"You have made our Literature Channel famous!" Aunt Sun was gratified.

"I already said Teacher Little Zhang was formidable. Look at Little Zhang's words; they are so philosophical. Uh, although I didn't understand the meaning behind it." Big Sis Zhou laughed.

Wang Xiaomei, who had her eyes closed, opened her eyes and said, "Teacher Little Zhang's mention of function might be referring to the creative powers in actual life. How it can have

considerable influence and effect on this materialistic society. For example, science can build skyscrapers and dams, but literature is unable to have such an effect. However, the biggest function of literature is its lack of function. This meaning of this sentence is that because literature is unable to cause a materialistic effect on other things like other culture, giving the greatest satisfaction from the item, it is not confined to this physical world, but it can have endless sublimation at the spiritual level. It has a pioneering effect on man's soul. This, then, is its best function. At least, this is how I understand it."

"Deep."

"So that's how it is."

"If not for Teacher Xiaomei's analysis, I would have never understood it."

Actually, Zhang Ye disagreed with Wang Xiaomei's understanding. The explanation of how literature may appear useless, but actually had a use to it, was completely opposite of what he felt. It was because it was useless that made literature great. This was what he wanted to express, and probably what Mo Yan wanted to express, as well. However, Zhang Ye did not refute this or give an explanation. If you got it, you got it. If you understood a different meaning, then so be it. There was no need to distinguish. It was up to one's interpretation. If literature was also one equals one, two equals two, A equals A, B equals B, and did not have multiple interpretations, then literature would not be called literature.

Zhao Guozhou clearly was very interested in that sentence, “Little Zhang, your melody poem was well-written, and your acceptance speech was also very well-said. Not only did you exceed others in poetry, you have even exceeded others in the understanding of literature! Rest assured, no one will ever dare to say that you do not know anything about art!”

Aunt Sun sighed, “Little Zhang sure is formidable. He can write supernatural novels, fairy tales, modern poems and ancient poems. See, even a simple acceptance speech is enough to shock everyone. Hai, is there anything that you do not know how to do?”

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “All of you are flattering me. I just said those words without thought. It’s not that serious.”

The acceptance speech was well-said?

That was definite!

Who was Mo Yan? The people from this world may not know, as in this world, no one from the People’s Republic had won the Nobel Prize in Literature. However, Mo Yan was famous in his world. He was a person who really stood at the pinnacle of literature. For a person at the peak, he was a real master, so how could what he said be bad!?

A simple acceptance speech had once again made him well-known!

Anyway, Zhang Ye had really stolen the show today!

[*] Mo Yan was the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 2012. His real name is Guan Moye, better known by his pen name, Mo Yan, which means “don’t talk.” The phrase mentioned in this novel was said not according to script, as he had previously declared that he had forgotten the written version (as sent to the Nobel Foundation for publication and subtitling) in his hotel room. His [given speech](#) differs, therefore, in parts to the [published speech](#).

Chapter 61: The Weibo Messages Of The People From The Writers' Association Have Been Deleted!

The Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was wrapped up.

After leaving the auditorium, Zhang Ye came within steps of Meng Dongguo and the other members of the Writers' Association. They still did not make any attempt to have a conversation with Zhang Ye and were escorted out by the staff. Deputy Station Head Jia was amongst the escorts and when he spotted Zhang Ye, he had a dark expression about him. One look and you would know that he was obviously unhappy.

Why?

Zhang Ye knew clearly why.

Ignoring the matter of Zhang Ye not selling the copyright of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to the station, and ignoring that Deputy Station Head Jia's relative Jia Yan's planned program segment was forced out by Zhang Ye, the reason could only be today's poetry meet. Why were there so many Teachers from the literary circle attending, even though there was no official poetry session? Because of fame. The Leaders of the broadcasting station must have promised Meng Dongguo something; most likely, the promise was of guaranteeing him first place in the contest. Perhaps Meng Dongguo was notified very early on to let him have the preparation time to come up with a poem and in return, he would allow members of the Writers' Association to join. If it wasn't for

the lure of first place, there wouldn't be any meaning to competing at all!

But an unexpected incident had to happen this time!

Zhang Ye had caused an upset by completing an impossible task within 20 minutes and had snatched the trophy for his own! How could Meng Dongguo be happy? How could Deputy Station Head Jia be happy? Indeed, Zhang Ye had brought glory to Beijing Radio Station, putting them in the limelight. Afterall, he was a host at the radio station. But Deputy Station Head Jia did not care about this. He was more concerned about their promise.

Zhang Ye could not be bothered to care about it, though!

First place belongs to this bro! Wanna bite me?

In any case, Deputy Station Head Jia and the Station Leaders were already offended; Zhang Ye could not be bothered anymore. If they didn't care about him, he was not obliged to care about them. He walked past them and back to his office.

“Teacher Zhang is back?”

“Haha. Teacher Zhang is too awesome!”

“That melody poem is so good; it makes me so excited just by listening to it!”

Several colleagues who were not close to him before had now actively joined him.

After offending the Station Leader, Zhang Ye was ostracized by the office and he wasn't well-respected. But after "Shuidiao Getou" was born, his popularity increased even a bit more than after his release of "The Wizard of Oz". Even though there were still some colleagues who wouldn't speak with him, they at least treated him with more respect now. After he obtained the coveted first place under so much attention, who would dare to not respect him?

"On the internet, the netizens' responses were erupting!"

Zhang Ye flipped through the forums and Weibo and had a shock himself. He had not expected so much support over his injustice!

"I will not trust the Writers' Association anymore!"

"Right! From now on, I will only trust Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"The Song of the Stormy Petrel', 'Flying Bird and Fish', 'A Generation', 'See Me or Not' and those untitled works are all classics amongst classics! They are all great literary works of this world, yet they were s*** upon by Meng Dongguo and the others? Thrashed into worthless, rubbish poems? What is wrong with this world? Can't they differentiate between right or wrong? That gang of so-called Teachers, are they blind?"

“Teacher Zhang Ye has proven his worth today! Let me see who still dares to gossip!”

There were Zhang Ye’s ghost story fans, fans who liked his fairy tales, the troll army who followed his cursing phrases and even more fans who got to know about Zhang Ye through the poetry meet today. They had set up camp to denounce the Writers’ Association’s Meng Dongguo and others. Someone even shouted, “A Vice-President with standards like that should step down quickly.”

Zhang Ye quickly replied, one by one, thanking them all. He knew that this miracle of garnering 150,000 votes was all because of these supporters. They were the ones who had created this miracle and made Zhang Ye into a legend. Of course he had to thank them!

Suddenly, someone @-ed Zhang Ye.

It was ZhangYeNumber1Fan. He mentioned on Weibo, “Teacher Zhang, quickly go check Meng Dongguo’s Weibo and Big Thunder’s Weibo. Haha!”

Weibo?

What has happened now?

Zhang Ye trusted this fan of his; he had received a lot of support from this person the past few times that he had met with

difficulties. He quickly opened up Meng Dongguo's Weibo. Oh? There was nothing at all? The Weibo message that had been shared thousands of times that had criticized Zhang Ye's works for lacking literary value were no longer available. The status of this page was listed as "Has Been Deleted". And checking on Big Thunder and Little Red Mushroom's Weibo, the comments that they had shared were no longer available, as well. It was like they'd had a discussion to delete them away.

The trolls celebrated their victory!

"Brothers, we have again brought down another city wall!"

"Haha. This is fun! There's no failures when we fight alongside Teacher Zhang!"

"That's right; our team is getting more and more united, and the spirit is very good!"

"Correct. I suggest that we improve our partnership from now on. When there's a problem, we will attack together. Just look at how those idiots from the Writers' Association had to swallow their own words!"

"Teacher Zhang is awesome!"

"This 'Shuidiao Getou' is too well-written!"

Following the deletion of their posts from Weibo, it was clear

that Meng Dongguo and the others had retracted their words. For now, this could be considered to be an ending. Zhang Ye used a work of his, used his style beautifully and found a solution to this problem. The people who had been misled earlier on by Meng Dongguo and company also began coming back. Many of them left comments stating that they would renew their support for him. The conclusion of it all was that Meng Dongguo, Big Thunder and the others' casting of doubt onto Zhang Ye not only did not cause his popularity to drop, it had instead increased his popularity by several times!

It was the perfect resolution!

It was a perfect reversal!

Zhang Ye now took some time off to check on the virtual screen of the game ring. His total Reputation was now over 320,000! And even while he was checking, his Reputation points were visibly piling up nonstop in front of his eyes!

+1!

+13!

+16!

It was obvious that people were now paying a lot of attention to

him!

If we do a count, this was in fact the first time that Zhang Ye's Reputation points had grown by so much. Even though within them, some of the points came from "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and "The Wizard of Oz". But mostly, they were brought in by "Shuidiao Getou" and all that had happened at today's Mid-Autumn event. It was really the case of 'not opening for business for three years; once opened, it can survive for three years'. He had earned fame and Reputation. Today, he had the best of both worlds. Just the Reputation points now could afford him three lucky draws. If we mention the newspaper reports after today, the Reputation points still had a lot of room to grow!

Someone had tried to put him down, but he instead ended up getting popular by the day?

Zhang Ye wanted to scream out those words again — Let the tempest come strike harder!

Chapter 62: Family Dinner

Afternoon, 4 P.M.

The unit knocked off earlier, since it was Mid-Autumn's Festival.

Zhang Ye had wanted to rest an extra day tomorrow, so he stayed over to record the next day's episode of "The Wizard of Oz" before heading home. His mom had called this morning to inform him that he should go to his grandmother's place. Zhang Ye naturally obeyed, so he went home to the Jiaomen rented apartment, so that he could change into something more presentable.

Upon entering the corridor, he coincidentally bumped into Rao Aimin, who was coming out of the elevator.

"Eh, Auntie Landlady?" Zhang Ye greeted, "What have you been doing these days? Why haven't I seen you? I have pushed the rent through the underside of your door. Did you see it?"

"I saw it. Wait up." Rao Aimin threw the trash bag in her hands into a trash compartment by the door and took the elevator with Zhang Ye. She slanted her eyes at him, "You sure are good, kid. You became famous once again. You won first place at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet just now, right?"

Zhang Ye said proudly, "Just average."

Rao Aimin flicked a ball of thread that had fallen on her arm, "To

think that you accepted the praise I gave you. It is only because those people don't know anything. Your poem was so sh*tty!"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Ah? My poem is sh*tty?"

"How did you compose it? Recite it." Rao Aimin said.

"Alright, then please analyze and tell me where it's wrong. I really can't believe it." Zhang Ye immediately turned offensive. He was thinking, "How could anyone pick a fault in Su Shi's most famous work? Isn't this bull****? Even those people from the Writers' Association could not say anything, but you can?" He then shook his head as he said deeply, "When will the moon be clear and bright..."

"Isn't that a load of rubbish!? When will it? The 15th day of the 8th month!" Rao Aimin said loudly.

Zhang Ye was stunned as he suppressed his speechlessness, "With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky..."

Rao Aimin interjected, "Why do you even need to ask the clear sky? There's no need to ask it. Asking me would do. I already told you; it's the 15th day of the 8th month!"

Zhang Ye's brain was already filled with black lines, "...In the Heavens on this night, I wonder what season it would be?"

Rao Aimin interrupted once again, "Didn't I already tell you.

Today is the 15th day of the 8th month! Year 2014, the [15th day of the 8th month of the Lunar calendar](#)! Do you have no calendar at home?”

Zhang Ye, “....%\$#@#@#)!&&”

Rao Aimin showed her venomous tongue once again. This was the first time Zhang Ye had heard such a sharp criticism of the poem. He was momentarily dumbfounded!

Your sister!

Are you understanding “Shuidiao Getou” as something from the children’s show, ‘A Hundred Thousand Whys’!?

Zhang Ye already knew that he could not communicate with the landlady who had not one bit of literary culture, so he immediately went home to change his clothes. If he carried on speaking with the landlady, Zhang Ye believed there were only two outcomes. Either he would be vexed to death, or Su Shi would be vexed to life! However, after giving it some thought, Zhang Ye was hoping that there was someone like her amongst his fans. If a queen with a venomous tongue like Rao Aimin joined in the troll army wars, then she would be an absolute force to be reckoned with. The landlady herself had the power to fight a thousand alone. That was the real battleground for her to show her prowess. Yes, on this point, the landlady was an extremely rare talent!

...

5.30 P.M.

The sky was still cloudy and looked like it was about to rain.

Zhang Ye came to Liu Li Qiao, where his granny's house was. This was an old and tiny district. The thing slightly different from his memory was that this tiny district had been repainted, so the houses looked newer. Clearly, this was a change caused by the game ring. It was like a butterfly effect. There were many slight adjustments in this world. Well, it was unknown what changes had happened to his relatives. This was also one of the reasons why he had not dared to come to his granny's place ever since he had started work. Strictly speaking, this was no longer the world he completely knew, so he was afraid of letting the cat out of the bag.

Upstairs.

The door was open, but the anti-theft door was still activated. Laughter and chatter from the few cousins could be heard.

Zhang Ye opened the anti-theft door and entered. The first thing he saw was his mother and his third aunt, who were cooking in the kitchen, "Mom, Third Aunt."

His Mom smiled, "Son, you are here?"

His Third Aunt smiled, "Heh. Our superstar is here."

"What do you mean, superstar? I'm just a radio host, so don't

tease me.” Zhang Ye said humbly, before looking towards the sofa, “First Uncle, First Aunt, Second Uncle, Third Uncle.” He greeted them one by one. “All of you are here? Happy Mid-Autumn Festival!” Only his Second Aunt was not here for some unknown reason.

“Heh, Little Ye.”

“I haven’t seen you in a long time.”

“Quickly come in and meet your grandparents.”

Zhang Ye said, “Okay.” and entered the small house. The door was closed. His uncles smoked, while his grandmother did not like the cigarette smell. Opening the door, he gave some nutritional and health supplements that he had bought from the supermarket to his grandparents, “Grandma, Grandpa, happy Mid-Autumn Festival. How are the both of you?”

Grandma liked Zhang Ye the most. The moment that she saw him, she urged him to take a seat, “I’m good. My health is good, too. I’ve only been missing you. Why haven’t you come in a month?”

Grandpa also doted on Zhang Ye a lot. There was no other way. Although Zhang Ye was a maternal grandson, he was the only boy amongst the younger generation in the house. As old people, they were more traditional and preferred boys, “Little Ye is busy at work. He just started work, so he can’t keep coming like before.”

Grandma asked, “Hehe. Why did you buy so much? How much would that cost?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “It’s not much. It’s just to honor the two of you, and let you supplement your bodies.”

“Look at our Little Ye; he’s so sensible.” Grandma beamed.

At this moment, shouts came out from the house. These shouts sounded like larks. They were clear and pleasant.

“My brother is here!”

“Bro! Let me take a glance!”

“The superstar is here! I need to see him, too!”

The three sisters crowded into the small room.

His mother’s family situation was quite interesting. His mother was the eldest sister in the house. She had three younger brothers, who were Zhang Ye’s first, second and third uncles. The three uncles all had daughters as children, which were the three cousins of Zhang Ye.

The eldest sister was Cao Dan. She was in her early twenties and was not much younger than Zhang Ye. She was still in college.

The second sister was Cao Tong. She was in high school. Her personality was quite frank, like a boy. She was good at making big hooahas.

The third sister was Cao Mengmeng. She was in middle school. She was the most mischievous of all. She made a fuss all day and she was not afraid of doing anything.

In summary, none of these three girls were easy to deal with.

When Zhang Ye saw them, he sighed, “Little Dan, Little Tong, Mengmeng.”

The eldest sister was considered the quietest amongst the three. She obediently called, “Bro.”

His second and third sister were not that particular. Cao Tong slapped Zhang Ye on the shoulder loudly, “Well done, Bro! You became a celebrity after I had not seen you for a few days!”

Grandma shot a glance at her, “This kid... How can you speak to your older brother in this manner?”

Cao Mengmeng sank as she held Zhang Ye’s arm while laughing, “After hearing what First Aunt said, I specially went on the web to check, and I really found quite a lot of your works. Our school has also publicized ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’. I only knew that it was written by my Bro yesterday. So awesome. Hehe. Bro, you must have made quite a lot of money? Be honest. The few of us don’t

have any allowance left to spend. My parents also aren't giving me any pocket money. We will be relying on you."

Money?

Hurhur, what sort of question was that!

You are my sisters; how can I not give money if you ask?

Well, but talking about money hurts feelings, so let's change the subject!

Zhang Ye digressed and chatted about other things with them. First Uncle and Second Uncle also came over and they chatted.

After a short exchange and some leading questions, Zhang Ye received quite a good understanding of the present situation. His relatives had not changed too much. However, there were still some differences. For example, his youngest cousin's school was no longer the middle school from his memories. His eldest cousin had scored tens of points higher for her college entrance exams than in his memory. For example, the working place of his First Uncle and Aunt had changed to somewhere Zhang Ye had no memory of. All of these were considered minor changes. After all, the world had changed to a new world. A lot of cultural industries may change, so it was impossible to not affect his family. After figuring this out, Zhang Ye also dared to speak, and was not too afraid of making mistakes.

Even as dinner time approached, everyone was still talking about Zhang Ye.

“Little Ye is so promising.”

“Little Ye, when did you dabble in creative work? Why didn’t I see it before?”

“That’s right; I’ve never seen this talent of Little Ye in the past. Even if he gained enlightenment, it shouldn’t have been so exaggerated. I heard from Big Sis that Little Ye even wrote poems!”

Third Uncle and Aunt had a suspicious tone, but they had no malicious thoughts. They really could not understand. This was because other than Zhang Ye having managed to make the cut for a pretty good university, he was not great in any other aspect. He had been too normal since he was young, hence they had even discussed before that after Zhang Ye graduated, he would at most find a behind-the-scenes job in a radio station or newspaper firm, where he would do the lighting or write documents. No one expected Zhang Ye to find such a well-fitted profession and even manage to sit stably as one of Beijing Radio Station’s broadcasting hosts!

His parents did not speak.

However, his Mom did not like hearing that and was just about to retort.

Suddenly, Second Aunt came home. She held a bag of [mantou](#) in her hands. She had just went to buy food. The moment she entered, she began to chatter. She pulled out two rolls of newspapers that she had held under her arm. “Eh. Little Ye, you got off work? Quickly take a look. I just bought the newspaper at the newsstand. Little Ye has made it into the papers. At this afternoon’s whatever Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, Little Ye had shockingly taken down the professional writers from the Beijing Writers’ Association, getting first!”

“Eh?”

“There was such a thing?”

“Quickly, let me see.”

“What sort of newspapers? Some tabloid?”

Everyone was very surprised.

Second Aunt said, “What tabloid? It’s the Beijing Evening News. Another is the Beijing Times. They are all big newspapers and each have a great circulation!”

Zhang Ye tilted his head over and took a glance. He had walked past the newsstands just now, but he did not buy it. He did not think that the afternoon’s events would be reported in time, as the newspaper firms would have prepared manuscripts. So it would never be in time. But who knew that it would come out today?

Hence, he also had not seen the specific content.

His Third Cousin, Cao Mengmeng, grabbed it, “Wow, Bro. You really became famous. I thought it was just some small hooaha. I didn’t know that you had become so famous!”

The relatives passed the newspapers around as they surrounded them. Only then did they realize how promising Zhang Ye had become.

Grandpa and Grandma were very elated. They praised their grandson for his abilities.

Mom’s face was beaming with pride as she began to brag, “That’s because you don’t know. Little Ye is awesome. Just last time, he used a poem to save a person’s life. A female university student wanted to commit suicide; but after hearing my son’s poem, she immediately did not want to die. The next day, the entire family even brought a banner and made a big hooaha at my son’s unit to thank him. Also, that fairy tale that was greatly publicized by the capital, it may seem like an ordinary story, but in fact, it’s nothing ordinary. Back then, when my son posted ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’, that was a national contest... That was something that even shocked the Education Ministry. I think it’s even possible for it to be written into elementary school textbooks. And then, there’s the other time...”

Mom was bragging throughout the entire meal.

Zhang Ye blushed while hearing this. He was thinking, “I didn’t

realize that I was so kick-ass!”

Chapter 63: Can You Get Zhang Yuanqi's Signature?

After dinner.

Dad and the three uncles went to the balcony to smoke.

Zhang Ye felt embarrassed to smoke in front of his family, so he stayed behind with all the women, speaking at random.

Second Cousin Cao Tong was looking at her cellphone and suddenly kicked at Zhang Ye's shoes. "Eh. Bro, there will be the Golden Microphone Awards soon!"

Zhang Ye replied, "I know."

The Third Cousin immediately said, "I have also heard of it. My idol, Zhang Yuanqi, will be one of the judges this time. I heard from my classmate that this was the first time that the Golden Microphone Awards have invited such a big S-list celebrity to be a judge. Some people are even questioning if my big idol knows about broadcasting and hosting. Ha, what a joke. Don't they know that Auntie Yuanqi had been a television host many years ago? Furthermore, the program she hosted was very popular. It was only because she went to do music and film movies that she did not further develop herself in the hosting business. If she was not qualified to be a judge, who else is qualified? Keke. With Auntie Yuanqi present, there will definitely be many people watching the awards ceremony this year."

Zhang Ye said with surprise, “You sure know quite a lot.”

“Of course.” Cao Mengmeng smiled. “I’m most infatuated with Zhang Yuanqi.”

Eldest Cousin Cao Dan looked at Zhang Ye, “The finalist nominations are almost done, right? Did you get in?”

Zhang Ye smirked, “Golden Microphone Awards? That has nothing to do with me. I have just started work this past month. To be nominated for the Golden Microphone Awards, one needs to have at least three years of broadcasting experience. I’m still far from the gates.” He did want to get an award and had planned very well. Once he obtained an award and gained experience, he could leave the radio station for a bigger stage to develop himself. However, even if he set his sights high, he had never considered the Golden Microphone Awards. That was the most prestigious broadcasting host award in the country. He would not be able to squeeze into it, even if he broke his head.

Cao Dan blinked, “I’m not talking about being nominated for the Golden Microphone Awards; I’m talking about the Silver Microphone Awards.”

Zhang Ye turned his attention back, “Silver Microphone Awards? What’s that?” If he was not mistaken, his world only had the Golden Microphone Awards. Where did the Silver Microphone Awards come from?

“The Silver Microphone Award is a newcomer award.” Cao Dan might have dreams of entering the entertainment industry, so she knew a bit more. She checked on her cellphone and passed it over, “Look. These are newcomer awards that were specially created for newcomers who have less than three years in the broadcasting industry. Among these, there are ten spots for all the rookie television hosts in the country, while there are ten spots for all the rookie radio hosts in the country. Take a look.”

“Bro, you are so stupid.” Cao Mengmeng scoffed.

Cao Tong was speechless too, “To think that you are an anchor. You don’t even know this?”

Grandma protected her grandson, “Don’t laugh at your brother. Little Ye has just started working for a month.”

Zhang Ye broke into a sweat. He, of course, did not know of this because his world did not have it. Why was there a specially established award for newcomers? And they were given to ten people? He quickly checked and finally understood. These special Silver Microphone Awards prepared for newcomers were not something to be scoffed at. It was not limited to the capital regions. This award was a national award and meant a lot!

Haha!

He got whatever he wanted!

Zhang Ye felt that he had to get this award, regardless of anything. Wasn't he waiting for this? Once he had experience on hand, Zhang Ye could have vast oceans of flying fish... Eh, that's not right. Vast oceans of jumping birds... Eh, that's not right either. High skies... high skies filled with birds... Forget it! What a crappy phrase!

After teasing Zhang Ye, Cao Mengmeng began talking about her biggest idol. Strictly speaking, Zhang Ye did not belong to this world and there were many changes that he did not know about. But everyone in the family knew of Cao Mengmeng's hardcore star-chasing, and Zhang Yuanqi was her favourite, "I must go support my Auntie Yuanqi's new movie. She's too pretty, so gentle and so very elegant. When I grow up, I want to be as beautiful as someone like Auntie Yuanqi."

Third Aunt smiled, "My daughter will definitely be beautiful."

Remembering something, Cao Mengmeng glanced toward Zhang Ye, "Brother, you've got to work harder. You're only a small star now, so you have to quickly gain more fame. And when you reach Zhang Yuanqi's level, you must get an autograph from her for me. That is my biggest wish. Ah, ah. If I had her autograph, that would be so great; my schoolmates would be so envious of me!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "Who is a really small star now?"

"Heehee. That's about what you are." Cao Mengmeng swung her pigtails around saying, "If you get me Zhang Yuanqi's autograph, I will admit that you are a famous star and worship you in the future."

Zhang Ye deliberately quipped, “If I can get it? How will you worship me?”

Cao Mengmeng rolled back her eyes, “Get over it. You can’t even meet Zhang Yuanqi now; how do you expect to get her autograph?”

“Who says I can’t get to see her?” Zhang Ye suddenly bragged.

Cao Mengmeng stuck out her tongue, “Keep on bragging; like I would believe it.”

Cao Dan asked, “Where will our brother get the autograph from? What kind of person is Zhang Yuanqi like? Having bodyguards all around whenever she goes out, even if you were to meet her coincidentally, you would not be able to see her. She’s going to be well-protected.”

Cao Mengmeng eagerly said, “Brother, I will depend on you anyway!”

“Don’t give trouble to your bother.” Third Aunt told her daughter. “Little Ye has just debuted; how do you expect him to get you Zhang Yuanqi’s autograph?”

Third Uncle, who had just come back from his smoke break, also said, “Little Ye, don’t be bothered by her.”

Zhang Ye laughed, then said to the youngest sister, “Do you really want to have it?”

“Of course! I want it, even in my dreams.” Cao Mengmeng was a passionate fan of Zhang Yuanqi’s, “Even if you take away a year of my lifespan, I still want it!”

“Stop spouting nonsense.” Grandma lightly nudged her head.

Cao Mengmeng clutched her head and said, “But it’s true; I am Auntie Yuanqi’s hardcore fan!”

Zhang Ye and his Mom, along with their few aunties, were all tickled by Cao Mengmeng’s antics.

Zhang Ye then mysteriously said, “Sure. Wait for me a little, then. I will go to the bathroom.” In the toilet, Zhang Ye flipped through his wallet and took out a piece of paper. Did he have Zhang Yuanqi’s autograph? He really did have it. It was from the other time when Zhang Yuanqi left the note to him before leaving his house. On it was written, “I’ve saved your phone number; the same goes for your unit number. I’ve forgotten yesterday’s incident; I guess you have, too.” in some sort of threatening tone.

Sign off:

— Zhang Yuanqi.

Zhang Ye cleared his throat, tore off the top part of the note, and

kept the signature intact. He then grasped it in his hand and walked outside.

Outside the house.

Cao Mengmeng was still jumping around, expressing her love for Zhang Yuanqi, “The other time when the concert ended, I was just 100 metres away from her; a hundred metres! I hate myself for not having the courage to rush up! Then, maybe I would have gotten an autograph from her! It’s my biggest regret! I hate it!”

“Really?” Cao Dan said in frustration.

Cao Tong tousled her little sister’s hair, “Haha. There will be chances in the future.”

Actually, Cao Dan and Cao Tong were also very into Zhang Yuanqi. They were just not at the level of crazy, like their third sister was.

Zhang Ye came over and nudged Cao Mengmeng with his arm, then opened his fist and said, “Take it.”

“What’s this?” Cao Mengmeng not understanding the situation, “Did you use this in the toilet? Aiya, brother; that’s too dirty!”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, “It’s not toilet paper! Take a clearer look. You don’t know how good I am.”

“Let me see; what’s this mysterious thing?” Cao Tong grabbed it, opened the note and gave out a scream, “Ahh! This can’t be?”

Cao Mengmeng’s curiosity was aroused. She immediately jumped up, “Show it to me! Show it to me!”

Cao Tong handed the note to Cao Mengmeng, dumbfounded, “You should prepare yourself for this!”

Cao Mengmeng casually took it from her, but when she saw the writing on it, it sent a shiver down her spine. Her little voice suddenly shouted, “OH, MY GOD! God! Zhang Yuanqi’s autograph! Autograph!”

The entire family was startled.

“Is that true?”

“Zhang Yuanqi’s autograph?”

“Little Ye, how did you get it?”

Even though the adults don’t follow any stars, they still knew Zhang Yuanqi well!

“Did brother go to the toilet and forge this autograph?” Cao Tong asked cautiously after recovering from the shock. She immediately

launched her mobile internet browser to search for Zhang Yuanqi's autograph to verify it!

Cao Mengmeng and the others gathered around to see!

The truth was revealed; it was exactly the same!

This was really Zhang Yuanqi's signature!

Cao Mengmeng nearly went mad, running around the house while holding the note in both hands. She shouted while doing this, "I have it now! I have it now!"

Zhang Ye "...Be quiet."

"My schoolmates are gonna be so jealous of me! I want to frame it! I want to frame it against the wall and place it above my bed forever!" Cao Mengmeng was ecstatic for a long while, before she remembered about Zhang Ye. She pounced on him, "Brother! I love you! I really, really love you!"

Zhang Ye patted her back, pretending to despise her, "Get down. Down!"

Cao Mengmeng held on tightly, "You actually got it. How did you get it?"

"I have my ways. But it's a secret, so I won't tell." Zhang Ye could

still be stern when he wanted to be stern. “Keep it well.”

Cao Tong stared, “Brother, I want it, too!”

Cao Dan also embarrassedly looked at Zhang Ye, “I would like one, too.”

Zhang Ye was in cold sweat, “I’ve only got one; let’s talk about it later.”

“Brother, you are biased. You gave it to Mengmeng, but not to us.” Cao Tong held out her hand in a tantrum, “I don’t care. I want it anyway; you just get it for us!”

“Next time, next time.” Zhang Ye said dismissively.

The autograph was handed around for everyone to take a look at it. Cao Mengmeng looked on, unwillingly. Whenever it was passed onto another person, her eyes followed closely, afraid they would damage it.

Having gotten this autograph, Zhang Ye was looked upon in a different light by his family. He actually managed to get his hands on Zhang Yuanqi’s autograph? They only had the sudden realisation now; Zhang Ye was no longer the silly boy who could not achieve anything!

Chapter 64: New Feature Of The Lottery – Additional Stakes!

The second day after Mid-Autumn's Day.

It drizzled lightly overnight and the morning was cool.

Zhang Ye was resting. In his rented apartment of about 30 square meters, Zhang Ye was preparing for something very important – the Lucky Draw.

At this moment, his total Reputation had reached an alarming 630,000. It had accumulated 100,000 points from before, from the broadcasts of “Ghost Blows Out the Light” and “The Wizard of Oz” over the past few days, as well as more from the fans gained from Weibo’s “See Me or Not” poem, and “Shuidiao Getou” from the live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. Also, there was the popularity that Zhang Ye had received from yesterday’s Beijing Evening News and Beijing Times. It was as if flowers were blooming from all directions. Hence, his Reputation had reached an unprecedented large number with all these aspects. Counting it, Zhang Ye had really never obtained so many Reputation points before. He felt like a nouveau rich!

It was so addicting!

It could be said that his hard work had paid off!

Zhang Ye forgot about his pressures and took a deep breath.

Then he went to the bathroom and used some soap to wash his hands three times before sitting down on his bed — He was always this superstitious.

The game's interface appeared.

[Inventory]: Currently empty.

[Merchant Shop]: Only "Memory Search Capsule"

[Lottery]: There was only this method left to obtain new items.

Zhang Ye used his heavily scented hands to tap open the Lottery screen and chose to purchase the chance at the Lottery once. After he made the confirmation, the wheel began to spin. The drawing had begun!

Stats Category...

Consumption Category...

Skills Category...

Special Category...

The needle slipped past one after another!

About ten seconds later, the needle began to slow down!

Zhang Ye had previously had great luck when he had obtained a Special Category prize. He did not have any extravagant wishes, as the probability of it happening again so soon was too low. This time, he was hoping to obtain a Stats Category or Skills Category prize. It was because he had still not seen what sort of items there were in these two categories. He had no concept of it, so he naturally anticipated it. He also wanted to be familiar with the game ring's usage and effects as soon as possible. For example, what was a Skills Category item? For example, there were parentheses at the end of the Treasure Chest, within which was written "Small". Was there a Treasure Chest (Medium) or Treasure Chest (Large)? How was it opened? Or did he need to level up? Will there only be this feature in the future? Zhang Ye did not understand any of these.

The increase in his popularity depended on it. The Unlucky Sticker, the Memory Search Capsule, etc. had all given him a wondrous boost for his career. Even the modification of the world's background was all due to the game ring. It was only this that allowed Zhang Ye to use unknown literary works to appear so divine. For such an important thing that he relied upon, he had to research it thoroughly. He had great goals. He would not be satisfied with an average life.

As he was thinking this, the needle had stopped!

Seeing the needle point to a stop, Zhang Ye was a bit depressed. Your sister. Why is it still a Consumption Category? Even if this category accounted for a 50% probability, it shouldn't happen all

the time!

Zhang Ye obtained another Consumption Category's Treasure Chest (Small). He helplessly took it out and opened the lid. Actually, Zhang Ye no longer looked forward to the Consumption Category, as he had obtained it too many times. However, when he opened the Treasure Chest and saw the item inside and its introduction, he could not help but be pleasantly surprised!

[Lucky Bread].

The item's introduction: Effective once eaten. Increases the player's Luck stat for five minutes.

Adding luck? This was a good item! Zhang Ye had clearly not used it before; however, he had used the “Unlucky Sticker” and the “Unlucky Halo”. These items were things that had bad luck effects. From those two items, he could also see what effect that the Lucky Bread would have. It definitely would not be terrible!

Zhang Ye finally laughed. He carefully kept the Lucky Bread, and then opened up the Lottery interface once again. He still had 500,000 Reputation points, and could still draw another five times. However, to be safe, he would leave 100,000 Reputation points unused. He needed to ensure that he could obtain knowledge he could not remember clearly when there was a need. For him to want to become a celebrity, a celebrity more popular than Zhang Yuanqi, it was important for him to be careful.

There were still four more chances!

Zhang Ye chose the Lottery once again, and then confirmed his purchase!

The needle moved. Zhang Ye stared at the turntable, without blinking. Maybe it was because he looked at it so seriously, but Zhang Ye was suddenly shocked. He noticed that there was an option that he had never seen before on the turntable. As there were too many categories, and there were all sorts of color zones and the needle, the turntable was too complicated. It had distracted a lot of his attention, so Zhang Ye had only discovered it at this time. The option was very small, and was at the rightmost corner of the turntable.

[Additional Stakes].

These two words did not have any other introduction.

Zhang Ye hesitated for a while, before he tapped it.

Pa! A window popped out. At the same time, the needle stopped in its place and did not carry on moving. There were only six words on the screen.

Adding Stakes Or Not?

"Yes" or "No".

Zhang Ye was of a mind to try it for research purposes, so he chose “Yes”. Following that, his remaining Reputation points and more options appeared.

Select Additional Stakes Quantity.

The default was “1”, and there was an up and down arrow beside it. He could add more stakes.

Zhang Ye hesitated for a long time. With a ruthless determination, he decided to add an additional three more stakes. He reserved 100,000 Reputation points. This was the largest number of stakes that he could add. Every additional stake cost 100,000 points.

With the three additional stakes bought, his Reputation immediately became 130,000.

Following that, the interface bounced and returned back to the turntable interface from before.

The needle continued moving. It did not begin from the beginning. It was in the previous state as before. Its momentum was slowly decreasing and was closing in on the Stats Category!

Stop!

Stop, please!

Zhang Ye only wished that he could use his hand to pull the needle over!

Maybe it was because the Heavens had heard his call. As the needle carried on moving, it began to close in on the Stats Category at the final moment. It had hit the zone by just a millimeter difference! Finally, he had obtained the Stats Category that he had never obtained before, just what he had wished for. Zhang Ye was greatly anticipating it!

The Treasure Chest appeared. It was still the same old Treasure Chest (Small).

However, different from before, there were four Treasure Chests (Small)!

This was the effect of adding stakes? Drawing from the Lottery was one stake. With three Additional Stakes, there were four Treasure Chests?

Zhang Ye rushed to take out all the Treasure Chests. He used his left hand to open a lid, and the result greatly surprised him!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

And still Fruit of Charm (Eye)!

The four Treasure Chests opened the same Stats Category item!

So this was the meaning of Additional Stakes! It was the same as buying lottery tickets. Additional Stakes meant doubling, tripling or more!

Understanding this effect, Zhang Ye believed this Additional Stakes option would definitely aid him greatly in the future. As he had added his stakes when the wheel was almost stopping, yet it carried on. That meant that whenever Zhang Ye wanted a particular category's item, he could watch the needle and wait until it was about to stop at the category he needed, then begin adding stakes. By buying Additional Stakes, he could then obtain many of the category's awards that he needed, all at once!

Chapter 65: The Amazing Effects Of The Fruit Of Charm!

He now had an understanding of the Additional Stakes.

Looking at the item's introduction, Zhang Ye was overjoyed.

[Fruit of Charm (Eye)]: Permanently effective once eaten. Increases the player's charm stat (Eyes). Can be unlimitedly stacked.

Only for the eyes? Could there be other Fruit of Charms for other parts?

So this was the Stats Category award! No wonder the chances of getting it were so low!

It was completely different from the one-time Consumption Category items! This was a permanent effect item!

And looking at the description, it could be stacked an unlimited number of times? This meant that he could eat as many of these permanent effect fruits as he could get his hands on?

Zhang Ye finished his Lottery draw. He had spent most of his points, so he had no intention of drawing again. He immediately placed the four Fruits of Charm on a desk. The fruits were not big; they were about the size of a fist. It was in a shape that Zhang Ye had never seen before. The fruits' skin were deep purple in color,

and its surface was pitted with potholes; however, it had a magical charm to it that made it very beautiful. On the stalk, there was even a few green small leaves that exuded an aromatic fragrance.

Let's eat!

Don't believe in advertisements, believe in effectiveness!

There was a mirror in front of the desk. Zhang Ye prepared himself, holding up a Fruit of Charm in his hand. He took a bite with excited and mixed emotions!

Poof!

Even the aroma splattered out!

Zhang Ye uncontrollably closed his eyes. He swore that this was the most delicious fruit that he had ever tasted. Sweet and creamy, mellow tasting, overflowing with fragrance, full of fat, but not greasy, melts in the mouth, with a lingering taste..... Forget it, I'm not gonna exaggerate. Actually, the taste was just so-so, but if it were not exaggerated, how else could the specialness of the item be expressed? When you watch TV, those cuisine programs' food critics... Are they not the same? They easily say it melts in the mouth every now and then. Zhang Ye could never understand it in the past. Your sister! A piece of lousy jackass barbecued meat... How the heck could it melt in the mouth!? Did you think you were eating [Dove](#)? Zhang Ye could understand now why barbecued jackass meat could even melt in the mouth on TV — Because this would make it seem f***ing awesome!

All the fruits had been eaten!

Everything had been stuffed into his stomach!

Rumble, rumble. He felt his throat pulsating. The next moment, Zhang Ye had a surprise. He could only feel a very special, magical feeling. Something that was indescribable. Something very, very special; it was a feeling that could not be held in!

Could it be so magical?

Yes, it was just that magical!

Right. And so Zhang Ye rushed to the toilet for his small business. After flushing, the magical feeling had disappeared.

Alright, not kidding anymore. Let's go back to before the writing table. Zhang Ye was looking into the mirror at himself and he really discovered that there was something different!

His eyes had a burning sensation and he couldn't keep them open!

He could feel this burning sensation all around his eyes for over half a minute!

Only after Zhang Ye returned to his normal condition did he

open his eyes. His reflection in the mirror gave him a little bit of a shock. This.... His eyes were like....

Were like they were unchanged!

Or maybe it changed!

The unchanged parts were the eye contours and its appearance, which was still like before, not too big and not too small, with a single eyelid. However, the spirit seemed to have changed. Originally, there was nothing special about his eyes. Now, there seemed to be an air of quality and depth, but it was not too obvious.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye's spirit rose. He excitedly grabbed all the remaining fruits and ate them!

One!

Two!

Three!

Everything had been eaten!

Fruit of Charm (Eye)! Effective.

Player's Charm state (Eye) permanently effective.

After bearing with the burning sensation with each fruit, Zhang Ye finally rubbed his eyes and looked into the mirror. He got a fright from looking at himself!

Is this still me?

How did I become so charming!

Could it be a delusion? Was this a placebo effect?

Zhang Ye was really confused, which caused him to question the results. Seeing that lunch time was almost here, he decided not to eat instant noodles. He went out to a restaurant to eat [Lamian](#).

Going out.

Taking the elevator.

Inside the elevator, there were two 18-year-old female students who lived upstairs.

Seeing Zhang Ye enter, one of the girls with a ponytail did not respond. She gave a glance before looking back down at her cellphone. The other girl, who wore spectacles, paused her gaze on Zhang Ye for an additional second. Only when Zhang Ye's eyes met hers did the bespectacled girl quickly pull away her gaze. When the

elevator almost reached the first floor, Zhang Ye could see from the corner of his eyes that the bespectacled girl had glanced at him again. When the elevator stopped and opened its door, the first girl went out, while the bespectacled girl took a third glance at Zhang Ye. This glance was very fast, before the two of them briskly walked away.

Were there flowers on my face?

Or was my face stained with something?

Zhang Ye was unsure. As he used his cellphone's front camera as a mirror, he realized that there was nothing unusual. The girl had definitely not looked at him because of that!

Coming out of the small district, Zhang Ye walked towards the Lamian restaurant.

On the way, people still ignored Zhang Ye. This was something that Zhang Ye was already used to.

However, as he walked, a 27-year-old older sister who wore a long skirt noticed Zhang Ye. She looked at him and her gaze paused on Zhang Ye's face for three full seconds, before taking her gaze off him as they brushed past each other.

He reached the Lamian restaurant.

Zhang Ye found a seat with air-conditioning, "A bowl of Lamian,

a big bowl.”

“Do you want to add meat?” A female waitress came over.

“There is no need to add meat. Add more chilli peppers. Thank you.” Zhang Ye smiled.

The waitress took a look at his eyes, “Alright, please wait a moment. It will be served shortly.”

In three minutes, the 18-year-old waitress brought the Lamian over, “It’s ready.”

Zhang Ye lifted his chopsticks and began eating. He noticed that there were four pieces of meat in the Lamian. He had frequently eaten in this Lamian restaurant before. He had always been thrifty and never added meat, hence there would always be at most two pieces of meat in the bowl. But there were actually four pieces today? He had said not to add meat!

Now, it was still 11 o’clock. There was still some time before the lunch hour, so there weren’t many people here.

Soon, the waitress came over again and began chatting with Zhang Ye, “Do you come here often for your meals? I find you familiar.”

Zhang Ye replied, “Ah, yes. I’ve come here a few times.”

“Aren’t you working today? Why did you come here so early for lunch?” the waitress asked.

The two of them had some idle chatter until a person behind called out to her. The waitress then busied herself.

After finishing his meal and coming out of the Lamian restaurant, Zhang Ye looked up into the sky and had the impulse to cry out!

People on the street look at me? He got special treatment when eating noodles? The waitress even took the initiative to chat with him? This was something that had never happened in the past, and was something that Zhang Ye had not even dared to think of!

The Fruit of Charm was indeed effective!

This was not a delusion of his! It was not a placebo effect! It had really worked!

Although there were only a few special cases and most people had not changed his attitude towards him, this was still Zhang Ye’s first time experiencing this. He had never encountered special treatment before! Previously, he would often envy handsome hunks, where they would be given special attention or would be stared at. People would hit on them for telephone numbers, while no one paid him any attention. Ignoring the possibility of having additional pieces of meat in his Lamian, just not having his meat reduced would be something to be thankful for! And now that

Zhang Ye had a tiny experience of such treatment, it would be weird if he wasn't happy!

He had reversed his situation!

He had seen hope!

At this moment, he wanted to sing a song, “Arise! All who refuse to be slaves! [*]”

But what was the principle behind the Fruit of Charm? How did it cause the change?

Actually, charm was something hard to explain. Some people had average looks without any attractiveness. However, there were people with average looks, who exuded a lot of charm. Zhang Ye understood that it was a combination of one's facial features and also the nourishment of one's experience. If one gained self-confidence, then it would result in a different air. For example, some celebrities did not look eye-catching in photos when they were young. Some could even be said to be ugly. But as they grew older and their career began to thrive, they somehow became more handsome or beautiful. Zhang Ye might currently be in such a situation. His looks were very average, and there was not anything outstanding about his eyes; however, after eating four Fruits of Charm (Eyes), the change in his eyes had become very obvious!

He was still the same person. While his eyes were still the same eyes, the feelings they produced in others were completely different!

The feedback he got from coming out to eat lunch had let Zhang Ye confirm this!

With the result from the test out, Zhang Ye was unsure what he himself was feeling either. This bro can have such a day? This bro can also become good-looking and be full of charm? He had always been helpless with his looks. They were given to him by his parents and it was natural. There was no other way. However, now that there was an opportunity for Zhang Ye to reverse this situation? This discovery made him extremely excited. He would no longer be obscure again! He could still be saved!

The world had such an attitude to people of his looks!

People differentiated one's looks into different grades!

In this objective environment, Zhang Ye felt that he had no other way out. Especially his goal of becoming a world-renowned superstar, the requirement for looks was even higher. Now, Zhang Ye had seen some hope. This was the best reward he had gained from the Lottery!

His looks could not change!

But his charm could change! Charm could be increased!

Now, just four Fruits of Charm had given him such a significant change. If Zhang Ye were to eat a hundred pieces...no, a thousand

pieces, or even ten thousand pieces of Fruits of Charm, what sort of situation and concept would that result in? Could he charm the entire world with just one look? Zhang Ye did not know, but he was greatly looking forward to it. After all, the Stats Category's Fruit of Charm could be infinitely stacked. As long as he had the Reputation points, then as long as he gained the purchasing privilege of buying this sort of Fruit of Charm in the Special Category, then he could eat an unlimited number of them! When that happened, then would he need to work so hard in his unit, tiring himself to death just to increase his visibility and fame? He just needed to casually sing a song or film a movie; wouldn't his fan numbers increase with just a smile with his eyes? Just thinking of it made him excited!

What was the highest realm a celebrity could reach?

It was not working desperately to have a good piece of work and heavily promoting it to draw in numerous fans!

It was having fans stream towards him and increasing in numbers with him just standing there without moving! He did not need to work at all! Completely using charm!

[*] The lyrics are from the national anthem of the People's Republic of China, [March of the Volunteers](#).

Chapter 66: The Olive Branch Held Out By The Television Station!

The next day.

The sky had just turned bright.

Zhang Ye, who was still sleeping, heard the irritating sound of the phone ringing. He opened his eyes and grabbed around with his hand stretched out, before pulling the cellphone to his ear, “Hello. How are you?”

“Is this Teacher Zhang Ye?” It was a middle-aged man’s voice.

Zhang Ye had never heard this voice as he said with his eyes closed, “That’s me. May I know who you are?”

The middle-aged man’s laughter rang, “Teacher Little Zhang, are you still sleeping? Should I call again later? So as not to affect your rest.”

“It’s alright. May I know who are you?” Zhang Ye asked.

The middle-aged man said, “My name is Hu Fei. We have previously had some interaction on Weibo. I’m not sure if you still remember me.”

Hu Fei? Who was that? Eh, wait a moment! Interaction on

Weibo? Was it that famous producer, Teacher Hu Fei, from Central TV? Zhang Ye was immediately jolted awake. He sat up with his eyes opened wide. Of course he knew the name. Firstly, Hu Fei was quite famous in the industry. And secondly, when “Ghost Blows Out the Light” was released, he was the first big wig Weibo account to publicly praise Zhang Ye. He remembered very clearly that Hu Fei had supported him when his poems were posted on Weibo. He had even posted a very long Weibo message that gave him endless praises.

“Hello, Teacher Hu.” Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “How do you know my telephone number?”

Hu Fei said, “Finding your telephone number sure wasn’t easy. I have managed to get it thanks to someone from the Beijing Broadcasting Television Station. With their connections, they could get the telephone numbers from your radio station’s anchors.” The Beijing Television Station and the Beijing Radio Station had merged a long time ago. They were interlinked and had a common system, “You may not know that I have already left Central TV. My Weibo verification has already changed to Former Central TV Program Producer. I can tell you some things in advance. Shortly, I will be working at the Beijing Television Station and will be doing my old business of program production.”

Left?

He had job-hopped to Beijing Television Station?

Zhang Ye did not understand, “Eh, and you are calling me because...?”

Hu Fei laughed, “Ever since you began ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, which was recommended to me by a colleague, I have begun taking note of you. I have read all of your modern poems. They are very good; they are so good that I’m speechless. Of course, the reason why I am making this determined decision to call you is because of the ‘Shuidiao Getou’ that you wrote. I never expected your ancient poetry literacy to be so outstanding. That melody poem had given me goose bumps after I finished hearing it. Hence, I came looking for you. Although my program hasn’t been decided, and I am still negotiating with the Beijing Television Station about the program matters, I still want to invite you in advance. How about it, Teacher Little Zhang? Are you interested in coming over to the television station to develop yourself?”

Zhang Ye was stunned with surprise, “Me?”

“Yes. I am new, so I need my own team. If my team has a talented person like you, it would be my honor.” Hu Fei appeared very polite.

Zhang Ye said unsurely, “Can I ask if I will be working front-stage or back-stage?”

“I was attracted by your front-stage work, so of course I want you to work front-stage.” Hu Fei said.

“However, my appearance might be off the mark. I’m not sure if you have previously seen my profile.” Zhang Ye was afraid that he would go back on his word in the future, so he gave him a heads

up.

Hu Fei laughed upon hearing this, “I have seen your photo from the Beijing Television Station’s system. Your image might not be considered good, but you are also not ugly. You have decent features. Well, you might not know what sort of program category mine would be. It would be alright for me to divulge this to you. We have preliminarily decided on a cultural knowledge segment. Hence, we do not have very stringent requirements on the host’s and guests’ looks. If you come, I can arrange for you to be a host or arrange for you to be a long-term guest in the segment. This still has some room for discussion until we really decide on the program.”

Zhang Ye took two deep breaths, as he was lost for words, “This...”

“How about it?” Hu Fei invited him again, “Are you interested in helping me? Being a television host or guest would definitely be a challenge for you. However, if you want to go further in the future, it is something that you need to go through. It will definitely be better than developing yourself at the radio station. You should consider it.”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “There’s no need to consider. Teacher Hu, I’m going!”

Hu Fei nodded, “Alright, but I have a tiny request on my side. You are, after all, lacking in experience and have just entered the industry for a month, so I hope you can understand this.”

Zhang Ye said, “Please say it.”

Hu Fei explained, “It’s this. The Silver Microphone Awards are entering the nomination period soon. I want you to win this award, so that your resume will look better. With that, the pressure on my side will be much less. Although I am pulling you over for my segment, a lot of things are decided by upper management. I’m not questioning your ability. But due to your experience and lack of any official acknowledgement, the television station will not let a rookie like you who has no experience in television hosting come over. I will definitely need to show a lot of papers just to convince them. For this, I hope you can understand.”

Zhang Ye certainly understood, “I understand.”

Hu Fei said, “This award should not be a big problem for you. With your current ratings there, if you can raise your ratings further and get the recommendation from the radio station, it would not be difficult to do. When you get a Silver Microphone Award, my program will be approved, and then I can immediately recommend you to my superiors for the position of host or long-term guest.

Zhang Ye said, “Thank you for Teacher Hu’s trust.”

“Your works have touched me. If we can work together, I believe the segment will gain pretty good ratings. When that happens, it will be me thanking you. Hur Hur.” Hu Fei did not have any airs of

a famous Program Producer. He spoke very nicely.

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye threw his cellphone on the bed as he rubbed his head and slapped his face. It felt like he was in a dream! Great! The television station had invited him! He had not worked so hard for the past few days in vain! He had finally gained the attention of people in the industry! He immediately picked up his cellphone, intending to make a phone call to his parents to tell them about the good news. The radio station was just his springboard. The television station was really the stage that Zhang Ye would be satisfied with. How could he not be excited? However, just as he called out, Zhang Ye gave some thought before quickly hanging up. Not yet; it was still too early!

Someone had just held out an olive branch to him. The future had not been decided yet!

He had also put forward a condition that had not been reached, which was winning a Silver Microphone Award!

From Hu Fei's words, Zhang Ye could tell that if he didn't win the award, he would definitely not be accepted. Which television station would dare to hire a fresh graduate, who had worked for a month with no service of records or television experience, as a long-term guest or host? Hu Fei appreciated him, but Hu Fei was unable to make the decisions for certain things. The only way was for Zhang Ye to live up to his expectations!

He needed to get the award!

Zhang Ye felt an imperative. He definitely could not lose in competing for a Silver Microphone Award, regardless of any unexpected situations!

Chapter 67: The Rookie That Was About To Make History!

The morning phone call had empowered Zhang Ye with energy. After he washed up, he left home. Today, he was again the first to reach the unit. After he retrieved the keys from the door keeper's room, he rushed straight to the recording studios.

He wanted to record programs.

And he intended to record a few episodes.

After squeezing in some [xiaolongbao](#), which he bought from the streets, into his stomach, Zhang Ye began to narrate “The Wizard of Oz” as he ate. He wanted to organize the plot. For example, the ending part of each chapter and the crucial plot's position. He was not changing the text or the plot, nor could Zhang Ye change it. He would not change anything about the story, but he could arrange where he would end the segment every day. He did not follow the exact chapter format of “The Wizard of Oz” to the tee. For example, he was ending the program today at a part that made people anticipate. With people's anticipation hooked, the listenership rating tomorrow could be slightly higher. These were all strategic methods.

Why did he go through all this trouble?

It was because Zhang Ye was trying to pull up his listenership ratings!

His current “Old and Young Story Club” listenership ratings were approximately 2.4% or so. It was second in the Literature Channel. If it went any higher, then he could break a few records. That would be extremely helpful for him in winning a Silver Microphone Award. Then, it would be quite certain that he could win the prize.

“Chapter 9: The Queen of the Field Mice.”

“‘We cannot be far from the road of yellow brick, now.’ remarked the Scarecrow, as he stood beside the girl, ‘for we have come nearly as far as the river carried us away.’ The Tin Woodsman was about to reply, when he heard a low growl. Turning his head, he saw a strange beast come bounding over the grass towards them.”

...

9:30 A.M.

His colleagues had already begun work for half an hour.

Zhao Guozhou’s image had changed today. He had permed his hair. He held out the ratings table as usual, “Stop the things that you are doing for a moment. Is everyone here?”

Tian Bin looked towards an empty seat, “Zhang Ye isn’t here.”

Zhao Guozhou frowned, “He isn’t here yet? What time is it already?”

Big Sis Zhou spoke out for Zhang Ye, “Little Zhang must have been too tired over the past few days, so he’s a bit late. I’ll give him a call.” She took out her cellphone and gave a call, but Zhang Ye’s cellphone was switched off.

Jia Yan tried to instigate matters, “He’s not picking up?”

Big Sis Zhou stared at him, “His phone is switched off; maybe he’s still sleeping.”

Wu Datao seethed, “Isn’t this not treating work seriously? He decides not to come on a whim? He has become arrogant just with this bit of results? Does he even have the Leader in his eyes?”

With this fault to pick on, a few colleagues who had extremely poor relations with Zhang Ye began to fan the flames. Their tones made it even worse.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye came in from outside. Hearing everyone say his name, he asked strangely, “Director, are you looking for me?” He was still unsure of what had happened.

Zhao Guozhou looked at him, “Why are you so late?”

Zhang Ye was puzzled, “No, I’m not late. I reached here at 7+ in the morning.” He shook the bunch of keys in his hand, “I got the

keys from the door keeper's room, and was in the recording studio, recording my program. I wanted to record a few more episodes today, so I came in earlier, so as to not need to line up to wait for the recording studio."

What?

You came in at 7?

He had been working and recording all this time?

Tian Bin, Jia Yan and Wu Datao's faces turned ugly.

Big Sis Zhou laughed and mocked at Tian Bin and company. She again stood up for Zhang Ye, "I was wondering why Teacher Little Zhang's cellphone was switched off; so he was recording programs."

Zhao Guozhou glanced at Jia Yan and company from the corner of his eyes before finally patting Zhang Ye on the shoulder in a satisfied manner. He smiled, "Very good. However, you must make sure to rest. Don't work too hard."

"Thank you, Director; I will." Zhang Ye said.

"Go back to your seat. I'll announce the results." Zhao Guozhou said warmly.

Noting that Director Zhao's attitude towards Zhang Ye was changing, Tian Bin's heart began to quiver. He suddenly felt a sense of danger. "Late-night Ghost Stories" had just been returned to his hands. "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was not done broadcasting, and it would be some time before Tian Bin managed to really take up the job. However, with the way things were going, why did he feel a sense of danger? Could Zhang Ye steal the anchor position of "Late-night Ghost Stories" once again?

Zhao Guozhou began announcing the listenership ratings.

"First place. 'Talk About the World', listenership 3.69%

"Second place, 'Old and Young Story Club', listenership... 2.98%!"

"Third place, 'Late-night Ghost Stories', listenership rating... 1.97%!"

With the top three announced, everyone was already speechless and unsure about what to do. Some people even let out audible heavy breaths!

This was too fierce!

Was this something that no one could stop?

Even "Late-night Ghost Stories" had gone up as well! It had gained third place!

Ever since Zhang Ye had a new segment, the first episode of “The Wizard of Oz” had replaced “Entertainment Daily”‘s second placing. “Late-night Ghost Stories”, which was always third in place then got pushed back to become fourth. However, now, with Wu Datao and his partners frequently having errors in his program, “Entertainment Daily”‘s listenership ratings have begun to drop off. Even “Late-night Ghost Stories” had surpassed this news-related segment, and had even reached a shocking 1.97% listenership rating. Ignoring their Literature Channel, even in the Central Broadcasting Radio Station, or even in all the radio station channels in the country, there were no late-night segments with such a f***ing ridiculous listenership rating! This...This was about to break 2%?

F***!

Was this still a late-night segment?

Even prime-time segments were not so fierce!

Only those colleagues who had been steadfastly listening to “Late-night Ghost Stories” were not surprised. This was because they knew that “Ghost Blows Out the Light” had ended a particular arc a few days ago and had begun to lay a foundation for a new story. During these few days, it was in a thrilling climax and was especially interesting or even very scary. This naturally pulled up the listenership ratings, resulting in another small outbreak. So it was no wonder that it could exceed “Entertainment Daily”.

Actually, what shocked everyone the most was the listenership ratings for “Old and Young Story Club”!

The first episode was 2.49%

The second episode was 2.45%

The third episode was 2.51%

There was supposed to be the fourth episode being broadcast the day before yesterday, but it was cancelled due to the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, so there was no listenership rating for that day. The real fourth episode had been shifted to yesterday, which was also the listenership rating that was announced today!

2.98%!

This growth was too defiant of the Heavens!

This was almost like making rockets! It was flying up in such a short period of time!

How can that be? Their channel had never had such a jump between listenership ratings before! They acknowledged that Zhang Ye’s new story, “The Wizard of Oz”, was indeed very fascinating; however, even the best segment and story needed a gradual process of improvement. It could not have such a jump without any signs, right? Eh, that’s not right! Who said that there were no signs? Many people realized after giving it some thought!

It was the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet! It was winning first place with “Shuidiao Getou” that allowed Zhang Ye’s fame to greatly increase! The live broadcast of the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet happened to be the time slot for Zhang Ye’s program. And from various factors like this were “Old and Young Story Club” and even “Late-night Ghost Stories” brought to such an amazing height!

This was 2.98%!

It was going to break three soon?

In the history of the Literature Channel, only three programs had broken the 3% rating barrier. One of them was “Criticizing Books”, and another was “Daily Jokes”. These two segments had a historical reason for breaking 3%. Back then, television was still not universal, and radio broadcasting was the main avenue. Later on, with television and the internet becoming prevalent, “Criticizing Books” was axed six to seven years ago, due to poor ratings. “Daily Jokes” had now changed into a witty skit segment. It could be said to have ceased to exist. Today, the only program in history that still managed to break 3% in the Literature Channel was Wang Xiaomei’s “Talk About the World”!

But now, another one was about to appear!

What sort of glory was this? It was about to enter the Beijing Radio Station’s annals soon!

And it was highly possible for “Late-night Ghost Stories” to break a record, too! No, actually it should be said that ever since “Late-

night Ghost Stories” was in Zhang Ye’s hands, it was making new records every day. It had created a history and miracle for late-night midnight segments! And this miracle was about to usher in a new peak!

Breaking 2%!

If “Ghost Blows Out the Light”‘s rating could break 2%, this was not just creating history in the Beijing Radio Station, but history for the entire country’s late-night segments on radio!

A newcomer!

Two segments!

They had all reached a peak at this moment!

Zhang Ye’s results had made everyone envious; however, Zhang Ye was clearly not satisfied. It could even be said that he was far from satisfied!

He wanted to get the Silver Microphone Award!

He could not stop in his footsteps; he needed to climb even higher. He could still go further!

Chapter 68: Refreshing A New Historical Record!

Lunchtime.

Many people came to speak to Zhang Ye.

“Teacher Zhang, let’s go. Let’s go for lunch.”

“I have to congratulate you in advance. You might break a record tomorrow!”

“That’s right! If it all goes well tomorrow, your programs will definitely break 2% and 3%. At the very latest, it should happen the day after tomorrow. Don’t forget to give us a treat when that happens. I would not believe if your bonus money is less than 20,000 this month. Haha! Speaking of which, Little Zhang’s two program segments are in the channel’s top three, and also in the station’s top 20. This is already a record in itself! Imagine our old comrades from the past; only a small handful of them could have done the same.”

Everyone was praising him.

Except for Tian Bin, Jia Yan and a few others, everyone else in the Literature Channel was friendly towards Zhang Ye now. If Zhang Ye could really wield his prowess and break a few station, or even national, records by bringing up his listenership ratings, then everyone in the Literature Channel would also stand to gain. There

was a rule in the station that not only gave out rewards for individual performances, but also for team performances. Their whole channel's employees could all gain an increase in wages of 10% to 20% due to Zhang Ye's performance. When Wang Xiaomei's segment broke 4% the previous time, everyone received a reward of about 1,000. It all depended on what record Zhang Ye could create now.

Zhang Ye smiled wryly, "Don't expect too much. This time was just a coincidence that the results shot up by so much. It may not continue on."

"Shouldn't it be possible?" Big Sis Zhou was a little unsure now.

Zhang Ye waved it off, "There are no guarantees."

Auntie Sun smiled, "We will just see tomorrow's results. Let's not give Teacher Little Zhang too much pressure."

Wang Xiaomei took her lunch box and prepared to go to the canteen. She obviously had wanted to bring her lunch back to the office to eat, but the canteen didn't have takeaway boxes. Wang Xiaomei gave a glance at Zhang Ye when she was passing him and suddenly stopped in her tracks, "Did you put on makeup today? Or use skincare products? Eye cream?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "No?"

Big Sis Zhou wondered, "Hey, I also felt it when Teacher Xiaomei

said that. It's not makeup, but why does Teacher Little Zhang feel a little different today?"

Someone asked, "Really?"

Another asked, "Nothing changed, right?"

Auntie Sun said, "How could there be no changes? When I saw Little Zhang today, I felt it immediately. Shouldn't this be a case of when everything is going well, the spirit is also refreshed? Haha. Look, it's like he has become more handsome. His eyes are also discharging electricity every moment. Little Zhang doesn't have a girlfriend, right? Auntie can introduce one to you. Do you want me to?"

Zhang Ye's assistant, Xiaofang, also laughed, "Teacher Zhang did become more handsome."

Zhang Ye finally understood why the question of makeup was brought up. They were actually talking about the effects brought about by the Fruit of Charm. "Even my eyes can discharge electricity? Damn, that's too exaggerated!"

Xiaofang nodded furiously, "For real!"

She said nice words and had good taste. Zhang Ye was feeling very proud right now.

...

Afternoon.

The letters from the listeners had arrived.

Zhang Ye was once again the one who received the most letters within the channel. There were over 400 letters, more than Wang Xiaomei by a hundred. It wasn't hard to guess why. Zhang Ye had two programs, so the letters were also a combination of both of them. Besides, a children's program would definitely get more letters than an adult's program. Therefore, it cannot be said that just because of this, Zhang Ye could replace Wang Xiaomei as the channel's top host. He couldn't do it, because he was a guy.

The letters were written by a mixture of both adults and children.

“Please speed up the narration!”

“‘The Wizard of Oz’ is really interesting, but it’s too slow!”

“Uncle Zhang, could you read it faster? I can’t wait any longer!”

“The program duration is too short. Comrade Zhang, I hope the program duration can be extended, or that the speed could be increased. It’s making me so eager to listen!”

A lot of listeners put in their suggestions.

Zhang Ye thought about it. He also felt that the suggestions were valid. When he was narrating “The Wizard of Oz”, he had maintained the speed and softness of when he had read “Little Bunnies Be Good”. After all, this was a children’s program and he wanted to take care of them, so he narrated it very slowly. But the letters this time made him reconsider. The speed could definitely be quicker. Because “The Wizard of Oz” had a more mature theme and suited a larger age group, it would not be suitable to use style of “Little Bunnies Be Good”. The children might still accept this, but the adults definitely would not have the patience. They might like the story itself, but if it was too slow with its emphasis on every word, the adults might not continue to tune in.

Some changes were required!

Three chapters per segment was possible. Adding one chapter wouldn’t be too difficult!

Zhang Ye had Xiaofang contact the recording studio for a booking. He stayed inside the studio for the whole afternoon to prepare the recordings for tomorrow and the day after. Zhang Ye had already recorded tomorrow’s broadcast this morning, but for the quality of the program, Zhang Ye did not think twice about deleting the recording from before. He re-recorded a full three chapters for tomorrow and almost doubled the speed of narration for them. He had set very high standards for himself. He only finalized it after a few recordings.

...

The next day.

Friday.

Everyone had arrived early. Zhang Ye was in the spotlight today. Everyone from the Literature Channel also thought so and were waiting for history to be rewritten, but were unsure if it could happen. Yesterday's result was a special case. That rating had been brought about by the attention from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet event.

Zhao Guozhou also came in very early today. When they saw him coming in at 9:10 A.M., they all saw the smile he had on his face.

He got it?

He broke a historical record?

They listened to Zhao Guozhou announcing, "Today I will not be reading the listenership ratings in order of ranking. First, I would like to announce yesterday's 3rd placing, Zhang Ye, 'Late-night Ghost Stories'. The listenership rating is....." pausing on purpose to pique everyone's curiosity, Zhao Guozhou continued on, "Everyone applaud! Ghost Stories' listenership rating is 2.01%! Maybe some people have already expected it. Yes, the program has broken the 2% rating barrier. Not only has it broken the listenership rating record for late-night programs of the same period, it has once again refreshed the historical record for the midnight segment in the country. It has replaced the Central Radio Station's 'The Sound of the City's' legendary 'Zero Point Night

Chat' from thirteen years ago, which had a 1.99% listenership rating! Now! This legend belongs to us! It belongs to our Beijing Radio Station!"

Whew!

Thunderous applause!

"Haha!"

"Too awesome!"

"Too impressive!"

"I think our channel is about to defy the Heavens!"

It has even exceeded the late-night segment, "The Sound of the City"'s rating. It may not seem like much, exceeding it by only 0.02%. What was 0.02%, right? However, it was not that simple. Maybe only people in the industry would be shocked by this news. Why would it be shocking? Because it was too shocking!

This was a listenership rating from thirteen years ago. What sort of position did the radio station have back then? It had half dominance, and was already in decline, but it had not been completely taken out by television. A large number of people still maintained the habit of listening to the radio. It was completely different from the harsh broadcasting environment of today. The audience size differed by tens of times! But even so, "Late-night

Ghost Stories” had managed to replace “Zero Point Night Chat”‘s record! What sort of value was this!? To people in the industry, this was something impossible!

However, Zhang Ye had managed to do it!

“Ghost Blows Out the Light” had managed to do it!

“Late-night Ghost Stories” had managed to do it!

People had reason to believe, that although they were unable to tell for sure at this moment, that the people on “The Sound of the City” had definitely received this news. They were definitely in a state of shock. They might have never expected that someone could break a listenership record from more than ten years ago in such a broadcasting environment!

Big Sis Zhou wailed, “Teacher Little Zhang, say a few words.”

Zhao Guozhou also smiled, “Little Zhang, tell everyone your mood?”

“Very excited.” Zhang Ye stood up and spoke, “I’m really very excited. I had never expected to have such a result, either. Actually, back when I created ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, everyone should know that it was due to extenuating circumstances. I had braved myself to narrate that one episode, so as to not have a live broadcast incident. To have reached the point of today’s result, I need to thank everyone for your help. Thank

you for the Leader's trust. This is not my achievement alone, but is also the hard efforts of our team."

Zhao Guozhou gave a deep nod, "Well said."

Everyone gave another round of applause and gave their congratulations.

Zhao Guozhou opened up the form in his hand, "Let me carry on announcing. First place is still Teacher Xiaomei's 'Talk About the World'. Listenership 3.77%." With a pause, he said with a smile, "I know everyone is very concerned with the next listenership rating. Yes, it's still Little Zhang's segment. Second place, 'Old and Young Story Club'. Listenership...3.17%!"

Ah? 3.17%!

Compared to yesterday's 2.98%, it had jumped even more?

It can't be! Why is it jumping higher every day!?

Even if the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had attracted many new listeners, it shouldn't have jumped like that, right? Could it be the charm of a serialized story? A serialization had managed to consolidate the listeners further? This was definitely the case! People were still awed. Back then, people had questioned Zhang Ye's use of a fairy tale serialization. Even Teacher Feng and several experienced old comrades had rebuffed his method of telling such a story. However, Zhang Ye had ignored their reproach and carried

on going forward. He had used facts to tell everyone that others might not be able to do it with a serialization, but in his hands, it was possible!

Zhao Guozhou was extremely pleased as he looked warmly at Zhang Ye, “‘Old and Young Story Club’ has broken 3%, and it has broken way above 3%. We still need to give Teacher Little Zhang another round of applause. Our Literature Channel will have four segments that have broken 3% from now on. Our Beijing Radio Station only has 25 segments that have broken 3% in listenership ratings, too. So everyone remember this name, ‘Old and Young Story Club’!”

What was originally in last place had now become a star program that had broken through 3% in its listenership rating in just a week! This miracle could not be said to be not great! The Literature Channel’s colleagues had witnessed the entire process. Even now, a lot of them could hardly believe it. This was not a miracle anymore!

It was a divine act of God!

As changeable as the clouds and rain, a divine act of God had made it come back from the dead!

Everyone even had the thought that according to the rate at which the listenership ratings were increasing, could “Old and Young Story Club” have a chance at catching up to “Talk About the World”?

People were shocked by their own thoughts!

It can't be, right? No matter how ridiculous it was, it can't chase up to Wang Xiaomei's segment, right?

Chapter 69: Little Zhang Reached The Top Of The Literature Channel!

Chapter title is a spoiler, highlight it to read it now, or see it at the bottom.

Saturday.

There were only a few people who came to work.

Zhang Ye was one of them. As he had rested from Wednesday all the way to today, he definitely needed to work overtime. However, his colleagues had worked overtime last week, so they were on break now.

The telephone in the office rang.

Zhang Ye noticed that a few editors and clerks were busy, so he picked up the phone, “Hello. How are you? This is the Literature Channel.”

“Little Zhang, right? I’m Zhao Guozhou.” The phone call was from Director Zhao, “I was just looking for you. Come over to my office.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye went over the moment he put down the phone. He knocked on the Director’s office door. Zhao Guozhou was reading the listenership ratings table inside, “Are you looking

for me?”

“Here, take a seat.” Zhao Guozhou lowered his hand. “Take a look for yourself.”

Zhang Ye sat down and looked at the form that was passed into his hand. It was the ratings rankings for Friday. “Late-night Ghost Stories” had dropped back down to 1.9+%. Clearly, it had lost momentum. It would be difficult for it to go higher. After all, it was a late-night segment that had a limited audience. This was nothing to be surprised about, but the listenership rating for “Old and Young Story Club” made Zhang Ye pleasantly surprised. It had increased once again!

Its listenership rating was 3.31%.

And at first place, “Talk About the World” only had a 3.63% listenership rating.

One had dropped, while the other had risen. The gap between the two segments had once again narrowed!

This was something that had never happened before. No one had managed to force the number one girl, Wang Xiaomei’s, segment to such a dire point!

To see Zhao Guozhou say, “Maybe it was because many students were having a school holiday on Friday afternoon, but your segment’s numbers have once again sharply increased. Even the

station's management has been startled. Beautifully done, Little Zhang. I knew I didn't make a mistake with you." Following that, he said, "I saw the segment chart for today, just now. The program after yours at 1 P.M. is 'Weekend Laughing Forest'. This program should be no stranger to you. Typically, it doesn't have an anchorman; it just broadcasts some skits or cross talk that we bought the copyrights to. However, as skits and cross talks are slowly deteriorating, as there are too few good works, we have been broadcasting the same skits over the past few weeks for 'Weekend Laughing Forest'. It has lost a lot of its audience, and has also been greatly criticized. Hence, for this weekend, I'm thinking of temporarily halting 'Weekend Laughing Forest', and handing you the time period from 1 P.M. to 2 P.M."

Zhang Ye said, "Is that alright?"

"It's only for this weekend. Can your story keep up?" Zhao Guozhou asked.

"There's no problem on my side. If I'm given a total of four hours for today and tomorrow for my broadcast, I can definitely finish 'The Wizard of Oz' this weekend." Zhang Ye said.

Zhao Guozhou tapped the table as he thought, "Alright. Then, let's do it. This opportunity is yours, so it's up to you to grab the opportunity well."

Zhang Ye promised, "Thank you, Leader. I will do my best!"

Zhao Guozhou said, "Go to the recording studio and get it done as

soon as possible.”

...

Walking into Recording Studio #4, Zhang Ye felt his body full of energy again. It felt like he had inexhaustible strength, so he quickly got down to recording the segment for the weekend. This was a great opportunity. He had also seen a glimmer of hope of surpassing Wang Xiaomei for the first time. Although he knew that it was still very difficult, and was almost unrealistic, Zhang Ye still wanted to fight for it. He wanted to do it for his records of service, for a chance at grabbing one of the Silver Microphone Awards and for him to be able to enter the television station!

The recording began.

“Hello, everyone. Today’s program will have some temporary adjustments. ‘Old and Young Story Club’ will be broadcast from 12 noon to 2 P.M., so please do not change the channel. After it ends at 1 P.M., there will be a short advertisement before ‘The Wizard of Oz’ carries on its broadcast. And this weekend, ‘The Wizard of Oz’ will also come to its end. I hope that everyone will listen to it punctually.” After adding these words, Zhang Ye began recording.

Working until the afternoon, he finally managed to finish recording “The Wizard of Oz”.

After he came out, he wanted to look for Zhao Guozhou, so that he could ask about the listenership ratings; however, he could not find him. The Leader had gotten off work, so he could not do

anything but wait until Monday.

...

He had a day off on Sunday.

The listenership ratings were not out and the announcement was delayed.

...

Monday.

Today seemed to be the day that was destined to be enshrined in the Literature Channel's historical annals.

After Zhang Ye got off the subway, he met Wang Xiaomei, who had been recognized by two male fans, in front of the station platform. Teacher Xiaomei was giving the fans her signature.

“Thank you, Teacher Xiaomei.”

“You're welcome. Is that all?”

“Can we get a picture together? I really like your ‘Talk About the World’!”

“Next time. I came to work late today, so I’m running late.”

Seeing Wang Xiaomei cross the road, Zhang Ye also walked up to her, “Teacher Wang.”

Wang Xiaomei turned at look at him and acknowledged tersely, “I heard your program’s listenership rating on Friday had increased once again? 3.31%, right? It’s very good.”

Zhang Ye said, “There are more children resting on Friday, so it went up.”

Wang Xiaomei said, “Aren’t there even more resting on Saturday? Also, parents do not need to work.”

“Uh, I don’t know. It’s of course good if it can increase a bit more.” Zhang Ye said nonchalantly.

However, Wang Xiaomei said, “Work hard, then. It’s not that easy to surpass my listenership ratings.” Her tone sounded a bit prickly. She left after she finished speaking.

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly.

At the unit’s office, today’s atmosphere felt particularly weird.

“Did you hear? The rating for ‘Old and Young Story Club’ on Friday was 3.31%!”

“I knew about it the day before yesterday. It’s really such an exaggeration!”

“Say, do you think Teacher Little Zhang will really reach the top of our channel?”

“It might have just been a fluke. I don’t think it will happen. Teacher Xiaomei has been number one all these years. Her segment’s foundation lies deep, so it shouldn’t be taken down.”

“But Teacher Little Zhang is too fierce! He has already chased to just about 0.3% left. Besides, I’ve heard they are giving him an additional hour over the weekend. They have halted ‘Weekend Laughing Forest’ for two episodes. There are also more people resting over the weekend, so an afternoon session might be able to rival a prime-time session at night!”

“That is still impossible.”

“Right. Teacher Xiaomei isn’t a pushover.”

Everyone was discussing about this matter. The moment that they saw Wang Xiaomei enter, they stopped talking. Following her in immediately to the unit was Zhang Ye, who received a lot of attention from everyone. For a full half an hour, the entire office was quiet. No one spoke a word. Everyone was not really into their work. Today was the Literature Channel’s battle of the top boy and girl. Even if it did not have anything to do with them, they were still curious.

Suddenly, everyone put down the things in their hands.

“Director.”

“Leader.”

Zhao Guozhou had arrived, “Alright.”

This time, he did not need to speak any further, as everyone stopped working and uniformly looked towards him.

Instead, it was Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye, who were the people directly involved and today’s main characters, that did not have many changes in their expressions. They seemed nonchalant.

Zhao Guozhou looked at the listenership ratings in his hand. His eyes looked very complicated, “Let me first announce the ratings for the programs on Saturday. There are quite a lot of things today, so I will not announce all of them. I’ll first announce the top three.” Looking up to look at everyone, “First place, ‘Talk About the World’, listenership 3.81%!”

3.81%?

Teacher Xiaomei was indeed not someone simple!

Actually, the listenership ratings for “Talk About the World” had

been dropping over the past few days, so that even Zhang Ye had managed to chase up to it by quite a bit. People were even worried for Wang Xiaomei. But today's results made everyone understand that Zhang Ye had no chance. Teacher Xiaomei had gotten serious!

“Second place, ‘Old and Young Story Club’, listenership... 3.55%!”

Holy ****! Many people gasped again! It added another 0.2%?

Teacher Xiaomei had an explosive increase, but Teacher Little Zhang was not far off, either? However, it was still off by a bit; “Old and Young Story Club” would definitely not be able to catch up!

Sure enough, Zhao Guozhou said, “Next I’ll announce the listenership ratings for Sunday.” When he said this, Zhao Guozhou specially looked at Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye, “Teacher Xiaomei’s ‘Talk About the World’, the listenership rating is still at 3.81%!”

Big Sis Zhou sighed as she murmured, “Little Zhang, there will still be plenty of opportunities in the future.”

Aunt Sun also comforted Zhang Ye, “Don’t lose heart. Second place is already very formidable. Don’t compare your segment with ‘Talk About the World’. It’s nothing disgraceful to lose to it.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “It’s alright.” He had not given up, because he

had noticed that Zhao Guozhou may have first mentioned Wang Xiaomei's listenership rating, but he had not said that she was first. On Sunday, 'The Wizard of Oz' had come to an end, and that was also the climax of the entire story. It was also a two-hour segment, so Zhang Ye believed that even if he did not get first place, his listenership rating would definitely be much higher than Saturday's.

It was not over!

He still had a chance!

Zhang Ye was not confident in himself, but confident in his own story. This was 'The Wizard of Oz', one of the greatest fairy tales in his world!

Tian Bin funnily looked at Zhang Ye. He was thinking, "To think you still hoped to get first place? To really surpass 'Talk About the World'? You sure are funny!"

From the eyes of Jia Yan and Wu Datao beside him, one could tell that they were thinking Zhang Ye was having fantasies!

Alright!

The situation was fixed!

Time to do whatever you had to busy yourself with!

With this outcome, people no longer had any intention of listening.

However, what Zhao Guozhou said next stunned everyone. Zhao Guozhou looked at them and said, “But Sunday’s first place is not ‘Talk About the World’.” After everyone stared widely with their mouths agape, Zhao Guozhou said, “First place, Zhang Ye’s ‘Old and Young Story Club’, listenership... 3.82%!”

What?

Higher than “Talk About the World” by 0.01%?

With a “Hula” sound, the entire office seemed like a bomb had dropped! It exploded instantaneously!

Tian Bin was dumbfounded! Jia Yan’s eyeballs stared like a cow! Big Sis Zhou was so shocked that her throat vibrated for a long while! The looks of the other colleagues were each more astonished than the last!

Zhang Ye had reached the top!

Zhang Ye had actually reached the top!

Although the gap was tiny, first place was still first place!

No one understood how Zhang Ye had managed to do it! No one could understand why ‘The Wizard of Oz’ was full of magic! But the facts were placed in front of them! This newcomer, Zhang Ye, had managed to use a segment that was ranked right at the bottom to pull Wang Xiaomei’s star segment down from its divine spot!

It went from first from the back to first from the front!

Zhang Ye had used less than two weeks to achieve it!

What the heck! What sort of perverse existence did this Zhang Ye come from!

Chapter 70: The Silver Microphone Awards Nomination

Too impressive!

This was the change of an era!

Zhang Ye's literary accomplishments were not only known by those at the Literature Channel; even the whole Beijing Radio Station knew of them. Based on his strengths, everyone knew that Zhang Ye would achieve this someday, but no one had expected it to be so soon!

Zhao Guozhou continued, "Additionally, yesterday's 'Old and Young Story Club' placed fourth in the entire station's listenership ratings!"

It had gone to the top 4?

Only second to several of the news and traffic segments?

Zhao Guozhou looked towards Wang Xiaomei and said encouragingly, "Teacher Xiaomei, Teacher Little Zhang is catching up. Your program finally has a competitor now and won't be lonely anymore. If you don't push harder, Little Zhang's segment might really end up in first place."

Wang Xiaomei calmly replied, "I will."

Zhang Ye followed up modestly, “It won’t; it’s just my good luck that there were more weekend listeners and the program duration was extended by an hour with ‘The Wizard of Oz’ ending at its climax. All these helped to pull up the ratings. It won’t be able to continue to compete for first tomorrow and will definitely be lower again.”

Everyone knew so too, but why did it matter? Getting first one time was still getting first. In the past few years, no one in the Literature Channel had dared to challenge Wang Xiaomei’s “Talk About the World”. Zhang Ye was the first.. and he even succeeded!

“I want to add on something.” Zhao Guozhou finally smiled and said loudly, “Yesterday, on Sunday, our Literature Channel’s overall listenership rating managed to exceed the Traffic Channel’s total listenership rating for the first time in 11 years. We are ranked second overall in the station! This was a team effort that contributed to our channel’s brilliance. I would like to take the chance here to specially praise Teacher Zhang Ye for helping to pull up the two segments which had the channel’s lowest listenership and bringing them to first and third place. Just his contributions alone have brought us amazing listenership ratings; it’s also the main reason for us surpassing the Traffic Channel for the first time in 11 years! I feel that everyone here, no matter if you are a rookie or veteran, could learn from Little Zhang!”

They had not obtained second place in 11 years!

In the past, it had always been in fourth place, suppressed by the Music Channel. Later on, it was always in third place, behind the

Traffic Channel. But today, their wish had finally been granted?

“Amazing!”

“Haha! It’s time to disburse the rewards, Leader!”

“No one can stop us from now on!”

“Let’s work even harder and surpass the News Channel, too!”

Some roared. Some bragged. In any case, everyone was on an emotional high.

Zhao Guozhou gestured for everyone to be quiet and said, “This afternoon, I will call the shots. Everyone do what you need to and we will break for lunch at 10:30 A.M. Let’s go to a restaurant outside for a good meal. It’ll be my treat!”

“Oh!”

“Long live our Leader!”

“Can we order expensive items?”

Zhao Guozhou gave a smile, “Choose whatever you like! Anything is fine!”

Zhang Ye said, “I guess I won’t be joining? I still have a recording later. ‘The Wizard of Oz’ has ended and I have to tell a new story today.”

Big Sis Zhou happily said, “How could you not go?”

“Right. Little Zhang must go. You are the star.” Auntie Sun urged.

Zhao Guozhou also added, “Everyone must go; no one can give it a miss. As long as we get back before noon, your broadcast will not be late. Let’s not discuss this any further. Don’t think that I have forgotten your specialty. You don’t need any preparation at all. Since when have you made a mistake during a live broadcast?”

Zhang Ye rubbed his temple, “Alright. Then, I will follow the Leader’s instructions.”

“That settles it, then. We’ll set off at 10:30 A.M. I will gather everyone in a while.” Zhao Guozhou then left.

Zhang Ye had something to discuss. After thinking for a moment, he followed him out. Seeing Zhao Guozhou going into his office, he followed in closely behind, “Director.”

Zhao Guozhou turned back to look, “Ah, Little Zhang. Hur Hur. How can I help you?”

Zhang Ye coughed a bit and said nervously, “About that... I saw

on the news a few days ago that the nominations for the Golden and Silver Microphone Awards will be held soon. I've joined the station for almost two months now and I won't talk about my performance, but it's been quite okay. I haven't been working for a year yet, so I fit the criteria for the Silver Microphone Awards. Do you think that I could get a nomination?" As no one had discussed this with him before, Zhang Ye could only bring it up himself.

Zhao Guozhou acknowledged this and signaled for him to take a seat, "It's just this matter? I was still expecting something else. You are asking about this today? If I had waited for you to apply for the nomination, it would have been too late already." While speaking, he pulled out a drawer from his desk and took out a document, "Here. This is a copy. The original has been submitted to the Station Leader a few days back. I recommended that you be nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards and sent this over, together with your resume."

Zhang Ye wore an expression of joy, "You recommended me already? Thank you, Leader. Thank you!"

Zhao Guozhou told him, "The Silver Microphone Awards are not as important as the Golden Microphone Awards, so the nomination list for it is smaller, too. Our Beijing Radio Station has two nomination spots. Even though your nomination has not been approved by the management, I guess your nomination is almost guaranteed. Among all of this year's rookies, your results have been the most outstanding. There is no one close to your work performance; at the very most, there is someone from the News Channel called Zhāng Yě [\[*\]](#), who is performing reasonably well. If all goes according to expectations, then it's likely that you and Zhāng Yě will be our station's two nominees. There's only one

winner in the end and I expect it to be you. It is true that, in the past, the Golden and Silver Microphone Awards judges have always favored those from the news channels, but you are different. Your contributions are too outstanding. You have provided a dominating result that no one can compare with.”

Zhang Ye asked, “When is the selection date?”

Zhao Guozhou answered, “This Friday, but only the Golden Microphone Awards will be broadcast live, not the Silver Microphone Awards.”

The Silver Microphone Awards — 10 winners from all the nation’s radio stations.

There were about 30 to 40 nominees, but only 10 received an award.

The number of radio stations in the country amounted to more than that, but it was impossible to give every station an award. Only some of the key provinces and cities could be given the award. For example, Central Radio Station almost always had two winners, followed by Beijing Radio Station and Shanghai Radio Station, each of which usually had one winner. As for the other provinces, the other winners would rotate around their radio stations. Beijing Radio Station would never miss out on a spot, though, since its place was already politically guaranteed.

That was why with the station’s two nominations, there was a 50% chance for either person to win an award. No, according to

Zhao Guozhou's analysis, Zhang Ye's chances at winning an award was 99%. As such, Zhang Ye felt refreshed and good about it. This time, with backing from his recent first place in the Literature Channel and the unprecedented history he had set, giving him a thicker resume, his confidence was emboldened. On the subject of the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhang Ye could only feel that it was a sure thing that was in the bag!

Get down off your high horse quickly!

He already couldn't wait to further his career at the TV station!

[*] Another person named Zhāng Yě (张野), as compared to our main character, Zhāng Yè (张烨). If the side character is mentioned again, his name will have the Pinyin tones included to distinguish between them. The main character will remain without any Pinyin tones.

Chapter 71: You Really Think I'm A Pushover!?

At the celebratory lunch, everyone was in good spirits.

Zhang Ye had not felt this relaxed in a long time. Because he was due for a live broadcast soon, he did not drink any alcohol, but instead only ate the food.

Ring, ring, ring. Zhao Guozhou received a phone call. Shortly after he answered, he suddenly did not look too good. He hung up and then took a look at everyone, saying, "I will head back first; there's a short meeting. You guys head back early after you are done. I've settled the bill already; enjoy yourselves."

"Ah?"

"Why are you leaving now?"

"Then we should head back, too."

"That's right; we are almost done anyway."

Everyone left, one after the other. They decided that they might as well return to the unit together.

Zhang Ye was also wondering about Director Zhao's expression. But he couldn't care about it for now. After he went back, he sat in

front of his computer to think about the story for his broadcast. Which should he choose? “The Wizard of Oz” had finished, and it had been received quite well, too. Should he choose another serialized fairy tale, again?

His colleagues were also treating it as if it were any other day and were chatting during the lunch break.

But at this time, an alarming piece of news had reached them!

It was from an old editor from the Literature Channel, “Teacher Zhang Ye, your ‘Old and Young Story Club’ has been replaced. The notice has just been passed down by the station. Jia Yan’s ‘Soaring Youth’ will be taking over. You don’t need to do your broadcasting today... Little Jia’s pre-recorded program will be broadcasted instead!”

“What?” Big Sis Zhou got anxious.

Auntie Sun asked, “Why? Why so?”

Wang Xiaomei was also stunned, “With the listenership ratings of ‘Old and Young Story Club’, why would it be taken off the air?”

The old editor explained, “The management said that ‘Soaring Youth’ was a planned program and would certainly be implemented. Because ‘Old and Young Story Club’’s listenership ratings soared during the weekend, the station plans to move Little Zhang’s program to a weekend broadcast. It will be shortened from

7 days to 2 days, but the program duration will be increased. If that plan is executed, then ‘Weekend Laughing Forest’ will be axed, but all this is still being worked out and is not fixed, so Little Zhang temporarily does not have a segment for now. At least on the notice, ‘Old and Young Story Club’ has been taken off-air.”

Zhang Ye’s face sunk!

Wang Xiaomei was acutely aware, saying, “He has no program now? Then what about Teacher Little Zhang’s Silver Microphone Awards nomination? The rules for the nomination states that if a host has no program duties, they are not eligible to be nominated. Today is the deadline for the nominations, right?”

The old editor paused for a moment, “That’s why he wasn’t nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards.”

Once that was said, everyone became silent. The atmosphere was heavy inside the office!

The station was too harsh! They were ruthless! Are they not trying to play Zhang Ye to death!?

“Old and Young Story Club” would definitely not be canceled. No one would dare to cancel such an outstanding program. Not only would the station not agree to it, even the audience would not agree to it. That was why the station had only put the program on temporary hiatus and pushed the segment of Deputy Station Head Jia’s relative, Jia Yan, up, and then told everyone that Story Club would be shifted to a weekend broadcast.

However, they did not pass down a document to drag things out. With the procedures coming to a halt, it was only empty talk. Zhang Ye, who had been removed as the “Late-night Ghost Stories” anchor now no longer had any anchor duties.. at least before Friday! Why was it done this way? The answer was already very clear! Someone in the higher-ups obviously wanted to fix Zhang Ye! They just didn’t want him to be up for the Silver Microphone Awards! In fact, they didn’t even want him to be nominated! They even went to the extent of putting a cap onto Zhang Ye’s program duration and influence! They had changed Jia Yan’s program so that it could take over their Literature Channel’s number one listening segment without directly informing the audience. By forcefully switching, a large number of Zhang Ye’s listeners would end up supporting Jia Yan. This gave Jia Yan a flying start in his ratings!

They had repressed Zhang Ye and let Jia Yan take advantage of the situation, killing two birds with one stone!

This move made Zhang Ye’s colleagues heart palpitate!

This was really pushing Zhang Ye to his death! They even resorted to such venomous trickery? Did they need to push it so far with a rookie? To treat someone who had contributed so much to the station and brought pride to them, did they have to go so far? This had really made everyone’s heart go cold!

At this moment, even Tian Bin felt uncomfortable. Given that he had several conflicts with Zhang Ye, he wanted to see Zhang Ye embarrass himself. But no matter how much he disliked Zhang Ye,

he also acknowledged Zhang Ye's abilities. His opponent had used his abilities to move up step by step, so even if Tian Bin could not accept it, he had to accept it. He was indeed inferior to his opponent. But what about you, Jia Yan? Just because you have a Station Leader as a relative, just because of that, you can come in and take up our resources? Get favored over every one of us? Even push a colleague off a cliff like that? This has really gone too far! Isn't the Station Leader going too far? Tian Bin may be quite close to Jia Yan, but that didn't mean he liked him!

This time, Tian Bin did not kick Zhang Ye while he was down.

Wu Datao glanced at Zhang Ye, but on this rare occasion, he did not gloat. He only shook his head helplessly and mourned silently for Zhang Ye's future and the current system. This was such a place that if the leaders wanted to fix you, there was no way of escaping it. You just sat idly and were fixed!

There was always a benevolent side to the human mind. The station's treatment towards Zhang Ye was too much. It was also unreasonable and unfair. This had affected many of the staff in the unit and had left them inclined towards Zhang Ye's plight!

Big Sis Zhou was nearly tearing, "They are such bullies! Bullies! Who has Little Zhang offended? How could they do this! The Silver Microphone Awards event only happens annually; if he misses this opportunity, it is over!"

Auntie Sun also did not hold back and said, "Deputy Station Head Jia, does he think that he can behave so lawlessly?"

At the side, a youth quickly said, “Auntie, lower your voice; don’t let people hear that.”

Auntie Sun was outraged, “Little Jia is not around; I’m only saying a few more words. I really don’t get it. What is the Station Head doing? Why is he not managing this? How can he just stay still, while watching some of these Leaders do the wrong things?”

The old editor that had led the conversation hesitated for a moment, before saying softly, “There are no outsiders here today, and we have been old colleagues for decades. There might be some conflicts amongst our people, but we have stayed together over all sorts of hardships. Even through the friction, we are war comrades in the trenches, so let’s just keep this amongst us and not spread this outside.”

“Don’t worry.”

“We won’t.”

“Old Zhou, you think too little of us.”

Everyone could see that he had something to say. They looked over at him in a serious manner.

Having made sure that everyone was on common ground, the old editor explained, “Actually, Director Zhao tried very hard earlier in the meeting when he was notified of this matter. Director Zhao

was in a rage and strongly disagreed about letting ‘Soaring Youth’ take over, but since it was already decided by the higher-ups, Director Zhao was also helpless.” Looking at Auntie Sun, he said, “Just now, Sis Sun asked why the Station Head is not doing anything about it. I shouldn’t say too much, but I’ve heard of some talk. I know of this from a friend from the News Channel. The other person that was nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhāng Yě... His father is an old comrade-in-arms of our Station Head.”

No wonder!

No wonder Deputy Station Head Jia had nothing to fear!

That was killing two birds with one stone? No! This was killing three birds with one stone! Fixing Zhang Ye, assisting Jia Yan, and promoting Zhāng Yě!

If Zhang Ye had been nominated, be it his literary standard or his broadcasting standard or his accomplishments, Zhang Ye would no doubt have gotten the only spot for the Silver Microphone Awards given to the Beijing Radio Station. There was no way that Zhāng Yě would have a chance at it. But now that the person in charge of the Literature Channel, Deputy Station Head Jia, had used an extremely ruthless method to trample down upon Zhang Ye, leaving Zhāng Yě as the only nominee, then was there any need to decide on who would win the Silver Microphone Award? It would definitely go to him! With this, Deputy Station Head Jia would not need to be worried about other Station Leaders accusing him of abusing his powers. From a certain viewpoint, he could be considered as following the instructions of the Station Head. Who

would dare question him then?

At this moment, Jia Yan came back.

The old editor and the others saw him and they did not mention the issue again, afraid that the Leader would hear of this.

At the celebratory lunch, Jia Yan was still feeling a little down. But after he came back and disappeared for half an hour, he came back in high spirits. “Editor Chen, my two broadcast recordings are still around, right?”

A female editor replied, “They’re in the small room.”

“Good. Help me to prepare them; in the future, from Monday to Friday, the afternoon segment will be changed to be mine.” Jia Yan commanded, “Hurry up; it’s almost 12 P.M.!”

The female editor was unwilling, but could only go.

Zhang Ye’s heart felt cold. He also felt disgusted. When he had wanted to job-hop, he initially felt sorry, as the unit and organization had groomed him well. But now, Zhang Ye’s decision was firm. With such a Leader in the station, he did not want to stay here for one second longer!

Haven’t you guys have gone too far?

First, it was the Jia's, one old and one young!

Now, even the Station Head wanted to trample on him a few times?

Zhang Ye did not know what wrong he had done. You all had offered that little amount of money and tried to buy my copyright to “Ghost Blows Out the Light” for your own profits. When I refused, you removed me from my program. That's fine, so I abandoned “Late-night Ghost Stories”. Then, I worked hard on my new program. Now that the program has reached the summit and set a trail of outstanding results for the station, you all f***ing coming at me again? And you even want to compress and repress my segment? You're even resorting to such underhand means to not let me get the Silver Microphone Awards nomination! Just to let Deputy Station Head Jia's relative step over me to gain his place? Just because of helping the Station Head's old war comrade's son win the Silver Microphone Award?

I've worked so hard to fight for such a result for the station and even helped a program from Beijing Radio Station break a record previously set by the Central Radio Station! And in the end? In the end, this is what I get?

F*** your grandpa!

Do you take me, Zhang Ye, to be a pushover?

Beside him, a youth about the age of Zhang Ye advised in whispers, “Forget it, Teacher Zhang. You can't beat them. Just

endure it. The station has purposely dragged to Friday before announcing the resumption of your segment, so as to stop your Silver Microphone Award nomination. Without an anchor position, you cannot be given the nomination, no matter who recommends you.” He added on casually, “That is, unless one of the five judges for the Silver Microphone Awards give one of their additional nomination spots to you directly. Every year, there are three other additional nominations for the Golden Microphone Awards, while there are two for the Silver Microphone Awards. Only these spots do not need to gain the nomination through the stations, and can be put on the list of nominees through an exception.”

Additional?

There were additional spots?

Zhang Ye’s mind began churning. He recalled that Zhang Yuanqi was one of the judges this time!

Chapter 72: The Silver Microphone Awards' Nomination List Has Been Released!

Throughout the unit, the news spread like wildfire.

“Did you hear? Wang Xiaomei from the Literature Channel was knocked off her perch!”

“It’s that Zhang Ye from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, right? This rookie emerged out of nowhere. If not for his average looks, he would be someone in the future. It’s a pity that he just lacks that little bit to succeed.”

“Hey, why are you guys so outdated?”

“What’s the matter, Old An? Did something happen again?”

“Zhang Ye’s program has been halted and might be rescheduled to a weekend slot. He had lost his former positions as anchor for those two programs; he hasn’t got a chance for this year’s Silver Microphone Awards nomination!”

“Impossible!”

“Right... How can that be!”

“With his results, he can’t get the Silver Microphone Award?”

“What do you know? Do you know who is the new program’s host that is taking over Zhang Ye’s Monday to Friday segment? His name is Jia Yan; he’s Deputy Station Head Jia’s relative. Also, don’t tell this to anyone or tell others that I told you this, but the nominee for the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhāng Yě... His father and our Station Head are old comrades.”

“This...”

“Isn’t Zhang Ye too tragic?”

“Hai, he sure is unlucky enough!”

“It’s so disgusting for the Station to do this; not only did they not reward the station’s greatest contributor, but they actually... What the heck is this!”

“Well, he is the Leader, after all.”

“If the station carries on doing things like this, it will lose the trust of the people sooner or later!”

“The relatives and good friends of the Leader have to be well taken care of. That is normal human behavior; but, you shouldn’t be so insidious. Isn’t this forcing Zhang Ye to his death!?”

Everyone did not dare to openly question this, as this was a

decision made by the Station Leader; however there was a flurry of discussion in the shadows. Everyone had a strong opinion about this.

...

Deputy Station Head's office.

There were two people in the room. One of them was Deputy Station Head Jia and the other was Zhāng Yě.

Deputy Station Head Jia was friendly, "Little Yě, how has your work been recently?"

"It's pretty good." Zhāng Yě sat across him and said, "I troubled Station Head Jia. Thank you for your concern."

Deputy Station Head Jia smiled, "There's no need to be so polite. We aren't outsiders. I even saw you often in the Station Head's house when you were young. Do you still remember?"

Zhāng Yě touched his neck and said, "I remember."

Deputy Station Head Jia nodded, "Then, let's talk about proper matters. Today is the deadline for the Silver Microphone Awards nominations. They will be officially selected on Friday. The station has only just submitted your name to the selection committee. As we do not have enough outstanding personnel in the Beijing Radio Station, we will only be nominating you. It is equivalent to

handing one of the ten Silver Microphone Awards, which has been reserved for our Beijing Radio Station, to you. Calling you over is just a formality, so prepare your acceptance speech. You might even need to say a few words onstage. To put it nicely, it will be helpful for your future development. After all, there will quite a lot of famous people in the industry there on the day of the awards ceremony. There will be broadcasting Leaders, various producers from radio and television stations and famous anchors. Hur Hur, there will even be Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi. So prepare your acceptance speech well and leave a deep impression on everyone.”

Zhāng Yě might have known of this earlier, so he was not very excited, “Thank you for Station Head Jia’s nurturing; I will work hard.”

“So modest. Good.” Deputy Station Head Jia said with appreciation, “After you receive the Silver Microphone Award, your future will be limitless. After you have some training, people from the television station will definitely come for you, even without my recommendation.”

...

Literature Channel’s office.

Jia Yan energetically set off for the live broadcast studio. Although his program had been recorded, he still needed to make an opening statement and introduce himself.

Big Sis Zhou hatefully watched his back, “He is a scoundrel

having greatness thrust upon him!”

Auntie Sun said with comforting words, “Little Zhang, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future; don’t worry.”

“Right. Teacher Little Zhang, you will definitely be able to do it. There are still other awards in the future” his assistant, Xiaofang, said.

However, even if they said so, everyone knew there would not be such a good opportunity in the future. Indeed, there were other awards in the future, but which one of them had more value than the Silver Microphone Award? This was the nation’s most prestigious newcomer award in the broadcasting world. There was only one a year and nominations were only allowed for rookies who had worked for less than three years. It would be gone once it was missed out on.

Those famous radio announcers currently in the radio station, and those famous hosts currently on television... Which of them did not receive a Silver Microphone Award back then? They had all received it. They could reach their present height all because of the qualifications the Silver Microphone Award brought them. Receiving it was equivalent to having a thick layer of gold plating. It was completely different from those people who did not have this newcomer award!

Many people felt pity for Zhang Ye!

Many colleagues felt aggrieved for Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye's expression looked abnormally calm.

"Little Zhang, don't let your thoughts go astray." Big Sis Zhou was extremely worried, "If you want to curse, curse a bit. Everyone here is on your side; no one will spread it out."

Zhang Ye said, "I'm fine, Big Sis Zhou."

Wang Xiaomei glanced at him and stood up to walk towards him.

"Teacher Xiaomei, what are you doing?" Xiaofang noticed something was wrong.

Wang Xiaomei said calmly, "I'm going to ask the station's Leader to change his mind; it's too demoralizing!"

Big Sis Zhou cleared her throat and grabbed her, "Don't do that, don't do that. It would be useless, even if you went. Don't pull yourself into the ditch!" From Zhang Ye's situation, people could tell that the politeness given to the star anchor by the station's Leader was only just pure courtesy. So what if you were a star anchor? Zhang Ye had also gotten the number one listenership rating! Wasn't he still suppressed by the station's Leader? When there was a conflict of interest with the station's Leader, no one else mattered. Everyone had to pave the way for them, letting their relatives take off!

This was the status quo!

After all, they had someone higher up!

Zhang Ye was very touched, “Teacher Xiaomei, thank you, but there’s no need. You won’t put any sense into them, no matter what you say. If the nomination will not be given by the station, fine... I’ll get it myself!”

Wang Xiaomei was shocked, “You get it yourself?”

“Where are you getting it from? Isn’t it impossible without an anchor position?” Big Sis Zhou could not understand, either.

Zhang Ye did not respond to them. He picked up the cellphone on the table and stood up, “I’ll go out and make a call.” He then disappeared out of the office.

On the corner of the hallway.

Zhang Ye opened the window and leaned on it. He flipped through his message book and found Zhang Yuanqi’s telephone number. After pondering for a moment, he made the call. He was not a person who liked to beg for favors, at least he would not suddenly beg of people. If he could do it himself, Zhang Ye would do it himself. If he could not do it, then he would not do it; that was always his character. However, he did not have much pressure making this phone call. This was because Zhang Yuanqi had drunkenly gone to his house that day. Zhang Ye had taken care of her, washing her clothes and making food for her, so Zhang Yuanqi owed him one.

Ring, ring, ring.

Ring, ring, ring.

Only after it rang ten times did the phone call connect.

Zhang Ye quickly said, “Hello, Teacher Zhang. It’s me, Zhang...”

A magnetic voice from Zhang Yuanqi came over, but the tone was not very friendly, “I know who you are. I’m very busy now. I’m giving you ten seconds to speak.”

Zhang Ye was not taken aback. He had slowly gotten used to the Heavenly Queen’s coldness. He knew that it was the Heavenly Queen’s character deep down, and was not directed at him, “Then I’ll cut the long story short. It’s like this. You are one of the five judges of the Silver Microphone Awards, right? My segment has been axed through the machinations of my station’s Leader, so I cannot be nominated for the Silver Microphone Awards according to the rules. I heard judges have two additional nomination spots, cough, so I’m asking if you can...”

At this moment, the ten seconds were up!

Bada, the other side punctually hung up!

Zhang Ye was surprised. Your sister! I haven’t finished speaking!

The ten seconds you said was really ten seconds? He nearly cursed at her mother, thinking how he would not care about her no matter how drunk she was in the future. If he saw her drunk at his place again, he would push her out on the road and write a plaque, "Take a photo with the Heavenly Queen: 1,000 Yuan." This bro could earn some extra money!

...

In the afternoon, "Soaring Youth" finished broadcasting.

Jia Yan returned to his office and he stood straighter than ever before. He looked arrogant as the listenership rating had already been collated. It was 2.13% For a new segment, this result was quite brilliant! Jia Yan was very satisfied.

Everyone knew that the next Silver Microphone Award for the Beijing Radio Station was guaranteed to be Jia Yan's. However, looking at his attitude, no one was was impressed. This was because he had not done it with his own abilities, and it was not because "Soaring Youth" was that good; the reason was that he had a good relative. Everyone knew deep down that axing Zhang Ye's segment forcefully without any notice was to help pull listeners for Jia Yan. How many listeners did Zhang Ye have? Ignoring "Soaring Youth", even a program that wasn't even worth a fart would have a listenership rating of 2%!

Someone who had no ability sure appeared impressive!

Some average person could receive the Silver Microphone

Award!

Yet a huge contributor like Zhang Ye had been forced into such a pathetic state! He was not even given a nomination! They were really brutal and cold-blooded, confusing right with wrong!

The nomination deadline was in the afternoon!

Now, Teacher Little Zhang was completely out of the race!

Big Sis Zhou's hands were trembling with anger. It was too unfair!

Jia Yan and the News Channel's Zhāng Yě knew each other well. They knew each other due to their elders' connection. Seeing Zhāng Yě getting the Silver Microphone Award, while Zhang Ye got nothing, Jia Yan also felt his anger vent.

It was almost time to get off work.

A tall and thin youth suddenly entered the office.

"Yan, let's go. Let's have dinner together." The youth said to Jia Yan.

Jia Yan smiled upon seeing the person, "Zhāng Yě? Sure. Wait for me to pack my things."

No one was surprised that the two knew each other. Both of them were products of nepotism, so it was inevitable that they knew each other.

Zhāng Yě was also curious about the identity of Zhang Ye. Looking around, he saw him at a glance. The Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet had been a big deal, and he had seen Zhang Ye's photo before. He has just this much looks and height? They're only average! Zhāng Yě was already sure that he would win the Silver Microphone Award, so he looked down on Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also looked at him.

The two of them locked eyes, while Zhāng Yě let out a laugh, showcasing the power of the victor.

At this moment, Zhang Ye's assistant, Xiaofang, suddenly shouted. It was unknown what serious matter had happened. She pointed towards the computer, "Oh, hey! Come and see, quickly! Everyone, come and see! The Silver Microphone Awards nomination list has been released!

Chapter 73: This Time It's Smacking The Leader's Face!

This year's Golden Microphone Awards event was organized and sponsored by the Beijing Television Station, so the award ceremony would be held in the Beijing Television Station's large theater. Hence, all the announcements and name lists were published on the television station's official website, including the nomination list announcement.

What Xiaofang saw was clearly this!

But no one understood why she was making a fuss!

"Come quickly!" Xiaofang was still shouting, "This...This..."

Big Sis Zhou snapped, "What big shot list? Without Little Zhang, what's there to see!"

But Xiaofang shouted with even more exaggeration. Quite a lot of people gathered around, "What's the matter? Let me see."

Upon taking a closer look, a second person also immediately called out, "What the f***! Why is there Teacher Zhang Ye's name!? Am I seeing things?"

Zhang Ye's name?

Why was his name there?

Auntie Sun also ran over in disbelief. She then said with excitement, “There’s Little Zhang! There really is Little Zhang!”

Jia Yan was shocked, “How can that be? Did you see wrongly?”

Zhāng Yě’s expression also changed. What? Didn’t the station recommend him as its sole nominee?

Wang Xiaomei also came over, “Little Zhang does not have an anchor duty temporarily, so the station should not be able to nominate him, right? Also, who would nominate him?” Zhang Ye had offended the Leader, so even if he was qualified to get the nomination, one of the Leaders would definitely think of a way to get him out of the way!

Xiaofang said with a pleasant surprise, “It’s not recommended by our Beijing Radio Station! It’s recommended by one of the five judges for the Golden Microphone Awards! Someone gave Teacher Zhang Ye a Silver Microphone Awards additional nomination!”

“Ah?”

“The jury?”

“An exception was made to nominate him?”

Big Sis Zhou said in a surprised manner, “Why would the jury give Little Zhang a nomination? Out of the five judges, three of them have three additional nominations for the Golden Microphone Awards. The other two people would have the two additional nominations for the Silver Microphone Awards. That is to say, one of the judges has helped Teacher Little Zhang?”

Many people looked at each other, for they could not react in time!

To think that they were were worried over Teacher Little Zhang. Take a look. Zhang Ye himself had someone up there!

Zhang Ye heard this and felt a burden lift off his chest. He was really shocked. Just now when he called Zhang Yuanqi, he thought Old Zhang would not have bothered with him. She had hung up on him. But who knew that Comrade Old Zhang was so reliable? She had immediately set things right for him. She was righteous!

...

At the same time.

Deputy Station Head Jia’s office.

“What’s the matter with the name list?” Deputy Station Head Jia said with a blackened face to his secretary.

The secretary had a wailful expression, “Leader, I only

recommended Zhāng Yě alone to the jury. There was no mistake. Maybe it is one of the additional nominations from the jury.”

“Additional?” Deputy Station Head Jia immediately confirmed it on the website. And indeed it was true. He waved his hand, “Go out and close the door!”

The secretary walked out gingerly. He knew the Leader was mad.

Deputy Station Head Jia called someone he knew on the jury, “Hey, Old Zheng, what’s the meaning of this?”

The middle-aged man on the phone had a husky voice, as if his vocal cords had been injured, “Old Jia, I was just about to contact your radio station. I only just got to know about the nomination matters. Do not worry. There’s no other meaning to it, nor are we trying to beat on your radio station. From what I know, someone from the jury submitted this nomination. The other judges had to give that person face, so we have such a list.”

Deputy Station Head Jia asked, “Which judge?”

“I don’t know about that.” Head Zheng said.

Deputy Station Head Jia said angrily, “But in the eyes of others, you are smacking our Beijing Radio Station’s management’s face. We have only nominated one person, and did not nominate a second person because there was no one suitable. But with you doing this, isn’t it saying that our radio station is failing to

recognize someone for his worth? For us to not discover him, despite having a good candidate... Wouldn't that mean that we needed someone from the jury to nominate him for us? How would the other stations look at us??"

He had clearly caused the present situation due to his private goals, yet he said everything as if he was right!

Head Zheng explained, "Don't be stressed. There's really no way to control this matter. As a small Head, I can't do anything with the nomination from the higher-ups."

According to the rules, additional nominations could be given freely.

However, in principle, these nominations were not given willy-nilly. This was also the reason why Deputy Station Head Jia was angered.

In the past, the jury and the broadcast stations had a tacit understanding. Most of the time, the jury would not use the additional nomination. When it was used, it was because the broadcasting station had too many good newcomers, despite only being able to nominate two. Only then would they need the additional nomination from the judges, to give those who weren't recommended a nomination, as a form of encouragement. Yes, it was a form of encouragement. This was because there was no precedent of a person winning the award with the additional nomination. It was just a symbolic nomination as an encouragement. They would not award the person who was given an additional nomination.

Why?

This was because the jury not only had to consider the qualities and abilities of the broadcasting host, they had to also take into account the views and attitudes of the unit the person worked at. And since there were two nominations from a station, these two people indicated the opinion of the station, so the jury would usually respect it, and naturally would not consider the additional nominations.

But even so, Deputy Station Head Jia was still filled with anger. Anyone who had eyes could see Zhang Ye's results. He had broken so many records and made new history. Even other radio stations from other provinces might know of Zhang Ye's name. But Zhang Ye had not been nominated by their station. So anyone with eyes would know the attitude of their station, which was not wanting Zhang Ye to be up for nomination. But now? An unknown judge had pulled Zhang Ye into the nomination list! Wasn't this a smack in their faces? Who was it?

Could it be Teacher Lu? Impossible! Teacher Lu's additional nomination should be for the Golden Microphone Award.

The person with the Silver Microphone Award nomination had to be a new judge. Could it be the famous Heavenly Queen? That was more impossible! How could Zhang Ye know Zhang Yuanqi!?

The phone was hung up.

Zhāng Yě knocked on the door and entered, “Station Head Jia, about the nomination...”

Deputy Station Head Jia suppressed his anger and got over it, “It’s alright. It’s just a little bump. You are recommended by the station, so the Silver Microphone Award is definitely yours. You don’t have to worry.”

Only then did Zhāng Yě heave a sigh of relief before saying, “What is he trying to do? He found someone to give him a nomination? Isn’t this openly challenging the unit?”

“Go back.” Deputy Station Head Jia did not say much. He had already given Zhang Ye the death sentence in his heart. You even dare take the station down a peg; do you even have any concept of a bigger picture!?

Some people were like that. Even though they were the one repressing others with their power, fixing anyone they wished, they did not allow the other party to fight back. There was no consideration when they abused their powers. They were always unreasonable. But when the other party resisted, they would respond with a ton of logic! In short, they would never be wrong. Whatever they did was the truth.

All the fault was on Zhang Ye! It was Zhang Ye that should not have been born in this world! Against such a person, Zhang Ye would usually only say this to them—Helping those bunch of ungrateful crap that thought the world revolved around them, then go f*** yourself!

...

After work.

His colleagues left the unit in pairs or trios.

Big Sis Zhou said happily, “Little Zhang, you have a chance this time.”

However, Auntie Sun pessimistically said, “There’s still no chance. According to what I know, additional nominations will never win the award.”

“Ah?” Big Sis Zhou did not understand, “There’s such a thing?”

“It has always been so. The judges will follow the unit’s opinion.” Auntie Sun said, “But this is enough. It is also a smack of the Station Leader’s face. Little Zhang has at least been able to vent out some of his anger!”

Enough?

It’s far from enough!

After having been repressed so much, Zhang Ye would not take this lying down!

Chapter 74: The Awardee's Name Has Been Messed Up!

Chapter title is a spoiler, highlight it to read it now, or see it at the bottom.

Friday.

Afternoon, there was a clear sky.

Today was the day of the live broadcast of the Golden Microphone Awards. Countless numbers of people crowded outside the Beijing Television Station's Grand Theater. They were lining up with their entry tickets.

The moment that Zhang Ye came, he saw his colleagues.

“Little Zhang, over here!” Big Sis Zhou waved from the group.

“Big Sis Zhou? Auntie Sun?” Zhang Ye blinked before walking forward.

Auntie Sun let him cut in line. She thickened her Beijing accent, “Come over quickly. There's no need to line up behind everyone.”

Zhang Ye did not feel bad about cutting in line, since he was nominated. He did not need to line up and could just show his work pass to enter. “Why is everyone here?” He really did not

know that there would be so many people coming, as he had not gone to work the past few days. He had been fired from “Late-night Ghost Stories”, and “Old and Young Story Club” was still halted, so he did not have any work to do. Zhao Guozhou also took into account Zhang Ye’s mood, so he made an exception to let Zhang Ye take a few days off.

“These are tickets from the unit. There are many seats in the Grand Theater. Almost all our colleagues are here. Look – Tian Bin and his wife are right in front. See them? They are near security, and Teacher Xiaomei came early and is already inside. We actually came late.” Big Sis Zhou said laughingly.

Auntie Sun said in a comforting fashion, “Little Zhang, just relax today and don’t think about anything else.”

Big Sis Zhou also cheered him on, “Right. It’s alright if you don’t get it this time. There are still chances in the future. Just treat it as watching a show.”

Zhang Ye said untruthfully, “I understand.”

“That’s good. Let’s go.” It was their turn to go through security.

Throwing his lighter into the trash can, Zhang Ye passed through security and entered with them.

This was the largest venue that Beijing Television Station had. It could accommodate a thousand people. The seats for Zhang Ye’s

unit were arranged to the right of the front rows. It was pretty good. After all, their radio station was part of the Beijing Broadcasting Television Station. It was their turf, so they naturally had priority treatment. It was much better as compared to the other broadcasting stations from the other provinces. This was the home turf advantage.

“Teacher Little Zhang, you’ve come?”

“Sis Zhou, you are too slow.”

“Little Chen, Little Xu, why are you so early?”

The tickets for the Literature Channel were all in serial, so they naturally all sat together. Some came alone, while some brought their lovers. Some even brought their children.

After greeting each other, everyone sat down.

Right in front was the Beijing Radio Station’s News Channel’s seats. Zhāng Yě was sitting in the first row. Clearly, it was for him to easily go onstage to receive his award. He had already made his preparations. At this moment, he turned around after being reminded. He looked at Zhang Ye and raised his hand with a smile to attract Zhang Ye’s attention, “Zhang Ye.” He was the same age as Zhang Ye, but had entered the station half a year earlier, so he did not use the salutation of “Teacher”.

Zhang Ye looked over, “Oh?”

Zhāng Yě laughed, “Why aren’t you sitting in front? The both of us are nominated for our station.” There was not too much of a problem with these words, but people felt uncomfortable hearing it.

Everyone knew that Teacher Zhang Ye did not sit in the first row for nominees because he knew he would not win. Yet you had to rub it in? Aren’t you doing this on purpose!?

Zhang Ye said coldly, “There’s no need.”

“Oh, suit yourself, then.” Zhāng Yě turned around.

Jia Yan also happened to arrive at this moment. With his ticket in hand, he did not sit at the Literature Channel’s area, and instead went to the News Channel’s seats.

“Zhāng Yě.”

“Hi, Jia.”

“There was heavy traffic; that felt crappy.”

“Sit over here. I reserved a seat for you.”

Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě sat together. They chatted happily, as if there was no one else around them. Ever since Zhang Ye’s matter

was made known and Jia Yan got his program, many people felt demoralized, seeing the Station Leader's insidious schemes. Many people from the Literature Channel had excluded him from their circles, so Jia Yan decided not to make himself unwelcome. Since the colleagues from the Literature Channel did not value him, he did not value them, either. After all, with Deputy Station Head Jia, he could ignore anyone.

Once upon a time, when Jia Yan just came, everyone was very polite and friendly to him. After all, he was a relative of the Leader. In contrast, Zhang Ye had been excluded for a period of time. But now, the situation had reversed itself. There was really a reason of degree. Some methods were too damaging. It may be Zhang Ye this time, but could it be someone else from their Literature Channel the next time, in order to make way for Jia Yan? Forced to their deaths by the Leader? People could not help but have such thoughts after this matter!

Big Sis Zhou said to Zhang Ye, "Ignore them."

"Those without abilities won't be jumping for long." Xiaofang also said hatefully.

An old editor sighed, "Hai, the internal affairs of the unit is getting more messy these days."

This year's Silver Microphone Award for their station was definitely Zhāng Yě's. There was no question that it would be Jia Yan's next year. So what if Zhang Ye had the ability? He could only bow down before others. Of course, those were the thoughts and judgments of others, and not Zhang Ye's. Zhang Ye had not given

up!

Compromise?

Yield?

Endure?

That was completely not his style!

He could only develop himself further in the television station by winning the Silver Microphone Award. But what did he need to do to win this award that he absolutely needed? Zhang Ye did not know. He was out of methods at this moment. Find Zhang Yuanqi? Impossible. The Heavenly Queen also had no way to change today's outcome. The jury was decided on a majority. Three votes out of the five judges would make it effective. Other than Zhang Yuanqi, who was a new judge, the other judges respected the rules. So no one would vote for Zhang Ye. So it was meaningless if Zhang Yuanqi helped Zhang Ye alone. Besides, Zhang Ye had already used her favor, so he could not seek Zhang Yuanqi's help anymore.

He was at a loss!

There was no way out and no way back!

Zhang Ye had to admit that he was really backed into a corner. However, he needed to find a way out despite this impossible situation, for he could not swallow his anger!

Routine methods were definitely ineffective. Zhang Ye opened his game ring's interface, hoping to find a method to break this quandary. These few days, with "Old and Young Story Club" halted, he could only count on "Ghost Blows Out the Light" to increase his Reputation. However, that was all there was. Hence, he did not have much Reputation. If he played the Lottery...

Hey! I almost forgot!

There was an item in the inventory that had not been used!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of it. He opened the game inventory and indeed, there was a shiny little thing inside. Lucky Bread! This was something that he had received a few days ago. He had eaten the Fruits of Charm that he had received from the Additional Stakes right there on the spot, so he had nearly forgotten about this item!

Let's try it out!

Let's try it as a last resort to save a hopeless situation!

The Silver Microphone Award was about to be announced soon, so Zhang Ye had no other choice. He could only bet on this!

He took out the Lucky Bread from his inventory. Holding an Ice World mineral water in his hand, which was a famous mineral water brand of this world, he pretended to drink the water, but

was actually secretly eating the Lucky Bread. People could not see the items obtained from the game ring's Lottery, but people could still see Zhang Ye's actions. If he were to stuff thin air into his mouth and even chew, people would think he was crazy, so he had to have some cover up actions. Gulp. The last mouthful of bread was finished!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Player's Luck state Increased!

Countdown of five minutes begins!

...

At the same moment.

In the back, resting area three, inside the hall.

There were five staff arranging the trophies and certificates to be awarded today. Yesterday, the results were actually decided, so the certificates and trophies were quickly produced. There were Golden Microphones and Silver Microphones. They were all placed on a table. The door was locked. It was a strictly confidential process. However, although it was so to speak, confidential, this sort of thing was impossible to keep a secret. Anyone in the industry would be able to understand who would win or lose. Furthermore, it wasn't the election of a President, so it was not that strict.

“Name – Liu Feng.”

“Over here.”

“Alright, place it in front. The certificate has to correspond to it. Don’t mess up.”

“Don’t worry. It can’t go wrong.”

“Zhāng Yě, this is one of the winners of the Silver Microphone. Take it in front and send it over in a while.”

“Alright, it’s ready.”

But just as the few staff were arranging the order according to the name list, without any forewarning, a female employee accidentally knocked into a certificate. Pa Da, the certificate flipped, pushing down a mineral water bottle that was mysteriously placed on the table. The cap covered the top, but it was not tightly sealed, so momentarily, water spilled onto that certificate. It was all very sudden!

“Ah ya!” The female employee hurriedly wiped the certificate with her sleeve.

“Don’t rub it!” An old comrade beside cautioned, but it was too late.

With this rub, the paper on the certificate turned into a mess. The words could no longer be read.

A youth quickly came over to help, quickly wiping the water off the table and onto the ground, so as to not to affect the other certificates. However, the floor was made of glazed tiles, so with water it became very slippery. The youth nearly slipped, but although he did not crash to the ground, he had still pressed on the table with his hand to stabilize himself, and thus he had touched the corresponding trophy to that certificate. The trophy crashed to the ground amidst their panicking eyes!

The trophy shattered!

The Silver Microphone Award trophy was different in quality compared to the Golden Microphone Award. It may be a Silver Microphone Award, but it was actually made of something similar to crystal. It was in the shape of a microphone. And since the toughness of crystal was not that much stronger than glass, it ended up shattering. Even its real mother wouldn't recognize it!

“Ah!”

“Bad, bad!”

“What are you doing!? How can you be so careless?”

“Sorry, sorry. I didn't know that it would turn into such a mess!”

Everyone began running helter-skelter. After that mishap, there was no other way, as there was such a huge mess!

“Uncle Ping, what do we do? There’s still another hour before the Silver Microphone will be awarded!” The female employee was worried. She had never expected that they would screw up such a simple job!

The Silver Microphone Awards were what was first awarded in the morning. As it was not a live broadcast, it was considered a warm up for the Golden Microphone Awards. Only after the Silver Microphone Awards were given out would the Golden Microphone Awards be broadcast live on television. There was indeed not much time left. There was no way the Silver Microphone Awards would be placed after the Golden Microphone Awards, as there had never been such a precedent!

The oldest employee gritted his teeth, “Don’t panic. We can still make it in time. The certificate is easy. We still have blank, ready-made certificates. Just filling it in would do. The judges would definitely have an official seal on their side. Little Chen, go get the seal from the judges. Little Wang, I’ll give you a task. Immediately call Yi Xuan. The trophies were produced by his company. I’m sure they still have backup Silver Microphone Award trophies. The name is blank, so get them to engrave the name ‘Zhāng Yě’ on it as soon as possible. Go get it yourself. Do it as soon as possible!”

“Alright!”

“Understood!”

The two of them went out. One of them made a phone call, while the other made the certificate.

The female employee first got Yi Xuan's number and hurriedly called, “Hello, this is the Beijing Television Station...Yes, we have a situation here. Can I ask if there is still a Silver Microphone Award trophy...There is? That's great, that's great. Please help us make the name again. One of them was shattered...Yes...Thank you very much. Please do it quickly, or it will not be in time... Alright... The name? The name is Zhang...” Being in a hurry, she had forgotten the name that the old comrade had told her as she said into the phone, “Hold on!”

The youth had already taken out a certificate and was about to fill it in.

The female employee immediately asked, “Little Chen, what's that person's name?”

“Uh, the unit is the Beijing Radio Station, I think it's Zhang.. Yě?” The youth was also not certain and did not feel comfortable asking Uncle Ping again, for fear of being reprimanded. Hence, he quickly searched for the nomination list on his phone. “Oh, I found it. Beijing Radio Station, it's this; his name is Zhang Ye!”

“Which Ye?”

“Take a look for yourself.”

“Alright, I’ve written it down.”

The pronunciation of Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě was about the same. They were both “Ye”, just that there was a slightly different tone.

The youth used a pen and wrote down the name from the internet.

The female employee also told the trophy makers, “It’s Zhang Ye (张烨)... It’s written with a 火 and a 华. His unit is the Beijing Radio Station!”

Chapter 75: Zhang Ye's Miraculous Win!

9 in the morning.

The entire Grand Theater was packed. Almost everyone was here.

At this moment, the game ring on Zhang Ye's pinky displayed a screen with virtual text.

Countdown ended – the Lucky Bread was used up!

Five minutes have passed?

It's over? Just like that?

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes in a daze. He looked to the left and then to the right. Why didn't anything happen? It increased my Luck stat? Where was it increased? I couldn't see a bit of it! This was the first time that the special items from Zhang Ye's game ring did not have any effect. He was extremely depressed. He was originally hoping that the "Lucky Bread" would help him, and it was also his final life-saving weapon, but who knew that nothing happened at all. At least let this bro pick up a wallet to show its effects!

Unlucky!

There was not a chance left now!

Zhang Ye was at a loss as to whether to laugh or to cry. He had choked at the critical moment!

Over there, the Literature Channel's old editor, who had become the eldest after Teacher Feng retired, returned. He had not been seen all along, for he had gone somewhere.

"You just came?" someone asked.

The old editor said, "I came much earlier. I just went to find a friend backstage."

Big Sis Zhou was excited, "You know people here? Are the decisions for the awards out?"

"It came out earlier on." The old editor said, "There was something happening backstage. Don't tell others that I was the one who told you. I heard that one of the trophies shattered from dropping."

Auntie Sun exclaimed, "Then wouldn't they not make it in time?"

The old editor said, "The company manufacturing the trophy must have spares. By quickly engraving the unit and the name of the winner, it's quite fast. They should be able to make it in time."

Nobody took this news in mind.

Big Sis Zhou asked again, “Then who will win our station’s Silver Microphone Award?”

The old editor said helplessly , “You are still hoping for Little Zhang to create a miracle? It’s impossible. The additional nomination will not win the award. There has been no precedent, and neither will there be one in the future.”

Big Sis Zhou rolled her eyes, “I know that. I’m asking if Zhāng Yě got it. It’s said that every year our radio station will get one Golden Microphone Award and one Silver Microphone Award, but wasn’t there a mistake five years ago with the Golden Microphone Award, where both our station’s nominees were not awarded, and it was awarded to Hebei province’s broadcaster?” She could no longer stand seeing Zhang Ye being bullied to such a state. Since Zhang Ye could not get it, then it was best that Zhāng Yě did not get it as well. It could vent her anger. Seeing Zhāng Yě and Jia Yan’s overbearing manner from before was annoying!

The other colleagues also looked over.

The old editor gave a wry smile, “How can there be so many accidents. I heard from my friend that he happened to see the award certificates yesterday. Our station’s Silver Microphone Award winner is Zhāng Yě.”

“It’s already decided?” Big Sis Zhou still remained adamant.

“It was decided yesterday afternoon.” The old editor said, “It’s him. My friend saw it with his own eyes. The trophy even has Zhāng Yě’s name on it, so how can it be wrong?”

Big Sis Zhou tutted.

With so many colleagues worried for him, Zhang Ye felt quite heart-warmed. He had never seen a good unit or a good Leader, but he had met a group of cute colleagues, making him feel blessed.

“Hey! That’s Teacher Cheng! The eighth Golden Microphone Award winner!”

“Aiyah, even this round’s Teacher Zhou is a guest? Although he had long retired, but he was the number one brother of the hosting world. Who could compete with him back then?”

“That is Auntie Qu! My idol and goal! I watched her program while growing up!”

The important show was at the back as heavy-weight big shots began to enter. There were top hosts from years ago, and also current top hosts. There were Leaders from the broadcasting stations and also the judges. The moment they entered, they stirred up a commotion. Other than some established people from various industries who were invited to be in the audience through a lottery, the other people were all hosts from various television and radio stations. In front of so many sage-like predecessors and former idols, people were extremely excited. They were the

direction people were fighting towards!

However, when the last figure appeared, people's emotions weren't excited anymore, but explosive. The entire venue resounded into a earth-shattering uproar!

“Zhang Yuanqi!”

“Zhang Yuanqi!”

“Ah! I see Auntie Yuanqi!”

“Sis Zhang! I love you forever!”

Many staff of the television and radio stations did not make a big fuss, for they were in this industry, so they would not craze over celebrities. Even if they crazed over someone, they would do it for a top figure in the hosting world. Zhang Yuanqi may have been an excellent host in the past, but she was after all not professionally doing it, hence people were relatively calm.

However, the other audience members could not be suppressed! Many people stood up! They raised their signs and light sticks as they roared Zhang Yuanqi's name! They did not care about the Golden or the Silver Microphone Awards! They were here for the Heavenly Queen!

Zhang Yuanqi appeared from the side stage. She had initially wanted to take a seat, but seeing the audience shouting so

enthusiastically, she waved with a smile at everyone!

“Ah! Sis Zhang smiled at me!”

“Didn’t you make a mistake!? Sis Zhang was smiling at me!”

“Sis Zhang, you are too beautiful! I love you to death!”

“Sing a song, Sis Zhang! I want to hear ‘I Don’t Believe’!”

The situation went out of control. There were even fans rushing up to get her signature. Many reporters charged up to take pictures!

More than ten security guards, who were standing by to maintain order, immediately came to fend off people. They finally managed to control the situation. It was tiring enough!

Zhang Ye and his radio station colleagues were secretly surprised!

This was a Heavenly Queen! This was the current number one sister of the entertainment industry! This appearance showed the apparent gap! The number of fans was completely of a different grade compared to star hosts! It was estimated that all the fans of the star hosts present added up were far smaller in number than Zhang Yuanqi’s alone!

Zhang Yuanqi sat in the first row. People could no longer see her,

as they were facing her back, so the shouts slowly stopped.

“The Heavenly Queen sure is beautiful.” the old editor praised.

Big Sis Zhou also said, “Yeah, better looking than in the movies.”

Auntie Sun said, “I also like her movies. She’s good at singing, too. Her voice has a magnetic charm and metamorphic charm to it. No one in the current entertainment industry can compete with that mature and gentle charm that she has!”

A Literature Channel youth sighed and said, “Yes, Sis Zhang is really like a giant panda in the entertainment industry. Other Heavenly Queens and Kings can be replaced, for they look good and are good at acting, but Zhang Yuanqi is definitely someone who cannot be replaced. She represents a generation!”

Everyone’s evaluation of her was very high.

Tian Bin and Zhāng Yě, who were in front, also looked towards Zhang Yuanqi.

Maybe some people did not craze over Zhang Yuanqi, and some people had controversies with Zhang Yuanqi’s works, but no one could deny that wherever Zhang Yuanqi was, she would forever be the main lead!

...

Onstage.

A host went up. This person seemed to be from the News Channel from the Beijing Television Station. He was not very famous, but everyone found him familiar.

“Hello, everyone. Welcome to this year’s Beijing Television Station’s live broadcast of the Golden Microphone Awards. He did not introduce the guests and judges, because it still wasn’t a live broadcast. Those were lines only said during the live broadcast. “There is still half an hour’s time before the Golden Microphone Awards. According to established practices, now is the time for the awarding of the Silver Microphone Awards. First, let me announce this year’s Silver Microphone Awards nominees.”

“Beijing Television Station – Chen Bin! Yan Qi!”

“Hebei Television Station – Lu Mei! Huo Dongyan!”

“Jinshi Television Station – Chen Tao! Zhang Yang!”

...

“Beijing Radio Station – Zhāng Yě, Zhang Ye!”

“Shanghai Radio Station – Su Leilei! Li Bang!”

...

After each nominee's name was announced, the host began to announce the first winner, "Next, I will announce the winner of this year's Silver Microphone Awards' television host award, Beijing Television Station's Yan Qi!"

Everyone applauded.

A female host seemed very surprised as she quickly rushed onto the stage while covering her mouth to accept the award.

The person handing the award to her was one of the five judges, Teacher Cheng. He was an old senior of the broadcasting world.

The awards host laughed, "Congratulations to Yan Qi. She is almost my colleague. Little Qi, this occasion is quite magnificent. With so many seniors sitting below, do you have something to say?"

Yan Qi took over the microphone, "Thank you. Only thank you. Thank you everyone for your help! Thank you everyone for your recognition!"

Next.

Then the next.

The announcement of the winners of the ten television hosts awards quickly came to an end. Other than a few people having longer acceptance speeches, there was no delay. Next was the Silver Microphone Awards for radio hosts. They were also for ten people. However, at this moment, it was cut back to the host, to hear him say, “Next will be the radio station broadcasting Silver Microphone Awards. Let me invite my colleague Zhang Huo from the Beijing Radio Station to announce it.” After he walked down, Zhang Huo came up with a smile.

Zhang Huo was no stranger to Zhang Ye. Back at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, he was also one of the hosts. He was a winner of their station’s Golden Microphone Award many years ago. Since this award ceremony was organized by the Beijing Television Station, he had the qualification to do it, even if he wasn’t very famous in the industry.

Zhang Huo came onto the stage, “Hello, everyone. I’m Zhang Huo.” At such a big occasion, with so many seniors and Leaders around, he also seemed slightly nervous. After all, he was just a radio station’s news-related broadcaster, so his fame was definitely incomparable to other television stations’ hosts. “Thank you for the Leader’s trust for me to host this Radio Station Silver Microphone Awards. Next, I will announce the first winner of the ten awards.”

He flipped open the certificate and announced, “Central Radio Station, Gong Xu!”

Immersed in the applause, Gong Xu excitedly went up on stage. Zhang Yuanqi took over the trophy from a member of the staff. It

was her turn to give out the award.

“Congratulations.” Zhang Yuanqi gave a warm smile.

Gong Xu received it with an expression of shock, “Thank you, Teacher Zhang. Thank you to the jury. I will continue to work hard. I will not put this trophy to shame!”

Zhang Yuanqi smiled, “You’ve already done very well.”

Zhang Huo smiled, “Let’s give a round of applause to Teacher Gong.”

Beijing Radio Station’s Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia were in the first row. They applauded the winner.

Next, Zhang Huo announced another person from the Central Radio Station. Zhang Yuanqi did not get offstage. She took the trophy and handed it to him, congratulating him.

Offstage.

Big Sis Zhou was not feeling an emotional high, “It’s almost already time for our radio station.”

Wang Xiaomei looked unsurely at Zhang Ye, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” Zhang Ye pretended to look indifferent. Actually, it would be weird if he was fine. This award was extremely important to him!

Auntie Sun patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder, “Let’s not bother ourselves arguing with the likes of them.”

Suddenly, Zhang Huo’s voice came again, “Next is the third Silver Microphone Award. The result of the jury is...” Upon saying this, Zhang Huo suddenly paused. His words were still stuck in his throat. He had opened the certificate and remained silent for a long while. He looked with an unsure gaze offstage, with a questioning gaze.

Deputy Station Head Jia frowned, “Carry on reading.”

“What’s the meaning of this?” The Beijing Radio Station’s Station Head also pulled a long face. This was organized by them, and Zhang Huo was from their radio station. Even though it was not a live broadcast, he should not have made such a low-level error. Wasn’t this embarrassing their radio station for a host to lose his focus?

“”Eh?”

“Why isn’t he speaking?”

“Who’s next? He’s not announcing it?”

Zhāng Yě was already waiting offstage to receive his award. He knew he was next.

The few people from the jury were also wondering what he was doing. Hence, they gave Zhang Huo a stern expression to tell him to carry on!

Zhang Huo breathed in deeply. Seeing the Leader and jury members having such expressions, he could only read, “The next winner of the Silver Microphone Awards is Beijing Radio Station’s...Zhang Ye!”

In the beginning, no one realized it.

Zhāng Yě, who was in the front row, smiled and got up.

Zhang Huo hurriedly waved at him not to go onstage. He said to his News Channel colleague, “It’s not you. It’s.. Zhang Ye!”

Chapter 76: Does this Award Count?

“It’s not me?” Zhāng Yě was the first to be dumbfounded.

Jia Yan was just about to applaud Zhāng Yě, and his hands were still frozen in midair.

Host Zhang Huo’s words made many people who knew what was going on stunned. Everyone looked disbelievingly at Zhang Huo, thinking that he had made a mistake!

However, Zhang Huo looked seriously at the award certificate in his hands, and with great care and confirmation, read once again, “This year’s Silver Microphone Award winner... Zhang Ye!”

He articulated his words very clearly!

It was Ye! Not Yě!

Deputy Station Head Jia was stunned!

The Station Head’s face turned black!

Everyone from the Beijing Radio Station made an uproar!

Xiaofang almost jumped up. She grabbed Zhang Ye and shook him hard, “Heavens! It’s you! Teacher Zhang, it’s you!”

Zhang Ye was in a daze, “Me?”

Auntie Sun widened her mouth, “How did it become Zhang Ye?”

“I don’t know, either.” Zhang Ye wasn’t sure himself.

“It’s you! He has already read your name twice!” Big Sis Zhou was happy all of a sudden. She gave Zhang Ye a hard push, “Haha! Stop looking silly there! Quick go on stage to receive the award!”

The old editor also urged in a whisper, “No matter what, just go up first!”

“Right, first get the award before speaking. Even if the staff made a mistake, it will be too late to change who gets it at that point!” Big Sis Zhou came up with a rotten idea.

Zhang Ye was about to stand up, but he was stopped.

A staff member suddenly ran onto the stage to communicate with the host, and then took the award certificate from his hands.

Next, Zhang Huo waved his hand at Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang, wait a while. The jury has asked for a pause. I think there’s been a mistake.” Following that, he said to everyone present, “Sorry, everyone. We have a situation on our hands. Please wait for the jury’s review.”

The other people did not know what was happening and also waited to see a show play out before their eyes.

The five judges were already in discussion. Besides them, there were other staff members gathered together.

Deputy Station Head Jia went over to take a look and also came together with the Station Head to understand the situation. What had happened? It was clearly supposed to be Zhāng Yě. They had even seen Zhāng Yě's trophy. But why did the announcement suddenly change to Zhang Ye? Wasn't this nonsense!? There was no precedent of additional nominations winning an award! Not even once!

“Where's the award certificate?”

“It's here. Take a look. It's written ‘Zhang Ye’.”

“It's definitely not him. It should be the Beijing Radio Station's Zhāng Yě.”

“Ah? Then why is it this name in the award certificate? That's not right. The trophy is here, too. It's also engraved ‘Zhang Ye’. There's no mistake.”

“Even on the trophy was written ‘Zhang Ye’?”

“Can someone tell me what is happening?”

“Teachers, this might be the fault of my people.”

“Qu Ping, what are you talking about?”

“Just now backstage, one of my staff members spilled some water and the award certificate could not be used. The trophy also shattered from falling, so I got them to get a spare from the manufacturer. But.. they might have heard the names wrongly. Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě sound quite alike.”

“What do you mean by this?”

“How can this happen?”

“Then how are we to present the award?”

“The names are all written as Zhang Ye, so should we present it now or not?”

At this moment, the Beijing Radio Station’s Station Head interrupted their conversation, “Even if it’s wrong, it should still be presented to Zhāng Yě. This was decided by the jury, so how can we change it?”

An old judge looked at him, “We already announced it, so how do we take it back?”

Deputy Station Head Jia knew that Zhāng Yě had to get this Silver Microphone Award, for he was the only son of the Station Head's old war comrade. Hence, he said, "Since it's an error made by the jury staff, we shouldn't have it affect our station's newcomer award winner because of this! That would be too unfair for Zhāng Yě! You can't do that!" Fairness? When they were pushing Zhang Ye to a cliff, refusing to give him a nomination, they had never thought of the meaning of fairness. But now, once it affected their own interests and relations, they began shouting about fairness!

The old judge was very unhappy with their tone. In terms of qualifications, he was an old veteran in the circle, and was one grade more senior than the Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia. "Isn't Zhang Ye from your radio station, too?"

Deputy Station Head Jia flatly said, "No way can it be Zhang Ye! It has to be Zhāng Yě!"

One of the five judges, a younger judge, stared at Deputy Station Head Jia, "Please keep your tone down and don't scare us again. Now that we are discussing how to resolve the matter, must we go to the point of making such a fuss? Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě are both comrades from your radio station. I have some impression of Zhang Ye. If I remember correctly, his results are much better than Zhāng Yě's, right? So this should not be a huge difference for your radio station."

The judge's tone had changed. They seemed to have the intention to leave the mistake uncorrected and make the best of it.

Actually, Zhāng Yě was chosen by them. Among the five, four votes were given to Zhāng Yě, while one abstained. Under normal circumstances, the jury would of course respect the views of the radio station, but the problem now was that the circumstances were now not normal. The trophy and certificate were all wrong, and even the host had announced the wrong name. It was not easy to deal with this situation. And with the Golden Microphone Awards about to be broadcast live, where did they have the time to make a new trophy for Zhāng Yě?

“But...” the Station Head said with a long face.

The old judge said, “We will take it into consideration. Can those who are uninvolved please return to your seats?”

The Station Head could not say certain things, so Deputy Station Head Jia decided to say it, “This Zhang Ye has a character problem. That’s why our station did not recommend him. He definitely doesn’t deserve to win this award!”

As their voices were a bit loud, and Zhang Ye was sitting in the front area, and was pretty close by, he could hear clearly what the Deputy Station Head said!

I have a character problem?

I don’t deserve this trophy?

Zhang Ye laughed from extreme anger. He never expected that these so-called Leaders would not only trample on him for no good reason and push him aside, they would even smear him now!

The old judge looked at Zhang Yuanqi, who was still onstage smiling and chatting with the host, before looking at Deputy Station Head Jia's eyes, "Character problem? An exception was made for Zhang Ye's nomination by our jury. Are you questioning our jury's level or are you questioning our jury's basic distinguishing ability?" Seeing that they still wanted to add on further, he waved his hands and put it to a stop, "I've already said that uninvolved people should please leave!"

...

Over here.

Big Sis Zhou was straining her ears to listen, "What are they saying?"

A Literature Channel's young editor said, "I think they were saying the trophy broke from falling, and they wrote wrongly. That's all I heard."

Zhang Ye had naturally good ears, so he heard more than them. He had not missed a single word of what the two Station Heads said!

"The trophy shattered?"

“No wonder! So this was written wrongly?”

“Hehe, I see. Zhang Ye and Zhāng Yě are quite similar!”

Everyone finally understood. After all this time, it was a blunder!

Blunder? At this moment, Zhang Ye finally understood. He had initially thought that the Lucky Bread had been ineffective, as he had not seen any effects. In fact, it was not ineffective, but it had happened without him knowing. He was sure that the shattering of the trophy, the messing up of the award certificate, and having the name written wrongly were definitely the effects that the Lucky Bread gave in those five minutes. If not, there was no way that such a thing could happen!

All the mistakes happening together at the same time?

If it was a coincidence, it was too exaggerated!

Zhang Ye secretly touched his game ring. You sure helped me a lot this time!

Wang Xiaomei looked at Zhang Ye who was two seats away, “Teacher Little Zhang, I still do not know what magic you used? Such a thing can even happen?”

Wang Xiaomei said out what was on everyone’s mind!

That's right! This can even happen? You can even make a comeback with this!?

During his time in the station, Zhang Ye had never had a smooth-sailing experience. He was looked down upon the moment that he came. He was never appreciated. He later offended the Leader, and was repressed by the Leader. It could be said that he stumbled to the extreme.

However, what made everyone speechless that despite all the dire situations, Zhang Ye had never suffered. He had managed to turn around every difficulty and problem that he encountered, saving the situation. He was godly!

They were sure that Zhang Ye would definitely plant his face into the ground this time, but who knew that this would happen. He had managed to get his name announced in a manner that no one could believe!

Big Sis Zhou laughed heartily, "Our Little Zhang is full of luck!"

In the back row, Tian Bin and his wife heard this. They were thinking, "What darn good luck? He was more bad luck. Whoever stained themselves with him would end up unlucky." The bizarre sequence of events that happened in the office was still fresh in their minds. It was similar with this situation. The coincidences made people speechless!

But it was still early to say that Zhang Ye had won the Silver

Microphone Award, because the jury had not made their indication, so no one could guess the outcome!

Zhāng Yě's face tightened as Jia Yan spoke to and accompanied him.

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head were sent back. They sat in their seats, silent. They stared unblinkingly at the people in the jury. This was not only about Zhāng Yě not getting the award, it also had to do with their Beijing Radio Station's face. Although Zhang Ye was from their station, he was not nominated by them. Letting a newcomer that they had abandoned win the Silver Microphone Award? The few Leaders in the radio station could not afford to lose this amount of face!

This was not just the smacking of the face!

It was the trampling of the face! The kind that used feet to trample!

They were all waiting for the jury's decision. The jury was still in urgent consideration, and had not made up their minds.

However, a few minutes later, a few guests and audience members could not bear waiting. They did not understand what had happened, nor did they care if there was a problem. They did not give a damn who won the award!

“What the heck?”

“Are they still handing out the award?”

“Hurry up! Sis Zhang has been waiting there for so long!”

The few judges and staff members halted their exchange. The final words they said seemed to mean that they had come to a conclusion.

A staff member immediately ran up to the podium and whispered to the host, Zhang Huo.

Zhang Huo nodded slightly, as his lips moved without anyone knowing what he was to say. He then picked up his microphone, “Sorry for the wait. I will announce this award again.”

Zhang Ye took a deep breath!

Zhāng Yě appeared full of anticipation!

Both Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun balled their fists!

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia’s faces looked solemn!

This result had caused a lot of angst amongst many people’s hearts. After Zhang Huo remained silent for a moment, he announced, “The winner of this year’s Silver Microphone Award,

Beijing Radio Station's...Zhang Ye!"

Chapter 77: A Poem To “Thank” The Unit And The Leaders!

It was still Zhang Ye!

The reward recipient remained the same!

Instantaneously, Zhāng Yě's face was as ugly as it could be. The Station Head and the Deputy Station Head's expressions were not much different from his. They felt like there was a stream of fire burning inside them that they could not vent! Zhāng Yě had clearly been selected previously! It was clearly something that had been decided long ago! Why did it inexplicably become Zhang Ye's award?

What the heck!?

What is the meaning of this!?

How can such a ridiculous situation happen?

The other side had a different expression!

Xiaofang was heard screaming, “Teacher Zhang! It's really you! This time, it's really you!”

Wang Xiaomei congratulated, “Congratulations. Even if it was a blunder previously, now that the jury did not change the outcome,

it has become reality. With the Silver Microphone Award, the path ahead of you will be much easier. This is a national-level award that is given alongside the Golden Microphone Awards. It's the highest honor and qualification for a rookie!"

"Beautifully done!" Big Sis Zhou slammed Zhang Ye's back heavily, "Even the Heavens have helped you!"

Only Zhang Ye knew that it was not because of Heaven, but because he had used the game ring to reverse the situation!

The Station Head had risen from his seat and stared at the people from the jury. He did not speak, but managed to express his great dissatisfaction with his eyes!

Deputy Station Head Jia also slammed loudly on the hand rest!

The people from the jury paid no heed. They already had a result!

Zhang Ye noticed the actions of the two Leaders. Up until this point, the station's Leaders still had the same attitude towards him. They did not even want to give him the little bit of respect he deserved. It was clear that they did not acknowledge Zhang Ye. He finally saw through it. So what if he worked hard? So what if he broke the Central Radio Station's record? So what if he got first in his channel's listenership ratings? So what if he won the Silver Microphone Award?

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia would never look

kindly at a small figure like him! They had taken for granted Zhang Ye's great contribution from his results. Zhang Ye had used his works to create a legend, and even did not want any bit of compensation for his copyright from the station, yet they still thought it was expected of him, and in turn, tried to basically rob him of his copyright without spending a dime. And if he didn't give it to them? If he didn't give it to them, he would be threatened! Removed from his position! Not given a nomination! They were so ugly in their actions and faces that they looked inhumane!

It was as if Zhang Ye owed them. They would never remember Zhang Ye for his merits. They would never care about his results. That was all that they cared about!

It was quite tragic! Zhang Ye's heart was already completely cold. A surge of anger exploded in him. He had already accumulated this sentiment of his for too long. He could not repress it any further!

"May I invite Teacher Zhang Ye to come onstage to receive his award." Zhang Huo smiled.

Zhang Ye straightened his clothes and strode up, "Thank you."

Zhang Yuanqi was wearing a nightgown today. It was purple. A large portion of her smooth back was revealed. The whiteness was especially charming. She took over the trophy from a staff member, and with a gentle smile and eyes, no one could tell the Heavenly Queen's usual indifferent nature, "Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

“Thank you, Teacher Zhang.” Zhang Ye took the trophy from the Heavenly Queen’s hands.

Receiving this award was not easy, but was this the end of it? No! It was not over!

Zhang Huo conditioned the atmosphere, “As the saying goes, the road to happiness is strewn with setbacks. Teacher Zhang took the longest to receive this year’s Silver Microphone Award. Hur Hur.” Looking at the audience, he said, “Some people might not know Teacher Zhang, or they might not be familiar with him. But if I say something, I’m sure many would know. A few days ago at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, it’s this Teacher Zhang who beat all sorts of elites, shocking the entire auditorium with a single ‘Shuidiao Getou’!”

“Oh!”

“I’ve heard of it!”

“So it was him?”

Quite a small number of people were enlightened!

Zhang Huo acted according to tradition and began introducing Zhang Ye’s segments. It was easy for others, as they would end with a few words, but Zhang Ye’s was really very long. “Teacher Zhang had previously hosted ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ and ‘Old and Young Story Club’. He gave birth to several excellent works,

such as ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’, ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’, ‘Snow White and the Seven Dwarves’, ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes’ and ‘The Wizard of Oz’. And they were all original creations of Teacher Zhang!”

“Ah?”

“He was the one who wrote ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’?”

“Even ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’ was created by him?”

“Holy ***, I wouldn’t know if you didn’t say it, but the moment you said it, it’s really frightening!”

“Who is this person? He’s so awesome!”

“That’s nothing. It is only now that you understand? Note that the most famous ‘Flying Bird and Fish’ was written by him. I heard this poem even saved a life.”

“I know this person, too. I especially like ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’. It’s so aggressive!”

“With these qualifications, he can even vie for the Golden Microphone Awards. Why was there so much controversy over a Silver Microphone Award? If he doesn’t get it, who else can get it? Are the judges blind?”

Some people had heard of him, while there were even more people who heard of him for the first time.

After hearing all this, many people were astonished by Zhang Ye's achievements!

Zhang Huo carried on, "I'm not sure if Teacher Zhang has brought with him an acceptance speech. I recall that the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet was also hosted by me, and the acceptance speech Teacher Zhang gave could only be described as art. It is as good as his talent for poetry." As they were colleagues, Zhang Huo also knew him, so he added on quite a bit more. This was also to ease his tension, since he was at an important occasion, so even a senior like Zhang Huo could not feel at ease.

Zhang Ye smirked, "Since Teacher Zhang Huo has mentioned my poems, then I will use a poem for my acceptance speech."

Zhang Huo laughed out, "Then that will be a treat to our ears, for us to hear your new work for the first time." After he finished, he stepped back and gave the stage to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Yuanqi also went down. She sat in the first row, listening.

Zhang Ye touched the microphone stand in front of him, "I actually did not wish to say anything today. I want to use this occasion and setting to thank the station's management that helped me. Our Beijing Radio Station's Station Head, and our radio station's Deputy Station Head Jia. Without the strong support from my Leaders, there would not be today's Zhang Ye!"

...

Below.

When Deputy Station Head Jia heard this, he thought, “At least you know how to appreciate favors!”

However, the Station Head did not even give Zhang Ye a look. From the beginning to the end, Zhang Ye had not entered his eyes!

Jia Yan snorted in his heart. He looked down on Zhang Ye. To even say that you received help from the Station Head and Deputy Station Head? You sure know how to kiss ass! Now you know the importance of having a good relationship with the Leader? It's too late! For you to obtain an award you should not receive! It is considered an accident! The Leader will not let you go. He will definitely remember to take revenge on you! Zhāng Yě was someone close to the Station Head! You even dared to steal his award? It's too late trying to suck up now!

...

Big Sis Zhou said with a surprise, “What's Little Zhang saying?”

“This doesn't sound like what Little Zhang would say.” Auntie Sun was also wondering.

Tian Bin interjected, “He’s been forced by the situation. From a certain perspective, Little Zhang has matured.”

The old editor sighed, “Indeed. Hai, this is also a chance to reconcile relations. Little Zhang is still quite smart. He knows that this situation is not a time for private emotions.”

...

The famous Program Producer formerly from Central TV was also offstage. He had been transferred to the Beijing Television Station for work, so he was naturally invited for the Golden Microphone Awards.

“Old Hu, this is the newcomer that you recommended?”

“Yes. He is Zhang Ye, a very talented young man.”

“His looks are quite plain. You want him to be your segment’s host or guest? I don’t think it’s appropriate.”

“I seldom make a mistake in my judgment of people. This kind of talent is not met even in a hundred years. Isn’t he going to recite a poem soon? Listen well. See if my evaluation is wrong.”

Hu Fei began promoting Zhang Ye.

...

“Sis Zhang, you know this Zhang Ye?” a young judge in the first row spoke softly.

Zhang Yuanqi gave a smile, “I don’t know him.”

“Then why did you give the additional nomination to him?” The youth was puzzled.

Zhang Yuanqi said, “I’ve seen his ‘See Me or Not’ poem before. I think it’s very good.”

The young judge was enlightened, “I see. This person’s poems are indeed exceptional. I have not seen ‘See Me or Not’, but ‘Shuidiao Getou’ was like a precious jewel falling into my hands.”

Another old judge said, “Let’s see what poem he will recite today. I happen to have heard of his ‘A Generation’. I heard that there were some problems with that bunch of people from the Beijing Writers’ Association?”

...

Other than these industry insiders, other people were not looking forward to it.

“Thank the Leaders?”

“What’s nice about such an acceptance speech?”

“That’s right; to think he even wrote a poem to thank his Leaders? What an ass-kisser! He’s kissing too much ass!”

“What can you do? It’s all people in the system. Who can you thank other than the Leaders?”

Quite a number of radio and television station counterparts from other provinces were dismissive. Some even silently scolded Zhang Ye as an ass-kisser!

...

Everyone was discussing.

However, Zhang Ye was not distracted. In this atmosphere that was not particularly quiet, on this stage with elites and Leaders gathered, Zhang Ye recited a poem. “This poem is me giving back to my station’s Leaders, as well as Beijing Radio Station, which nurtured and taught me!”

Everyone listened most devoutly and respectfully.

Zhang Ye closed his eyes to gather his emotions. The first lines of his poem dumbfounded everyone. His opening expression was that of a mocking laughter, “This is a bleak pool of dead water, where no breeze can raise a ripple. One may as well throw in metal scraps and leftover food!”

Dead water?

Furthermore, a bleak pool of dead water?

What modern poem was this? Are you sure that this is thanking the Leaders and the unit?

Many people began whispering. Some of them had not even gotten around to it!

Zhang Ye carried on, and sneered, “Perhaps the metal will turn into emeralds, the rusty cans into peach blossoms, the grease will weave a silken gauze, and the mold will rise and become twilight clouds. Let the dead water ferment into a green wine, in which white foam floats like pearls. Tiny pearls giggle and turn into big pearls, then get broken by pilfering mosquitoes. Perhaps a bleak pool of dead water is fair, after all. If the frogs get lonely, they can bring music to the place.”

Upon reaching this point, Zhang Ye’s expression suddenly changed into a cold and angry look as his voice reached a crescendo, “This is a bleak pool of dead water! Where beauty cannot reside!” Finally, he stressed, “One may as well let the Devil cultivate it! And see what kind of world he will create!!!”

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Faced with the absolute silence and a shocked crowd, Zhang Ye

dropped the microphone and left while holding his trophy after finishing his poem!

This poem was called “Dead Water”, and it was written by Wen Yiduo. It did not exist in this world.

In Zhang Ye’s world, this poem could be considered the most famous “scolding poem” and “cursing poem”. This was also the highlight of [Wen Yiduo](#)’s poem. There was only one central idea and theme from the beginning to the end, and that was to scold! And this poem was even printed in high school education textbooks! In his second year of high school, his teacher had specifically made them all memorize it to recite it. It was probably the same with many other schools, hence Zhang Ye did not need to use the “Memory Search Capsule” at all to clearly recite it ad verbatim. This poem was too famous, and he was too familiar with it!

He had scolded happily!

He got a kick from cursing!

After being repressed for so long, Zhang Ye finally was in a great mood today. He was happy, inside and out!

Chapter 78: One Of The Station Leaders Fainted!

The poem was done reciting.

Without staying an additional second, Zhang Ye went straight backstage with the trophy in his hand. He only left his back and the outcry of thousands of guests and judges!

Holy ****!

What modern poem was this!?

Could you mean that your Beijing Radio Station is Dead Water? Your radio station's Leaders are devils? No, there was no need to begin the sentence with 'could', he clearly meant that! This sort of poem was not profound. "Dead Water" was extremely easy to understand. That's right; it was used for scolding!

"What the f***!"

"Isn't this way too overbearing?"

"Is this person mad? How can he say that?"

"Wasn't he going to thank the unit and his Leaders?"

“That’s right; I even believed it. Haha, this will be interesting!”

“Although it’s not broadcast live, but this is still the Silver Microphone Awards; is he sure that he won’t get into trouble for saying that? Can he really do that? Isn’t this offending his Leader to the point of death? Station Head? Didn’t he mention a Deputy Station Head Jia in his acceptance speech? He is already naming names. Aiyah, holy ****. I really did not come for nothing. I really did a good job vying for one of the ten tickets from my unit. When would you usually hear such a heroic modern poem? This poem is too classic. He cursed so ruthlessly!”

“To think that the television and radio station system has such a ruthless person!”

“Zhang Ye? I have remembered this name. Haha, impressive!”

“I have to apologize. I even scolded Zhang Ye for being an ass-kisser, I never expected that it was such a ‘thank you’!”

This was the perspective of the audience . As they had no direct interest in the matter, everyone just had the state of mind of watching a thrilling show.

But there were some people who were not the same.

Big Sis Zhou nearly dropped her jaws upon hearing it. She smacked herself in the forehead, saying loudly, “I already said it! I already said it! Thank the Leaders and the unit, my ass! This is not

something Little Zhang would say! When has he ever fawned upon the powerful!? You see! I hit the jackpot!”

Zhao Guozhou, “...” He already did not know how to speak.

Tian Bin and his wife were also in a daze. Back when Zhang Ye was about to give his thank you speech, they had thought that he was trying to make a compromise with the Leader, and had known how to yield and exercise forbearance. But the next moment, with Zhang Ye reciting such a poem, they could not figure out where Zhang Ye got the courage!

Xiaofang stamped her feet due to her worry, “What do we do now!? Teacher Zhang has caused such big trouble!”

“Only big trouble?” Wang Xiaomei said, “Little Zhang has offended too many people this time!”

Auntie Sun whispered, “But the way he scolded sure was good for venting anger! I have never understood Little Zhang’s other poems, that ‘Flying bird and fish’, or ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’. I do not have much cultural literacy. But today’s “Dead Water”, I really understood it. It’s written so well and delightfully. May as well throw in metal scraps? And leftover food? Little Zhang is certainly completely disappointed with the station. This place is like a pool of Dead Water to him!”

The old editor was at a loss about whether to laugh or to cry, “You can’t say that, either. What sort of occasion is this? It’s the Golden Microphone Awards! There are the top predecessor

Teachers in the industry. There's the Heavenly Queen, the other television and radio station's staff, and many audience members not from this circle. Little Zhang may get a kick from scolding, but what will happen later? Does he still want to work in the station? They went ahead with the blunder of the award, and that was not already not a small problem.

An additional nominee winning the award? This was another unprecedented event! Alright, then he used a microphone to scold the unit and the Leaders during his acceptance speech? This is no longer an unprecedented event. Do you understand? It's not something that will happen in the future, either! There will only be this once!"

Yes, this matter was absolutely unprecedented and would never occur ever again. The old editor dared to guarantee it, because if it was another person, no one would dare to do this!

Xiaofang gave a wry smile, "Teacher Zhang has always had such a temper."

Big Sis Zhou said, "That's right. Only Little Zhang would dare to do it. Sometimes, I really envy him, and I like this guy more and more. He's blunt. If he's not happy, he scolds. You can feel peace of mind when you interact with him. You never need to worry about him scheming against you. Everything is placed out in the light with Little Zhang; he would never backstab someone."

The old editor said in a speechless manner, "You may be feeling good, but others aren't."

...

Hu Fei was one of those who were not feeling good. After hearing Zhang Ye's poem, Hu Fei nearly fainted. Just a few minutes ago, he was boasting on behalf of Zhang Ye to his channel's Director, who was beside him. He had strongly recommended that Zhang Ye join his new segment. Who knew that a few minutes later, Zhang Ye had done this!

The Director glanced at him, "Teacher Hu, this is the person you are recommending?"

Hu Fei gave a cough and helped speak up for Zhang Ye, "Let's put aside his temper for now. Just looking at this poem, there are absolutely no flaws. It is pure literature."

The Director also could not control his laughter, "You sure can right a wrong for him. I don't know if it is pure literature; I only know he is prickly!"

Hu Fei said, "Talented people tend to have an attitude."

The Director said, "But his attitude is too explosive. Thankfully the Silver Microphone Award is a lifelong award. There is no revoking it; if not, just that modern poem in his acceptance speech could have gotten his award revoked. Besides, the Beijing Radio Station is also under the same umbrella as our Beijing Television Station. We have merged long ago. By scolding their radio station, isn't that also including us?"

Old Hu, I need to give your recommendation further thought. I dare to guarantee you that after this matter, Zhang Ye might very likely be known by everyone in the television and radio station business. Some people may appreciate him for his bold words, but even more will push him aside. No one in the industry will dare hire him. You can nearly call it a ban. Hur Hur. Who would dare want a ticking time bomb? If he did that at a critical moment, who could stand him!?”

Hu Fei firmly said, “Even if he is prickly, I still want him. His literary talent definitely cannot be buried, for it will be too great a pity!”

...

Over at the judges.

Zhang Yuanqi watched Zhang Ye leave the place with smiling eyes. She did not comment.

The young judge was speechless, and after that said, “This poem.. sure is alright...” After he hesitated for a while, he did not dare say anything further, as he knew Zhang Ye was recommended by Zhang Yuanqi. Although he did not believe that Zhang Ye could know the Heavenly Queen, in the end, it was still Zhang Yuanqi who gave the nomination. He had to give the Heavenly Queen face, for he was not like Teacher Zheng and the other judges. He did not have the experience, nor the age. He did not dare to be rash in front of Zhang Yuanqi, for she was his predecessor.

Teacher Zheng closed his eyes and did not make a sound.

“Old Zheng? What do we do?” A female judge consulted, “Is he not respecting our award presentation stage and jury?”

Teacher Zheng opened his eyes, “Let’s put aside whether the poem is right for the occasion; just this “Dead Water” has broadened my horizons. Originally, I did not intend to join the jury this year. I’m already old and should step back. But now I feel that I’m very thankful to have come here. Hur Hur. Do you believe it? Just with this modern poem, I dare to say that this young man will definitely carve a name for himself! One may as well let the Devil cultivate it! And see what kind of world he will create? I’m very interested to see how this young man will create such a world!”

...

At this moment, the most angry people were the radio station’s Leaders!

There was no need to mention the unit’s Station Head. He had already promised his old comrade’s child this year’s Silver Microphone Award, but ended up failing. This already made him extremely angry. Now, Zhang Ye came along with a finishing move.

It was not smacking of face, neither was it trampling of face, it was live stomping of face! One foot after the other, stomping on their faces! With so many peers and predecessors present, there

were also the Leaders from other broadcasting entities. The Beijing Television Station's Leader was here, too.

The Station Head already felt he has lost all his face, with nothing left of it! From today onwards, no, there's was no need for tomorrow. Just this afternoon, this matter would probably spread to all the television and radio stations. How was he to look up ever again? To be scolded by a subordinate who was a lowest-level newcomer anchor, and yet have no way of retorting. Zhang Ye was holding a microphone onstage. Even if the Station Head had said something, no one else could hear him.

But the Station Head was still good. He was in relatively better shape.

What was most notable was Deputy Station Head Jia. Zhang Ye was in the Literature Channel under him. As he had conflict with Zhang Ye over the copyright matter, it was Deputy Station Head Jia who made the decision to make it difficult for him. Hence, Zhang Ye's retaliation this time was clearly meant for him!

"This f***ing punk!" Deputy Station Head Jia's face was already green. It was really green. He could not stop himself from cursing. He had turned silly from anger due to Zhang Ye. His lungs were almost exploding, in the end, maybe because his heart could not take the anger, Deputy Station Head Jia ended up suffering from shortness of breath. His eyes turned white and he actually passed out!

Another Deputy Station Head beside him was fast. Seeing Deputy Station Head Jia's neck slump on his seat, he quickly held him,

“Old Jia! Old Jia!”

“Aiyah!

“Deputy Station Head Jia!”

“Someone come quickly! Someone come quickly!”

“Call an ambulance! Someone fainted!”

“First check his pulse. Quickly, see if he’s still breathing!”

It became a huge mess immediately. Seven to eight people gathered around to help!

In the end, there was not big a problem. After rubbing his philtrum, Deputy Station Head Jia woke up. A staff from backstage helped him measure his blood pressure, and indeed he was fine.

This tiny episode made people even more speechless.

Deputy Station Head Jia also felt the shame of letting a subordinate he looked down upon anger him to the point of fainting. His face naturally looked ugly!

Zhang!

Wait and see!

The Station Head used this matter to talk to the five judges, “Teachers, I suggest withdrawing the Silver Microphone Award from Zhang Ye. This person spoke nonsense and discredited his organization unit. He has to be severely punished!”

The most qualified old judge, Old Zheng, looked at him, before discussing simply with the other judges. He said, “I’m afraid that’s impossible. The award has been handed out. Be it the Golden Microphone Award or the Silver Microphone Award, they are lifetime awards. There is no process or rule for withdrawing the award.” After he finished speaking, he added on, “This little comrade’s speech indeed is a bit problematic. Your unit should handle the education and disciplinary matters itself.”

“But the Silver Microphone Award...” Deputy Station Head Jia stood up due to his flustered anger.

Another young judge flatly said, “The award will not be revoked. The rules are rules. Well, let’s begin the next award presentation. Hurry up and do not delay the Golden Microphone Awards’ live broadcast. We don’t have much time left!”

The other Silver Microphone Awards were announced, but no one had the mind to pay attention to them. No one even cared about the Golden Microphone Awards!

Zhang Ye had stolen all the limelight by himself!

Zhang Ye had attracted all the attention with a single “Dead Water”!

A few sensitive reporters even ignored the awardees’ name from then on, not caring whose Silver Microphone Award it was. They just sat at their seats and began typing up a manuscript, preparing to immediately report back to their office about this matter. Teacher Zhang Ye, well done! The reporters were thrilled. Their professional traits were fated to be those of people who wished to see the world burn. They were not afraid how big a controversy you would make; they were afraid that you would not make a big enough controversy!

What was a topic of controversy?

This was a topic of controversy!

What could be more interesting and eye-catching than a person scolding his Leaders during an acceptance speech?

Besides, this was not any normal scolding. It did not use vulgarities without any technical skill!

Cursing tends to be a derogatory term. When mentioned, the first impression others have is its lack of quality. But today, Zhang Ye had broadened the horizons of everyone. One could scold others in such a bold and unrestrained manner. Scolding others could be so elegant and cultured. This was the first time they had really seen it. They had learned something!

This was a scholar!

Killing people without knives, using one's mouth!

Swearing without one's mouth, using one's poems!

Zhang Ye had used "Dead Water" today to show the lofty sentiments of a scholar. He had inherited the good tradition of a poet, quaking the world with his poems!

Chapter 79: Zhang Ye — Synonymous With Notoriety!

Afternoon.

Grand Theater's hall.

The venue hosts were announcing the remaining Silver Microphone Award winners. There was still some commotion, but Zhang Ye had already left the venue and backstage. Along the way, Zhang Ye attracted the attention of many people. This was because outside the theatre, the staff had also heard Zhang Ye's poem. Some of them even saw him while they were below the stage. Therefore, there was such a strange scene happening now.

“Uh.”

“Hey, look!”

“That's Zhang Ye.”

“F***, this guy is too awesome!”

A few staff members kept staring at him like he was some kind of god.

Some others who were not aware of the situation could see the crowd watching Zhang Ye and parting when Zhang Ye passed

through them and thought that he was some superstar. That can't be necessary, right? He's just walking along. Why does everyone need to send him off so properly?

“Who's that?”

“Don't you know? You weren't at the venue earlier?”

“No. I took over my shift outside earlier.”

“Hey, then you've missed a great show. go regret it in a corner. Haha!”

Seeing everyone's reactions, Zhang Ye knew that he had done something with big repercussions today. It was not like he did not know his cursing poem was inappropriate. He had killed his chances at remaining in the radio broadcasting industry. The same could be said of the TV industry, especially in Beijing Television Station, which is a sister station to Beijing Radio Station. With the cursing speech by Zhang Ye, they would not have a good impression of him. Even though Hu Fei had promised him that if he had won the Silver Microphone Award, he could join his new program, after the poem the invite would have been voided. Zhang Ye had weighed his thoughts and was clear that he would not be joining Beijing Television Station anymore.

But even so, he just wanted to curse!

He would do it all over again if given the chance!

You are the people I'm cursing! Your faces are the ones I'm slapping! I just want to put you in a spot! I just want to expose your ugly faces to those in the industry! And any other thing? Zhang Ye did not care about any other things; he just wanted to feel good first. To let those who made him uncomfortable, he would not let them be comfortable, either!

That's how it was!

It was that simple!

At this moment, Zhang Ye's phone rang. So many people were calling him: his Leader, his colleagues and some others whom he did not know. They might have been reporters. Zhang Ye rejected them all without exception. He did not want to listen to anyone right now. What was done was done, and what was scolded had been scolded; there was no need for an explanation.

He only strolled slowly into a restaurant and treated himself to a meal. There was a television in the restaurant and it was tuned into Beijing Television Station. The Golden Microphone Awards event was just about to start. Zhang Ye only footed the bill after the awards ceremony finished its broadcast. He took a bus back to the Beijing Radio Station afterwards.

...

Afternoon.

The colleagues who were in the Grand Theater had all made their way back. They were discussing the happenings of the day with those who did not attend the awards. They only had half a day off and had work in the afternoon.

“Ah?”

“That’s not true, right?”

“Big Sis Zhou, you are just joking around, right?”

“Yeah, how can that be? Does Teacher Little Zhang still want his job?”

Just as they spoke of the devil, Zhang Ye returned at this moment. When he stepped into the office, everyone’s gazes were focused on him!

Big Sis Zhou exclaimed loudly, “Little Zhang! Why didn’t you answer the phone!”

Zhang Ye smiled “I didn’t hear it; I was having lunch earlier.”

“You were great!” Big Sis Zhou said. “Did you know that after you left, the whole theater’s atmosphere was so charged up! You winning the Silver Microphone Award this time, it could be said that you have entered the record books. First was the blunder,

then came 'Dead Water'. You were nothing short of astonishing!"

Auntie Sun said, "Deputy Station Head Jia was so angry that he fainted."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye blinked, "Really?"

"It's true." Xiaofang quickly mentioned, "His neck was crooked on his seat. Everyone was in a mess and they had to resuscitate him!"

"How is he now?" Zhang Ye asked.

"He's alright. They pinched his philtrum and he recovered. I guess it was the shock." Big Sis Zhou answered.

Soon after, perhaps the news of Zhang Ye's return had spread. Zhao Guozhou arrived with big strides. "Little Zhang, get over here. Look at the big mess you created!" he chided. He said with a straight face, "Follow me. The station leaders are calling for you; explain it to them yourself!"

Zhang Ye reached into his pocket, took out a letter and placed it on the desk, "Leader, this is my resignation letter. I will not be explaining it to them, nor could I. I will not be working for them anymore. Please let them find someone else that is better!" Having said that, Zhang Ye started to pack his desk. A long-serving employee would find this troublesome, but Zhang Ye was strictly still in a probationary period. His resignation process was too

simple.

Zhao Guozhou's face blackened, "You are leaving, just like that?"

"Leader, honestly, I would like to not go." Zhang Ye said so sincerely to Deputy Zhao and also at every one of his colleagues. He said, "Here, I learned a lot. My present results cannot be removed from the help of you, Director Zhao and colleagues Xiaofang, Teacher Xiaomei, Big Sis Zhou, Auntie Sun, Teacher Feng, etc. Although I came for just over a month, I have also grown attached to everyone. Who would want to leave unless it was a last resort? But the reality is as such. Everyone has already seen it. It's not that I want to leave, but it's the station forcing me to leave. As the saying goes, 'while the dropping flowers pine for love, the heartless brook babbles on unrequited love'. I would not stay here, asking to be snuffed out!"

Zhao Guozhou exasperatedly said, "You are too rash!"

"I am not rash, Director. I have thought through it clearly and understand it very well." Zhang Ye turned to look at his colleagues and gave a deep bow, "Thank you for everyone's help all this while!"

Xiaofang's eyes turned red, "Teacher Zhang."

Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun also could not bear to part, "We really don't want you to go."

However, everyone was not surprised with Zhang Ye's resignation. The station's Leader had been too unfair with Zhang Ye and had gone too far. If it was anyone else, they would also go mad!

Zhang Ye smiled, "It's alright. We can meet again when we have the chance."

Zhao Guozhou sighed, knowing that Zhang Ye had made up his mind, "Alright, I'll do the paperwork for you." He brought Zhang Ye to his office. When there were only the two of them, Zhao Guozhou said, "You were brought in by me into this business, and I have always appreciated you. Now with things in such a situation, I am also quite at fault. Little Zhang. Hai, I didn't manage to protect you, letting you feel wronged."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Don't say that. You are my [Bo Le](#). I will never forget this kindness for life. I know you did your best. You can't do anything with the Station Leader's instructions. Anyways, if there's anything in the future, just tell me. If I have the ability, I will never refuse!"

Zhao Guozhou suggested, "Let's have a last meal tonight with everyone."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I think it's best not to. My status now is sensitive. I have already offended the Station Leaders to such an extent. If they know that everyone sent me off, it will give trouble to everyone. It's fine going off on my own." He was very thoughtful, coming nicely, leaving simply.

...

Afternoon.

The resignation paperwork was done.

Zhang Ye hugged his stuff as he left the unit. Coincidentally, he met Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě, who had just come back.

Enemies see red the moment they meet!

Jia Yan might have already gotten the news, “Yo, leaving?”

“Zhang Ye.” Zhāng Yě stared at him, “I will remember today’s matters, and it will be for life. If we have the opportunity to meet again at work, we will square off!”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Alright, I’ll wait for that day.”

Jia Yan said, “You won’t meet him. You think anyone in the industry will dare to want a person who dares to publicly denounce his unit’s Leader?”

Zhang Ye said, “Just wait and see, then.”

After taking one last look at the building, the place where he had

worked his first job after graduation, Zhang Ye's gave a complicated gaze. After he chuckled, he turned around and strode away, without looking back! Now, there was no use in saying anything else, so he did not leave behind any words. However, in his heart, Zhang Ye said to himself, "Beijing Radio Station, I will use concrete actions to prove to you that forcing me away is your loss! I will definitely let you regret every action you made whenever you hear my name, Zhang Ye!"

Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě entered the station's door. Zhang Ye was gone, but they did not feel happy at all. Why? Because Zhang Ye did not suffer at all. Not only did he get glory and results from the radio station, he had thickened his resume and won the Silver Microphone Award. Leaving with the Silver Microphone Award trophy in his hand, he had gotten everything he could as a newcomer. On the other hand, the station had suffered due to Zhang Ye. They had entered a passive condition with his "Dead Water" scoldings. It could be imagined that the radio station would not be peaceful in the future. They had to busy themselves to reduce any influence from this terrible situation to its minimum! This fellow Zhang Ye had left, but he had left behind a mess!

Who profited?

The result was obvious!

Going for wool and coming home shorn! It was like the Dog and its Reflection!

The Station Head and Deputy Station Head Jia really felt the pain from Zhang Ye's beating! Maybe they had never imagined that this

world had a newcomer that did not spare his punches like Zhang Ye!

What scholar? Bull****!

This was a damn hooligan!

Everyone had already seen the essence of Zhang Ye. After “Dead Water”, Zhang Ye’s name had become famous in the industry. But of course, it was notoriety! The newspaper, gossip tabloids and online videos were most likely beginning to report on Zhang Ye’s ‘acceptance speech’ at the Silver Microphone Awards. From today onwards, Zhang Ye’s name would be synonymous with notoriety in the radio industry!

[*] In legends, a god in charge of manning the horses was named Bo Le. In the human world, a person who can distinguish a good horse is also called Bo Le. In some sense, it is similar to saying how a person is your muse, but in a different way.

Chapter 80: This World's Celebrity Rankings!

The second day, Saturday.

It was entering Autumn, so the temperature was cool and pleasant.

Today was a rest day. But even if it was not a weekend, Zhang Ye had to take a “long vacation”. After leaving the radio station, he was now a free man.

The phone rang.

Zhang Ye did not pick it up the first time, as he was sleeping soundly.

However, the phone kept ringing nonstop, giving Zhang Ye a headache.

He could only yawn as he grabbed the cellphone on the table, “Hello. Who’s this?”

“Who do you think is it?” It was Mom’s voice, “Why are you still sleeping? It’s already 9+! And I want to ask you, what is this matter that is written in the newspapers? How did a rotten kid like you offend his Leader again? If you took the Silver Microphone Award, so be it! It’s such a good thing! Even a person who doesn’t know

your industry like me knows about the award! It's very valuable! But what did you say for your acceptance speech!? Do you still want to work at your unit?"

Zhang Ye said sleepily, "I don't want to."

"What did you say?" Mom turned worried.

"I already resigned yesterday. My wages have also been settled." Zhang Ye told his Mom.

Mom was angry from worry, "You finally managed to find a job and you were doing well! Why did you quit!? Are you dumb!? That is the Beijing Radio Station! An institution! Where can you find a better place than that in the future? Who would want you with your looks?"

Zhang Ye gave a helpless laughter, "Mom, I've already resigned. I will have no future staying there. Let me rest a few days. After that, I'll go look for other units."

Mom was rejected, "No, immediately take back your resignation letter!"

"Mom..." Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry, "Don't worry. My next unit will definitely be better than this. And it has to be much better. I assure you."

"No way!" Mom was angry.

However, Dad's voice came from over the phone. Zhang Ye only heard him say lightly, "Our son has grown up. He has his own plans, so you don't have to worry about it."

"How can I not be worried!? Now all our relatives know my son is a small celebrity in the radio station. With him quitting, how can I keep bragging in the future?" Mom was quite frank.

Zhang Ye was amused, "Alright, Mom. Let's end it here. I'm hanging up."

After putting down the cellphone, he could no longer fall back asleep. He got up and used the computer and watched the news.

Indeed, there were many forum discussions on the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony yesterday online. Zhang Ye's Weibo had been @ crazily, with a barrage of notification sounds!

"I love this 'Dead Water' too much!"

"Every work of Teacher Zhang Ye is earth-shaking!"

"Haha. It is a delight to hear and see! Teacher Zhang Ye also can get mad! So addicting!"

"Well-cursed! The institutional abuse is too much nowadays! Only Teacher Zhang Ye dares to stand up and speak out!"

“Did you notice that Teacher Zhang’s Weibo’s verification has changed to ‘Former Beijing Radio Station Literature Channel famous radio host’. Was Teacher Zhang fired?”

“He wasn’t fired. I heard my insider friends say that he had resigned by himself.”

“So what if he quits. There’s no need to be attached to such a Dead Water unit. Teacher Zhang, you still have us. No matter where you go, we will support you!”

“Well-said! Supporting Zhang Ye!”

“All limbs up in the air while rolling on the floor to support!”

“A single ‘Dead Water’ has sounded the words in people’s hearts. Yes, it is clearly Dead Water filled with metal scraps and leftover food, yet it pretends to be elegant. This is the state of many of our units. It reeks of death, with the Devil proliferating it. On Monday, when I was at work, I really wanted to be like Teacher Zhang Ye, shouting at my unit’s Leader, ‘One may as well let the Devil cultivate it, and see what kind of world he will create’, but I couldn’t do it. I still have a family to feed. I do not dare to lose my job. I do not have Teacher Zhang Ye’s boldness and courage, so after listening to that poem, I have made a decision. From today onwards, I will be a hard-core fan of Teacher Zhang Ye and will never change until death!”

“Will never change until death+1!”

“Will never change until death+28!”

This work of Zhang Ye had brought him quite a number of white-collar worker fans online!

“Dead Water” had gone completely viral online. Not only was the poem well-written, the special background gave it additional fame. That was the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony. This made “Dead Water” even more legendary, as people enjoyed talking about it!

Weibo forwards!

Forum clicks!

The publication in newspapers!

The transmission of the award ceremony’s broadcast!

Zhang Ye’s popularity had once again increased slightly. Maybe it did not have much influence on people outside the circle, but it was shocking inside. Many people in the industry already knew of Zhang Ye’s name!

The comments and replies seen previously were mostly yesterday’s.

Suddenly, the fan, “ZhangYeNumber1Fan”, who spared no effort in supporting Zhang Ye, @-ed him. A new Weibo post was published with a picture.

“Wow, quick look at the Celebrity Rankings!”

“Godly Number1, what’s the matter?”

“Didn’t I attach a picture? Can’t you see it?”

“Ah, I see it! Holy ****! Teacher Zhang Ye has become an E-list celebrity!”

“Is that true? It’s really true! Congratulations, Teacher Zhang Ye. You deserve it!”

“Citizens of the Hebei province send their congratulations. Congratulating Teacher Zhang on making a new high!”

“There aren’t many people who become E-list celebrities just from writing poems and making radio programs, right? You can count them with your fingers; there’s definitely not more than 20 people!”

“Awesome!”

“Teacher Zhang is impressive!”

They were all very lively and excited.

However, when Zhang Ye saw this, he was confused. E-list celebrity? Celebrity Rankings? What and what? Zhang Ye knew he was still unfamiliar with this world. For example, his previous world did not have the Silver Microphone Awards. Hence with an open mind, he clicked the link everyone gave into the Celebrity Rankings' official website. Upon seeing it, he was shocked. Holy ****. He had originally thought that it was someone's personal website or some forum, but when he saw the organizing unit of the website, he was dumbfounded. It was the News, Publication & Broadcast Bureau!

This was an official authoritative website?

There were even official announcements for Celebrity Rankings?

He had initially thought it was fake. He quickly checked the website's cooperating units. There was the National Writers' Association, Directors' Union, Editors' Association, China Film Group Corporation, etc. Zhang Ye knew it was not fake. After a series of searches and inquiries, Zhang Ye finally manage to understand what this Celebrity Rankings was all about. This ranking was standardized internationally, and was not only effective domestically. It had a certain amount of authority even internationally. As for the ranking criteria and choices, they were partially done manually, but a large portion of it was calculated through a statistical formula. It was valid worldwide. The entire world also used this formula to give a celebrity a ranking based on his overall abilities, influence and popularity. It was most authoritative, unlike any other!

In Zhang Ye's world, there were also rankings for celebrities.

For example an international B-list celebrity, or a domestic S-list celebrity.

But over there, this ranking had no fixed formula, nor was it conclusive. It was beauty in the eyes of the beholder. It only counted if a large number of people acknowledged it. It was comparatively fuzzy. For example, some celebrity may be considered as an A-list celebrity by industry insiders, but many people would only think he was a B-list celebrity. There were also cases where people felt he was a B-list celebrity, but the professionals or other people would think that he was a C-list celebrity. Who do you listen to? What rank would this celebrity be? There was no certainty, because there were no clear boundaries!

But this world was different!

There were all sorts of scores and all sorts of rules. Over many years of refinement, a nearly-perfect set of judging rules were produced. It was acknowledged by official bodies and the people. Even other celebrities acknowledged it! It was no longer that troublesome to know a celebrity's specs; one could get it from flipping through the Celebrity Rankings!

Domestically, there were seven rankings.

S-list, A-list, B-list, C-list, D-list, E-list.

The seventh rank was not called a F-list celebrity. In this world, they were collectively referred to as “public figures”.

After checking this out for a long time and taking a long time to absorb this information, Zhang Ye finally understood. The celebrity rankings between the two worlds were similar, but they also had their differences. For example, in Zhang Ye’s world, when an E-list celebrity was mentioned, it was just an adjective. There was no real E-list celebrity in his world. The meaning of E-list meant the lowest and most obscure celebrity. There were at most the A-list, B-list, C-list and D-list. Even D-list was not something many people acknowledged. There was a lot of controversy behind it. However, over in this world, it was clearly demarcated. An A-list was an A-list, an E-list was an E-list. There was no dispute!

There was another difference.

Maybe it was because this world’s entertainment industry was relatively more developed, where people crossed over more often. the rating score was an overall integrative score.

Notability was important.

Influence was important.

The fan cohesiveness strength was important.

The quality of the works were important.

Good works had to be produced over a long period of time, and had to not go out of fashion.

In general, no matter what industry one was in, the ranking depended on one's overall ability!

For example, the authors, [Han Han](#) or [Guo Jingming](#), were they considered celebrities in Zhang Ye's world? Of course! Were they highly notable? Of course! But what rank were they? Probably no one could tell. There was no celebrity ranking system for people in the publication industry. At most, when they were mentioned, they would be publicly acknowledged as A-list authors in the publication industry, but this world had unified it. Be it writing novels, children's fairy tales, poems, or even university professors and wealthy businessmen who received a lot of attention, they could obtain a rating from their combined abilities and appeal using the statistical formula. Once the rating was calculated, they could be perfectly ranked!

This was this world's Celebrity Rankings!

Zhang Ye had used "Dead Water" to go from a public figure to an E-list celebrity. This could be said to be one big step, and could also be said that this was the actual moment that he entered the entertainment industry. One had to know that be it Little Red Mushroom, the Vice President of the Beijing Writers' Association, or Big Thunder and company, they were all considered public figures. As for Tian Bin and Zhāng Yě, they were ranked in the tens of thousands amongst public figures. They would not even be ranked.

Zhang Ye had already surpassed them!

Although an E-list celebrity was the lowest, it was still a celebrity!

However, he still had a long way to go. This was just the beginning!

Chapter 81: The Absolute Unsparing Duo!

Afternoon.

The sun had risen. It was a bit stuffy in the house.

Zhang Ye opened the room's door to air the place out. He stepped on a flyer that was slotted under the door and picked it up. He took a look and saw that it was a menu from a fast food restaurant called Long Long. It's likely this was a new eatery that only existed in this world, as Zhang Ye had never heard of it before. Whatever. Since it was convenient, he called in to make an order.

“Hello.”

“This is Long Long Fast Food.”

“What's the cheapest item you have for delivery?”

“Well, the cheapest is chicken rice. Adding the delivery fee, it comes to 15 Yuan.”

“Okay, I'll take that. Let me give you the address.”

Just as he was about to hang up, Zhang Ye suddenly caught sight of a small shadow creeping into his house. Zhang Ye was startled, hung up the phone and then looked over. It was a little girl who came in. She was about eight years old and obviously an

elementary student, as she was wearing a school uniform from the Xuanwu district's No.2 Experimental Primary School. The little girl had a face like a porcelain doll. Zhang Ye had never seen such a fair and glowing child; she was especially beautiful.

“Little kid.” Zhang Ye blinked, “Who are you looking for?”

The little girl took a glance at him, ignored his presence and walked straight to the fridge. She opened it up and looked inside, then as if it were her house, tiptoed at the edge on the inside of the fridge and reached for a bottle of cola that Zhang Ye had inside. She slammed the fridge door shut afterwards and looked around for a place to sit down. She found herself a seat on the sofa and twisted the bottle cap open and slowly enjoyed the gassy goodness.

Zhang Ye, sweating with anxiety, asked, “What’s your name? And what are you doing here at my house? Did you lose your way from your parents? What are your parents’ names? I’ll take you back.”

The little girl asked childishly, “What’s your name?”

“I’m called Zhang Ye. Hey, why are you asking me instead?” asked Zhang Ye.

The little girl briefly acknowledge that and took a look at Zhang Ye for the first time, “You are THAT Zhang Ye? The school has been broadcasting your fairy tale every week now. I’m so sick of it; it’s so childish!”

Zhang Ye asked, “You know me? My story is childish?”

The little girl’s tone was that of a child, but somehow her voice was deep. When she spoke, it felt like you owed her some money, “Not childish? Just take ‘Little Bunnies Be Good’. When I first listened to it, I thought that the person who wrote it was rather dumb, like he had no general knowledge.” She spoke with a logical flow and was composed, unlike many other kids her age. “Let me ask you: is the Big Bad Wolf a picky eater?”

Zhang Ye in confusion replied, “Why would a wolf be picky about food?”

“That’s it.” she pouted. “You’ve personified the wolf in your writing, making it able to open or knock on doors. The little bunnies could converse with the wolf, too. These are not the problems, though. However, you wrote that the wolf tried all kinds of means to lure the Little Bunnies out to eat them instead of eating the Mother Bunny, so this would be a fault in your logic. You just said that the Big Bad Wolf is not a picky eater, so why does it only want to eat the Little Bunnies and not the Mother Bunny? The Mother Bunny was not protected by the door. Would that mean that the wolf was repulsed by the thought of Mother Bunny’s meat being too old? That it would be difficult to chew?”

Zhang Ye “...”

The little girl was calmly sipping on her cola and continued, “Another fundamental mistake is in the last paragraph where Mother Bunny used a stick to hit the wolf. Even if it had used a kitchen knife, it could not have beaten the wolf. Firstly, there’s the

physical difference in their build, and secondly, there's a gender difference, too, so how could it have beaten and chased off?"

Zhang Ye ".....It's just a fairy tale; it precedes life!"

The little girl's snorted, "But fairy tales are inspired by life."

Zhang Ye was rendered speechless. He nearly wanted to curse. Your sister! Which family did this unlucky child come from! Was the Big Bad Wolf a picky eater? A female bunny could not beat a male wolf? All these were questions that Zhang Ye had no answers to. He had been choked by them! Why are kids nowadays such smarty-pants? They are too unlikeable!

"By the way, how do you know me?" Zhang Ye looked at her and asked, "Did your family tell you?" That couldn't be right; he did not know most of the tenants here, nor had he even seen this kid before.

Suddenly, the landlady auntie's voice could be heard coming from the corridor!

"Chenchen!"

"Rao Chenchen!"

"Where did you run off to?"

After several shouts, under the stunned eyes of Zhang Ye, Chenchen shouted back to the outside, “Aunt, I am at Zhang Ye’s house.”

Two seconds later, Rao Aimin appeared in front of Zhang Ye’s door. She came in and immediately stared at the little kid, “Running around again! Sooner or later, you will be sold off if you bump into human traffickers!”

Rao Chenchen’s sipped a little of her cola in disagreement.

“Drinking cola again? Who gave that to you?” Rao Aimin angrily snatched the cola out of her hands, “Let’s go back to Auntie’s house.”

Rao Chenchen pursed her lips and said “You are always scolding me at home. I don’t want to go back; it’s better here at Zhang Ye’s house.”

Rao Aimin smacked her little head saying, “Call him Uncle Zhang Ye; don’t be disrespectful!”

Zhang Ye was all confused while listening beside them. Damn it, I was still wondering why the speaking manner of the kid was so familiar. So it’s a relative of the landlady auntie! No wonder she’s so sarcastic; it’s exactly the same as her aunt! Each one was more sarcastic than the other!

“Landlady Auntie, this is.....” Zhang Ye asked.

Rao Aimin looked at him, "This is my niece; my sister's child. She will be under my care from now on. You keep your eyes on her, too. Don't let her run around; this little imp is full of tricks."

A puzzled Zhang Ye asked, "Under your care from now on? What about your sister and brother-in-law?"

Rao Aimin's eyes did not betray any emotions as she replied calmly, "They passed away a long time ago. The child had been cared for by my brother-in-law's family in the past. Two days ago when I was not around, I was at the proceedings to take custody of her. Her surname will follow our Rao family."

"I see." Zhang Ye understood that her family matters were probably a little complicated, so he did not probe further.

"Oh, yes." Rao Aimin thought of something, "I heard you resigned? How is it?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "It's alright, Landlady Auntie. I did not want to continue there for some time already; thanks for your concern."

Rao Aimin looked at him, "I'm not concerned about you. I am concerned if you are able to pay your rent on time. It's almost the end of the month; if you can't pay up, then get out. No two ways about it."

Zhang Ye nearly vomited blood. You are too damn direct!

At this time, Rao Chenchen also laughed at him derisively, “Hur Hur.”

Rao Aimin agilely picked up Rao Chenchen with her hand and held her in her arm. A child of eight years old was not that small, but the landlady auntie did it without skipping a beat. It was as if she was carrying a beer bottle. She said to Zhang Ye, “Quickly find a job next week. Who allowed this boy to curse at the award presentation ceremony? You deserve to lose your job, hur, but that poem of yours was quite appropriate. You had some of my style when I was younger!”

Zhang Ye casually said, “Sure. I will look for a job after a few days’ rest. Please don’t worry. The rent will continue without break; I will definitely find a good workplace.”

Rao Chenchen who was in her aunt’s arms looked at Zhang Ye cross-eyed, her mouth stiffly smiling, “Hur Hur.”

Hur Hur, what Hur Hur! Zhang Ye was utterly defeated by these two ladies. The landlady auntie’s poisonous mouth was enough to give him nightmares. Great, now there’s a little one, too!

Could he live through this?

Will this old and young one team up and come destroy him every day?

Chapter 82: Zhang Ye Brings The Child To School!

During the weekend, Zhang Ye spent most of his time sleeping, eating and watching TV. He handled no serious business, but instead used the break to readjust his condition and relax his mind. It's Monday now. Zhang Ye was planning to sleep until daybreak, but someone did not give him the chance to do so.

It was only 6 in the morning.

Someone was knocking at his door.

Zhang Ye pretended not to hear it. He was still deep in his sleep.

Bang, bang, bang. It had changed to pounding on his door. In a moment, a click sounded, a turn of keys. The door was unlocked from the outside.

“See, he is at home!” It was Rao Aimin who stepped into the house, “This rascal, he’s always pretending not to hear!”

The landlady auntie was holding the hands of a cute and beautiful little kid. It was Chenchen. He could only hear the little girl repeating her aunt’s name for him, “Rascal.”

Rao Aimin looked at her, “That’s for me to call him that.”

“Then I can call that, too.” Chenchen said in a deadpan way.

“Be good and call him uncle; don’t be so disrespectful.” Rao Aimin educated her.

Chenchen acknowledged, then deeply called him, “Uncle Rascal, get up quickly.”

Zhang Ye, who was sleeping comfortably, was nearly driven mad by the two ladies’ perfect harmony, as he pulled his hair, almost on the brink of collapse, “What’s the matter, Landlady Auntie?”

Rao Aimin began talking about important matters, “I’m going out soon. I had scheduled an appointment with the subdistrict and police station to settle Chenchen’s residential information to be transferred over to me, so I haven’t had time. However, Chenchen’s school has a public class in the afternoon today. All the guardians have to be present to listen to the child’s language class. I think there’s a session with guardians and children writing a composition.” Saying that, she thrust Chenchen’s hand over, “I can’t trust others with the child. Since you are also known as a Teacher, I’ll hand Chenchen over to you. In a while, bring her to school. Just say are Chenchen’s uncle.”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted and quickly covered his head with his blanket, “I’m not going. I still have things to do during the day. I still need to submit my resumes, and...”

Rao Aimin kicked his leg that was dangling out of the bed without any reason, “Cut the crap and get up quickly! You have to

go, even if you don't want to!"

Zhang Ye was disagreeable towards it, "Definitely not. I'm tired."

Chenchen glanced at Zhang Ye and spoke like a tiny adult, "A lazy ass has lots of sh*t and urine."

"Anyway, I'm handing the child to you. I'm leaving." With that, Rao Aimin left. But before she left, she said, "If you don't finish the task, see how I will settle score with you later! If you do well with Chenchen in the morning, this big sister will cook and settle all your meals for the next few days!"

"That won't do." Zhang Ye was anxious, "Don't go, Landlady Auntie. Landlady auntie?"

As he sat up to shout, she had already disappeared, leaving little Chenchen gloomily staring at him with her big eyes. She gave off that laughter that made people want to faint, "Hur Hur."

What a crappy child!

Can you stop Hur Hur-ing!?

As the two looked at each other in the eyes, Zhang Ye decided to roll over and carry on sleeping. Taking care of a child... How is he to take care of a child?

One minute...

Five minutes...

Zhang Ye fell asleep again. He slept soundly.

But suddenly, an uncute voice from Chenchen rang in his ear, “Zhang Ye! I’m hungry!” She even used her tiny arm to push his shoulder.

Zhang Ye pulled her hand away, “Stop messing with me!”

Chenchen ignored and carried on pushing him, “I’m hungry.”

“Aiyah, I’m really succumbing to you.” Zhang Ye may say so, but how can this fellow bear to let the child go hungry. No matter how sleepy he was, he got up and said unhappily, “What do you want to eat?”

Chenchen said confidently and straightforwardly, “Soy milk and fried dough sticks.”

“What fried dough sticks? My house only has instant noodles.” Zhang Ye said.

Chenchen constantly nagged, “Soy milk and fried dough sticks, soy milk and fried dough sticks, soy milk...”

Zhang Ye got a headache, “Stop saying that already! Fine, fine, fine. Wait for me to change.”

He finally understood that with this tiny thing beside him, there was no hope of him sleeping. Hence, after washing up, he looked for something to change into, and then brought Chenchen downstairs. They went to a breakfast stand across the street.

The female boss approached with a smile, “What do you want?”

“Two soy milk, three fried dough sticks. Thank you.” Zhang Ye was very polite.

“Sure, in a moment.” The female boss gave a loving glance at Chenchen, “Is this your child? She’s so pretty. How gorgeous would she be when she grows up?”

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he had such a wicked child, he wouldn’t need to live his life ever again!

...

Hepingmen.

Beijing No.2 Experimental Primary School.

There was also a subway station here. But as three transfers were needed, making it very inconvenient, Zhang Ye came with

Chenchen using a public bus. It was a direct line on Route 70.

“Give me your hand.” As they were about to cross the road, Zhang Ye held out his hand.

Chenchen curled her lips, “You did not wash your hands after eating the fried dough sticks.”

Zhang Ye was gloomy, “Didn’t you not wash, either? Hurry up! Why are you so troublesome?” He was afraid that the road was dangerous, so he forcefully held onto Chenchen’s hand.

Chenchen gave a reluctant look as if she greatly despised him, but she followed Zhang Ye to the school gates while carrying a tiny school bag.

Today, there was indeed a public class for second grade students. The moment that Zhang Ye entered the school, he saw many parents bringing their children in. Some children even had two parents beside them.

“Chenchen!” someone shouted.

A young boy came running over with his parents.

Chenchen gave him a glance, “Dede?”

The little boy said in friendly fashion, “You came? Is this your

dad?”

Chenchen said nonchalantly, “He’s my uncle. My father is much more handsome.”

Dede’s parents were amused hearing this. Dede’s father took the initiative to stretch out his hand, “Hello.”

Zhang Ye shook his hand, “Hello. Are the both of you here to join the public class? Aye, the school sure is something. The things they organize are getting more and more complex.”

Dede’s mother said, “Indeed. Both of us needed to work today, but ended having to take time off. Hur Hur. There’s no way around it. Children matter the most.”

Dede was also trying to chat with Chenchen.

“Did you prepare today’s composition?”

“No.”

“Did you do the homework our teacher assigned for the weekend?”

“No.”

“Ah, why didn’t you do it? You will be reprimanded by the teacher again. I’ll let you copy mine. I did them.”

“There’s no need.”

It was Dede who kept the conversation going, but Chenchen appeared uncaring.

On Zhang Ye’s side, he had already finished chatting with Dede’s parents. They brought the children into the school building. Zhang Ye also held Chenchen’s tiny hand and as they walked, he said, “Dede was chatting with you. Why were you so cold? You won’t have friends in the future if you keep this up.”

Chenchen said nonchalantly, “Women need to be more reserved.”

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, “Who taught you that?”

Chenchen said, “My aunt said it.”

“Let me tell you something: don’t keep learning from your aunt. Look at you. You are almost a duplicate of your aunt. Speak a bit more cutely and pleasing to others, understand?” Zhang Ye taught with utmost care.

Chenchen directly said, “I can’t.”

Fine, treat it as if this Bro didn't say anything. Zhang Ye brought her to the classroom of the first class, second grade.

“Are you Dede's parents?”

“Right, you are Qianqian's mother, right? Hur Hur, I always hear my son talk about Qianqian. The two children seem to hit it off well. Whenever you are free, you can come visit my house.”

“Alright, let's communicate more.”

In the classroom, there were quite a lot of parents introducing themselves to each other as they got to know each other.

However, there was not much a reaction when Zhang Ye brought Chenchen in. Other than a few boys like Dede who were willing to speak to Chenchen, the rest ignored Chenchen. Some girls even gave her aversive looks. Zhang Ye finally understood. Indeed, little Chenchen was too unpopular in school.

“Hey, the teacher is here.”

“Teacher Zhao Mei, hello.”

“Teacher Zhao, thank you for taking care of our children.”

Zhang Ye whispered to Chenchen, “Who is she?”

Chenchen said indifferently, “Zhao Mei, my class’ teacher-in-charge. She always criticizes me!”

Just as she finished saying that, Teacher Zhao Mei saw Chenchen, and then her eyes stared right at Zhang Ye’s face. She strode forward, “You must be Chenchen’s guardian, right?”

Zhang Ye said, “Ah, yes. I’m her uncle.”

Teacher Zhao Mei’s face turned sullen, “I’ve finally seen you. Uncle Chenchen, follow me.” Saying that, she went to the end of a corridor.

Zhang Ye could only follow, “Teacher, what’s the matter?”

Teacher Zhao Mei immediately said, “What sort of guardians in the world are you people? Chenchen has been in school for a year. This is the second year, but this is the first time I’m seeing her guardian. I heard that back when she first came to school, Chenchen had reported to school with her books and fees herself. Last year, I had been asking to see Chenchen’s guardians for an entire year, but none of you came. Do you even care about the child? I’ve been a teacher for so many years, but this is the first time I’m seeing such seniors like you!”

Zhang Ye was stunned, “No one brings Chenchen to school usually?”

“No.” Teacher Zhao Mei asked angrily, “You even asked me? I

stand at the school gates to greet students almost everyday. Chenchen always takes the bus herself to school!”

Zhang Ye finally understood. It was no wonder the landlady auntie had gone through legal procedures to obtain the child’s custody, because her brother-in-law’s family didn’t take good care of her, so he immediately explained, “Teacher Zhao, it’s like this. Chenchen’s family situation is a bit more complicated. Her parents are no longer alive, and she had been under the care of her elders on her father’s side. They were not very attentive. Now, with the child’s custody in her aunt’s hands, who is also a big sister of mine, I will guarantee you that this will not happen again. If you have any problems, just give her aunt a call, or even call me. I assure you, I will be available immediately.” After understanding Chenchen’s family situation, Zhang Ye felt pity for the child.

She was just seven years old!

She had gone to school herself? She probably even needed to make her own meals. No wonder Chenchen was so much more mature than her peers!

Teacher Zhao Mei exclaimed, “Ah? Is that so? Aiyah, then I haven’t been a good teacher-in-charge. Sorry, I didn’t know before this.” After sighing, she said, “Actually this child is very pitiful. No wonder she never got along well with her classmates.”

Zhang Ye frowned, “Are others bullying her?”

Zhao Mei gave a wry smile, “You think too much. Who dares to

bully Chenchen. If she doesn't bully others, I'll already be praying to the gods. As a guardian, you should know Chenchen's mouth better than me. Many of the young children in class have cried because of her words. Not only children, even her math teacher, a new teacher who just came for a year, nearly got sick from the stress due to Chenchen, and even had to take several days off!"

Zhang Ye said in an ashamed manner, "How can this be?"

"Why not?" Zhao Mei also felt angry and funny at the same time as she said, "A few days ago when school opened, the math teacher had just been assigned to our class. On the first day, the teacher had asked Chenchen to answer a question, but Chenchen could not answer. When the teacher reprimanded her, Chenchen retorted with a question that no mathematician could prove. In the end, Chenchen even said that since the teacher could not answer, then she had no right in demanding that she answer the teacher's question! There was also the language teacher. She could not stand in anymore with Chenchen and even left the classroom with her materials!"

Zhang Ye coughed, "I'll speak to her about it. This child is not very sensible."

"Don't say things so heavily. Treat it slow and progress slowly. I can tell that she is a good child, but she doesn't trust people easily. Hai, maybe it's due to her family situation." Zhao Mei could understand and felt pity, "A family's influence on a child is too great."

Zhang Ye said, "I'll have to trouble you in the future."

“I’ll try my best.” Looking at her watch, she said, “Class is starting soon. There will be Leaders from the Education Ministry coming today. Chenchen’s guardian, please take a seat.”

“Alright.” Returning to the classroom, Zhang Ye saw Chenchen sitting alone by herself. He felt his heart go soft. He went over to straighten her ruffled hair and adjust her school uniform’s collar. Then, he brought a seat to sit beside the child, just like the other parents were doing by their children.

Chapter 83: Zhang Ye Writes An Elementary School Composition!

Morning.

No.2 Experimental Primary School began classes.

A familiar musical tone rang. A forty-something-year-old female teacher holding some lesson plans entered the classroom, “Good morning, students.”

“Attention!” a class representative shouted.

Everyone stood up at the same time, “Good morning, teacher!”

The language teacher smiled, “Students, please be seated.”

The other children were pretty well-behaved and listened to instructions accordingly, except for Chenchen. Her movements were slower by a beat, without any spirit and a look of disinterest. It was like she was not properly fed her meals. Zhang Ye had never seen Chenchen smile sincerely before, not even once. Her smile was always “Hur Hur”, like a cold sneer which always hung from her face.

Zhang Ye prodded her, “Pay attention.”

Little Chenchen just nodded in acknowledgment.

The female teacher hearing some commotion, immediately looked towards Chencheng and said with a sudden displeasure, “Keep quiet; it’s class time now!” before putting on a smile again and saying to the parents, “Good morning, parents. Today is a public exhibition class, so I would like to thank everyone for taking time off to attend. As for today’s lesson plan, I would like it to be more interactive. I will be giving a question for the students to write an essay piece of at least 200 words. Parents may supervise, advise or work on it together with your child. This is to let our parents understand our children’s world and improve our interactions with them. Alright, I will now begin the question.”

She turned around and wrote some words on the blackboard.

Title: Sing the praise of any type of plant.

Requirements: The theme is to be clearly written, with at least 200 words used.

The form teacher of the class, Zhao Mei, was seated at the back of the classroom, observing every student’s performance.

Clapping her hands, the language teacher announced to everyone, “Alright, students, You may start writing. If you are unsure of any words, you can ask your parent for help.”

“Dad, I want to write about roses!”

“Sure. That is good.”

“But I don’t know how to spell ‘rose’.”

“Here, let dad write it out for you.”

“Mummy, mummy, I want to sing a praise for the Cathaya plant. Ah, orchids are not bad, too; the orchids we have at home are very pretty. Didn’t you say that they were extremely famous and expensive?”

Everyone started moving their pens.

Only Chenchen kept still for a long time. She was biting on her pen without writing a single word. In the end, she turned her head and looked at Zhang Ye, “Zhang Ye.”

Zhang Ye asked, “What?”

Chenchen’s heart did not miss a beat as she passed her pen to him, “Write it for me.”

Zhang Ye stared at her, “The teacher gave the assignment to you; we adults at most can teach you to write some unknown words. You are really thick skinned. Hurry up and write it yourself.”

Chenchen lowered her voice, “I don’t know how to.”

Zhang Ye tried encouraging her, “What’s there to not know how? Think about which plant is good and which one you like, then write what is good about it and how it is pretty. That is all. Aren’t you very good at talking? Your vocabulary should be much greater than others of your age. You can definitely do it.” This little kid had someone like Zhang Ye, someone who was good at speaking and who had worked as a radio host, at his wits end. Zhang Ye knew that Chenchen was especially clever.

But Chenchen just could not write. She laid there for half a day without writing anything. It was obvious that Chenchen was getting frustrated.

Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps coming from outside.

The school Leader had arrived, along with several people who looked like they were from the Beijing Education Bureau’s chiefs. There were about 20 of them in a row, men and women, young and old.

The language teacher quickly greeted, “Director Liu. Principal Li.”

No.2 Experimental Primary School’s Principal Li lowered his hands, “Carry on. You don’t have to bother about us.”

The form teacher, Zhao Mei, also stood up to welcome them and showed them the pre-arranged seats at the back of the class, “Please take a seat, everyone. The children are all writing an essay for their language class.”

Director Liu from the Education Bureau said pleasantly, “That’s great. We have to hear some of the children’s essays.”

Zhang Ye swept his vision to the back and understood that they had likely arranged an exhibition class because of the Leaders visitation. Eh, this was so troublesome. Formalism was really a pain in the ass.

Soon after, the language teacher looked at her watch, “Okay, time’s almost up. Whoever has finished writing, please put up your hands. I will read, hur hur. As this is an experimental class, the first placed for today’s essay writing will be broadcast during the school’s broadcast period. This is a rare opportunity.”

When they heard, the children became all eager and excited!

“I’ve finished writing!”

“I’ve finished writing, too!”

“Read mine first! Read mine first!”

Everyone was very enthusiastic; the children all had the urge to show what they could do.

Principal Li was very glad. He told the Leader, “Director Liu, this is our school’s best experimental class of grade 2. The children are

all very motivated.”

“I saw it.” Director Liu praised “Very good.”

Only Rao Chenchen lowered her head and did not make a sound. Her essay book was still blank. When Chenchen looked around and saw her classmates all raising their hands, she slowly pursed up her mouth.

Zhang Ye could not bear the sight of this. He bit his teeth and did not care anymore, if I have to write, so be it. This child cannot afford to lose her confidence in front of her classmates. Moreover, the language teacher had been angered by Chenchen before. If she were to rub it in, Chenchen will further be ostracized. This was something that Zhang Ye did not want to see happen. The landlady auntie had always helped him when he was at his lowest. Big Sister Rao had entrusted the child to his care, so Zhang Ye definitely would not let the child suffer while under his care.

“Chenchen.” Zhang Ye whispered, “I will read, you write.”

Chenchen pursed her mouth and nodded. For once, she did not rebutt Zhang Ye’s words.

But what should they write? Praise which kind of plant? Zhang Ye’s head was blank, too. But all of a sudden, he had an idea. Yes, that’s the one!

Chenchen urged him on, “Zhang Ye.”

“Alright, don’t rush me. I have something.” Zhang Ye said, “The subject — ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’. The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises.”

Chenchen’s writing was extremely fast. With a few strokes of the pen, she was caught up.

Zhang Ye continued on, “When you travel by car through Northwest China’s boundless plateau, all that you see before you is something like a huge yellow-and-green felt blanket. Yellow is the soil — the uncultivated virgin soil. It is the outer covering of the Loess Plateau, accumulated by Mother Nature several hundred thousand years ago. Green are the wheat fields signifying man’s triumph over nature. They become a sea of rolling green waves whenever there is a soft breeze. Here, one is reminded of the Chinese expression ‘麦浪’, meaning ‘rippling wheat’ and cannot help admiring our forefathers’ ingenuity in coining such a happy phrase.”

Chenchen did not know some of the words, as she had not learned them. Zhang Ye guided her with instructions on how to write them.

...

Over there, the language teacher had already picked up Dede’s essay, “Dede raised his hands up first, so I will read his essay first. “Violet”. “I like the violet. Once, dad and mum brought me on a trip to Europe. I first saw them in a courtyard. They were so

beautiful.....” after reciting, the language teacher praised, “Well-written. I could see Dede’s heart in this; the words were also quite good.”

Dede was spoilt by the praise.

Dede’s dad and mom also smiled. They felt proud of their son.

“There. Tongtong raised her hand. Let me take a look at Tongtong’s essay.” The language teacher picked up the little girl’s essay, “Praising the Cedar”. “The Cedar is one of the most treasured trees in the world. Because of overharvesting, many of the ancient cedars no longer exist...” she finished reading. The language teacher’s eyes lit up, “Tongtong’s essay is even better. Compared to Dede’s essay, there is more depth and the concept of environmental conservation. It’s really quite good; please continue to work hard.”

“Thank you, teacher.” Tongtong grinned. She looked over at Chenchen’s table and gave her a look of arrogance, like she was showing off. It can be seen that her relationship with Chenchen wasn’t too good.

1 essay.....

3 essays.....

5 essays.....

Every student's essay had been read out.

At last, the language teacher asked, "Who else has finished, but not let me read it?"

Tongtong suddenly said loudly, "Rao Chenchen's essay has not been read yet." She pointed towards her.

Tongtong's dad who was by her side, looked over at Rao Chenchen and Zhang Ye. His glance was a bit cold and he said cynically, "That's right; I also want to hear Student Chenchen's writing." Last school semester, Chenchen had made his Tongtong cry a few times, so Tongtong's father was obviously not very pleased with them. He had purposely found fault with them, "Chenchen's guardian, are you already done? Then recite it for teacher. Chenchen's educational performance can be said to be 'outstanding', so her composition must be very well-written!"

Everyone in class knew that Chenchen's educational performance was bad; in fact, she was one of the last few in the class!

Many of the children who did not play with Chenchen were now gloating and booing at her.

"Read it, Chenchen!"

"I also want to hear Chenchen's essay!"

The language teacher had not wanted to read Chenchen's essay. It was not like she didn't know about Chenchen's language standard. She was the class' worst student, and was likely to be kicked out of the experimental class next year. Today, it was a public class, so with so many teachers and school Leaders, and even Leaders from the Education Bureau present, she naturally wanted to choose the best works to be recited. By doing so, she could highlight her teaching abilities. Hence, she said, "Chenchen might not have finished writing."

Tongtong's father sneered, "I saw her stop writing a while ago!"

Teacher-in-charge, Zhao Mei, who was in the back of the class, was a bit mad. What sort of parent was this!? Why did you have to treat another person's child like this? Was there a need to mock others? Yes, Chenchen might have a sharp mouth, and had made your child cry, but don't you know that you should not take offense at a child's babble? Furthermore, that was also the child's own matter. Why must you, as an adult, step in and help your child bully another? What sort of words were those!? Ever since she knew of Rao Chenchen's family background and history, Zhao Mei's attitude towards Chenchen completely changed. She also became very tolerant.

Zhang Ye was also mad. He stared at Tongtong's father. Grandson, what sort of words are you saying!? Are you finding fault with me? Fine!

"Chenchen, you?" The language teacher queried, and also signaled to Chenchen with her eyes, indicating that it was fine if she just said that she was not done writing.

But before Chenchen sounded out, Zhang Ye spoke up, “My child is done writing! Since everyone wants to listen to it, then read it!”

The language teacher was stunned. Holy sh*t, are you really reciting it?

Tongtong’s father laughed, “Teacher, we are all waiting.”

The Leaders from the Education Bureau and school could not bear watching this any further. They felt that some parents parents was lacking in bearing, so they did not plan to carry on listening. They got up and were about to inspect other classes.

At this moment, the language teacher had already taken the composition from Chenchen’s hands. The moment she looked at it, she was at first stunned. There was nothing else. There were too many words in this composition, and it had far exceeded 200 words. She wrote so many words? You can write so many words just to compliment a plant? She then read with a skeptical tone, “Title: ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’. The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises!”

When the first sentence came out, everyone was amused.

Singing the praises for the white poplar? And it was no ordinary tree? You must be kidding! There were damn white poplar trees everywhere on the streets, and most of them were in the rural areas. What was the meaning of praising this plant? Look at what the other classmates were writing. They wrote about orchids,

cedar or lavender. Even the worst of the worst was praising roses!

What about you?

Praising the white poplar?

Man, why didn't you praise the oil waste in the sewers!

Quite a number of children mocked, and a few adults, like Tongtong's father, laughed together with the children. They looked disdainful! A rotten child was a rotten child! They could not do anything! What sort of crappy composition was this!? Aren't you even ashamed to use it to compare with my child's composition?

The language teacher also felt there was a problem with the composition. The title itself wasn't well chosen, but there was no other way. With a few parents purposely forcing the situation, she had to carry on reading, but the more she read, the more astonished she became. Her expression became more and more surprised!

This...

This was prose?

Only then did she realize that the composition was not as simple as she thought. The words may have been simple and uncomplicated, but there was something amiss in it!

“With straight trunks and branches, white poplars aim high.”

“White poplars are no ordinary trees. But these common trees in Northwest China are as much ignored as our peasants in the North. However, like our peasants in the North, they are bursting with vitality and capable of surviving any hardship or oppression. I pay tribute to them because they symbolize our peasants in the North and, in particular, the spirit of honesty, tenacity and forging ahead — a spirit central to our struggle for national liberation.”

“The reactionary diehards, who spite and snub the common people, can do whatever they like to eulogize the elite nanmu (which is also tall, straight and good-looking) and look down upon the common, fast-growing white poplar. I, — for my part, will be loud in my praise of the latter!”

The language teacher closed Chenchen’s composition book and said in a daze, “End.”

She had finished reciting the composition!

Everyone at this moment was silent!

Tongtong’s father was dumbfounded!

The other parents were in a daze!

The Education Bureau and school leaders who had just walked out the classroom also stood in their original spots for no reason. Then.. one by one, they quickly returned. They looked in shock at the classroom, as if they had seen a ghost!

Zhang Ye began to be the braggart he was and scoffed at the parents who questioned Chenchen and him. You really despised me as a dog!?

Show off! Show off some more to me!

Competing with me at compositions? All of you are sure funny!

Zhang Ye was not surprised at the astonishment of everyone. Was I joking with you? This was the ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’. If he did not remember wrongly, this was a famous essay in his world’s second grade textbooks. And its author was even more famous: Mao Dun!

Zhang Ye would spit at anyone who could find fault with this essay. ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ did not have flowery language, and also did not have complicated vocabulary, but it was because of this that the value of this essay was highlighted. Only then could it highlight the ideological, educational and literary value of the essay!

An essay that praised items?

‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ was the most inconspicuous one!

But it was also the most famous one!

Chapter 84: You Are That Zhang Ye?

In the first class, second grade's classroom, the atmosphere had suddenly turned silent. The rowdy children and parents were all fixed in their spots!

Astonishment!

Astonishment!

And more astonishment!

Teacher-in-charge Zhao Mei gaped, "This essay..."

"'Tribute to the White Poplar'! What an excellent 'Tribute to the White Poplar'!" The Education Bureau's Director Liu applauded and praised it. This shout also broke the silent scene. He looked slightly over-excited, and it was obvious he was not just a Leader. There was an 80% chance he was a teacher or scholar who was involved in education in the past. "The text is plain, and could even be said to be simple. There is no uncommon word or complex rhetoric in it. It does not look like prose at all, but it is this kind of text that perfectly harmonizes with the topic to an extreme. A common white poplar, simple peasants in the North. It might be writing about plants, and furthermore, a very inconspicuous tree, yet in actuality it is expressing the greatness and power of the common people!"

Another person from the Education Bureau was also extremely shocked, "This... This is practically a model essay out of model

essays! Currently, in all the mainstream textbooks, be it in elementary, middle or high school, there is no other educative model essay as this! How could this be written by a child!? And a eight-year-old child at that?”

Principal Li immediately asked, “Who wrote it?”

The language teacher said in a daze, “It’s... It’s written by our class’ Chenchen!”

Principal Li nearly fainted, “I meant, who was the real author of this essay!”

Which of them was dumb? Furthermore, even a person with intellectual disabilities could tell that this plain on the surface, but riddled with layers of profoundness, essay was clearly not written by an eight-year-old child. Ignoring an eight-year-old student, even among them, who were in education all their lives, there was not any one of them who would be able to write such an outstanding model essay even at the age of eighty! They did not have that literary foundation! They were almost certain that the person who could write a prose like ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ was no ordinary person!

Famous author?

Scholar?

Or which professor?

They were all trying to guess!

The language teacher gave a wry smile, “Principal Li, I, I do not know either.” Immediately looking towards Rao Chenchen, she asked, “Chenchen, who wrote the essay for you?”

Chenchen said without being ashamed, “I wrote it.”

Zhao Mei immediately said, “The Leader and Principal are here. Chenchen, say it truthfully; who prepared this essay in advance for you? It’s alright. We won’t say anything bad.” Of course, they could not criticize Chenchen. Today’s language public class’ topic was meant for parents and children to write an essay together. For example, in Tongtong’s save-the-environment kind of essay, it did not look like Tongtong’s work at all, with its terms or deeper meaning. It was definitely prepared by Tongtong’s father ahead of time. Quite a large number of other parents and guardians were also ghostwriters for their children. After all, it was a parent’s heart. No one would like their child to be embarrassed in such a public setting, so the teachers understood this.

Chenchen said with a calm face, “It was written by me.” She did not lie, but she added on, and looked towards Zhang Ye, “I wrote it while my uncle read it.”

Your uncle?

He was the original author?

Immediately, everyone's eyes landed on Zhang Ye!

As Zhang Ye was too young, everyone gave a suspicious look. Who was this? Not familiar? Never seen him before? He could write such an essay at such an age? That can't be! Principal Li, Director Liu and company had their doubts.

Principal Li asked, "You are?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm Chenchen's uncle."

"I mean... How do I address you?" Principal Li said with a skeptical tone.

Without waiting for Zhang Ye to respond, Rao Chenchen said with a hoarse voice quickly, "My uncle's name is Zhang Ye (张烨), written with a 火 and a 华."

"Zhang Ye?" The language teacher was immediately stunned!

Principal Li was also shocked, "You are that Zhang Ye? The Zhang Ye who wrote 'Shuidiao Getou'? The original author who won first place in the essay competition with 'Little Bunnies Be Good'?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "That's me." Hehe, I didn't know this bro was so famous in the education system.

However, there were only these few people who knew him. The other parents did not know him. They only knew Zhang Ye was probably quite an impressive person, given Principal Li and the language teacher's surprised expressions.

Director Liu laughed, "So it's Teacher Zhang Ye. No wonder, no wonder you can write an essay such as 'Tribute to the White Poplar'!"

If it was any other person, how could a young lad just past the age of twenty be able to write 'Tribute to the White Poplar' on the spot? They would definitely not believe it, as it was impossible. But the author was Zhang Ye, the famous Zhang Ye. There was no need to talk about his other works. Just think of 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel', which shocked the online world was written by Zhang Ye.

Both essays were writing about living things. One was written about an animal, while the other was written about a plant. One was a prose poem, while the other was also prose. The common theme was clear; they were using a living thing as an allegory. "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" was using the petrel to express one's resistance and fearlessness, while "Tribute to the White Poplar" was using the white poplar to express the greatness and simplicity of the ubiquitous people.

They had different themes, but the same feeling!

Hence, there were no doubts about his authenticity after they

knew he was Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye was the only literature author in the country who could write such an essay at his age. Of course, there were other young people who wrote well, and they were also about the same age as Zhang Ye, but the problem was they were just not bad. No peer of Zhang Ye could reach his standard! The difference in quality in the works was too great!

The language teacher exclaimed, “You are really Zhang Ye?”

Zhang Ye blinked, “That’s me. Why?”

“Nothing, nothing, I... Nevermind. I’ll talk to you after the class has ended.” The language teacher seemed to have something on her mind.

Director Liu then said, “Right; there’s still class. Come, let’s go behind and continue listening. Let’s not disrupt the children from their lesson.”

The people from the Education Bureau and teachers all sat in the back row. With the appearance of “Tribute to the White Poplar” , they no longer had any intentions of visiting other classes.

Principal Li said after taking his seat, “Teacher, carry on. Don’t bother about us.”

“Alright.” The language teacher calmed her mood and said to everyone, “Students, just now you heard ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ once. From the looks of everyone, you might not

understand why this essay is good, and it can't be blamed. This prose is not something easily understood at your age, because its essence and excellence is not on its surface, but within. I really wish each one of you will be like the white poplar, and using Chenchén's uncle's words... With straight trunks and branches, aim high, stand erect and be unbending in face of a violent wind."

The children all looked towards Chenchén.

"Actually, I need to be self-critical of myself." The language teacher said honestly, "Just now when I read the first sentence of 'Tribute to the White Poplar', I had some contempt in my heart. Like everyone else, I also find the white poplar mundane. Praising the white poplar? What was there to praise? But after I finished reading it, I knew I was wrong. A rose may be beautiful, but it easily withers. The orchid may be beautiful, but it is easily bent. The white poplar might look ugly, but I think they are much more beautiful than them. It is beautiful in the sense of striving for excellence. It is an unyielding beauty. This is a ubiquitous beauty!"

The language teacher's evaluation of it was of a certain standard.

After hearing this, everyone applauded!

Director Liu and Principal Li also nodded and gave their applause!

"Just now when I recited 'Tribute to the White Poplar', I had some uncertainty and hesitation. So my tone was not right at times. Actually, I also do not have the ability to recite it properly. I

wish to invite Teacher Zhang Ye to recite it once. I'm not sure if Teacher Zhang is willing to?" The language teacher suddenly said, "You might not know this, but Teacher Zhang Ye is a professional in this line of work. His profession is a broadcasting host, but he is also an author. His recitation will definitely be better than mine by a hundred times. Hur Hur, students, let us give a round of a applause for Teacher Zhang Ye to recite."

There was applause once again.

Director Liu also greatly wanted to hear how Zhang Ye recited it. Principal Li might not have heard Zhang Ye's live performance, but Director Liu had happened to listen to an audio upload of Zhang Ye's recital of "Dead Water" onstage at the Silver Microphone Awards ceremony. That mocking tone, that sarcasm and that anger, with no scruples about cursing, could be felt throughout the recitation. Back then, Director Liu had even stood up and slammed his table when he heard it. It was too exciting!

Zhang Ye was not willing to incur ridicule on himself. However, Chenchen kept stabbing him with her little elbow, "Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye could only stand up, "Alright, then. Since the teacher has said so, I'll incur ridicule on myself today. If I don't recite it well, please don't fault me." Following that, he did not take Chenchen's composition book. He did not need to see it. He walked to the podium and closed his eyes to steady his breath. It was his habit, and also a breathing technique taught in his broadcasting college. This was because recitation was not a simple matter. It needed to be recited with emotion. Amateurs might think that it

was simple, as it was just reading an essay, but only professionals knew the trade well. Zhang Ye was a professional at this, so he was not sloppy at all.

He calmly said, “Tribute to the White Poplar.”

Immediately following that, Zhang Ye gave a smile. It was a smile exuding confidence that ignored everyone, “The white poplar is no ordinary tree. Let me sing its praises!”

Smile.

Frown.

Coldness.

Eccentricity.

Zhang Ye’s visual interpretation of this essay was extremely good!

The children were fascinated listening to him. Not even them, even the parents and the language teacher were watching with respect and shock!

A professional was indeed a professional!

It was indeed completely different from how the teacher had read it!

Especially when Zhang Ye read the last line, his fanatical smile made people feel a rush, “The reactionary diehards, who spite and snub the common people, can do whatever they like to eulogize the elite nanmu and look down upon the common, fast-growing white poplar. I, — for my part, will be loud in my praise of the latter!”

Bba Bba Bba!

The applause this time reverberated through the entire corridor!

Chapter 85: Could I Have An Autograph?

Second floor.

Along the corridor.

The sixth class' public lesson had ended early, so the parents had already come out. They were chatting outside, and those with smoking addictions even hid in the bathroom to smoke.

“Eh? Why is there such a commotion in the first class?”

“What's the matter? Is the teacher teaching?”

“It's not teaching; I heard the experimental class is writing compositions today.”

“Oh, a student's essay? Let's go and take a look.”

“Alright, but we should be quiet. There's the school's Leaders and teachers in there.”

Soon, a number of curious parents had come outside of the first class. They had happened to hear Zhang Ye's recitation of that “Tribute to the White Poplar”!

A parent touched the goose bumps on his arm. He was alarmed.

The other parents were also stunned. A person looked at the other parent from before, “Friend, are you sure this is a composition written by an elementary school student?”

The person wiped his sweat, “That’s right; their class is having a composition writing public lesson.”

The parents were all feeling amazed. Were elementary school students so impressive these days?

...

A few minutes later, The public lesson ended.

“End of class.”

“Rise.”

“Goodbye, students.”

“Goodbye, teacher.”

The language teacher smiled, “Thank you to all the parents who came. Today’s lesson will end here, so you can bring your children home. Today’s homework is for everyone to write a reflective piece after you read ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’. Tomorrow, I will check them in class.”

The moment that the lesson ended, Chenchen's seat was surrounded by all the other children!

"Chenchen! Your uncle is so awesome!" Dede was the first to run over.

Chenchen was unlike her peers who would be smug in such a situation. She still had that grumpy little face of hers as she nonchalantly said, "Passable."

"Is your uncle a superstar?" Another boy asked, "Why do the principal and the teachers know him?"

Chenchen quietly kept her pencil case and books, saying, "I guess so. I didn't know he was that famous."

"Chenchen, let's go home together."

"I want to go, too. Let my father drive us home."

"Chenchen, Chenchen, do you want to come to my house and play? My house is nearby."

A group of boys and girls surrounded her, asking all sorts of questions. They were very friendly.

Zhang Ye also felt relieved when he saw the current situation. He

was greatly wishing to see this little rascal have good relationships with her classmates. Actually, little Chenchen was pretty and cute, like a porcelain doll, and probably no child in the school was prettier than her. From an aesthetic point of view, most people would be willing to play with her; however, as little Chenchen was too cold, and was mature beyond her years, this resulted in her not mixing well with others. After today's matter, there was reason to believe that Chenchen's interpersonal relationships would improve. This was also the only thing that Zhang Ye could do.

Tongtong and her father were already silent at this moment. The father brought his daughter out of the class. He did not want to stay a second longer, for he felt disgraced.

"Teacher Zhang Ye!" The language teacher suddenly walked over.

Zhang Ye, who was about to bring the child home, stopped in his tracks. He recalled that she had said something in class, something about talking after class. He then asked, "Teacher, previously, you were saying?"

The language teacher was a bit embarrassed. She did not look much older than Zhang Ye, and she had also not graduated for more than two years. After she hesitated for a moment, she took out a book, "Actually, actually, it's nothing important, just that... I especially like your poems. I have seen your 'Flying Bird and Fish', 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel' and 'A Generation' more than ten times. I can even recite them without a mistake now. Especially that 'Dead Water' you recited a few days ago.. I like that the most. I am one of your hardcore fans!"

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye felt embarrassed, “Ah? Thank you, thank you.”

The language teacher held the book and looked at him, “Could I have an autograph? My husband also likes you. He likes your ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. He stays up late every night to tune in to it. He has not missed a single episode!”

Zhang Ye immediately took the book over, “There’s definitely no problem at all. How many do you want?”

“One... No, two would be best.” The language teacher was very happy as she passed him a pen.

Zhang Ye’s words were not very nicely written, but that was his normal handwriting. When it came to autographs, it might seem funny, but this rascal had purposely practiced before. He had wished to be famous since he was young, fantasizing about being asked for an autograph one day. He finally had his wish fulfilled today. Come to think of it, this was the first time a fan had asked for his autograph. It was a day worth remembering.

“Here’s the autograph.” Zhang Ye returned the book to her.

“Thank you! Thank you!” The language teacher was especially excited.

Chenchen gave a cold glance over.

Zhang Ye then touched little Chenchen's head and said to the language teacher, "This child Chenchen is not very sensible and not very obedient, so I'll be troubling you in the future."

"You're welcome, too welcome." The language teacher immediately said, "Don't worry. I'll definitely teach the child well." Saying that, she whispered, noticing that there were no adults around, "Actually, with Chenchen's results, she might be transferred out of the experimental class this or next semester, but... I will definitely help Chenchen fight for it, so that she won't be transferred."

Zhang Ye said, "Then I'll have to thank you."

At this moment, the teacher-in-charge, Zhao Mei, briskly walked over, "Teacher Zhang, give me your autograph, too. I am a loyal protector of your children's fairytales. Hur Hur, back then for 'Little Bunnies Be Good', I had even activated the school's teachers to vote for you. However, I like 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves' the most."

"Then I have to give you an autograph. Thank you for the support." Zhang Ye gave an autograph to Zhao Mei.

After finishing this, Zhang Ye bade farewell to a few teachers and reached out his hands, saying to Chenchen, "Let's go. Time to eat lunch at home."

Chenchen again revealed those eyes of contempt, but she still

obediently placed her tiny hand into Zhang Ye's big hand, allowing him to hold her hand.

Zhang Ye led the child out of the classroom.

The other parents and children that had not left watched as they left, while they discussed about them.

...

Afternoon.

Jiaomen East.

With the two reaching downstairs, they took an elevator up the building.

Zhang Ye bragged, "How was it, little rascal? Now you know the awesomeness of Uncle Zhang, right? Don't be too impolite to your Uncle Zhang in the future. You must learn to be respectful of your elders."

Chenchen smirked, "Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye "..."

With the elevator reaching the floor, Zhang Ye led her to the

landlady's house and pressed the doorbell.

In a short while, Rao Aimin, who was wearing an apron and had her hair tied up, opened the door, "You're back? Wash your hands and prepare to eat."

Rao Chenchen returned to her own room. Zhang Ye entered the kitchen with Rao Aimin, hoping to help. But noticing the table was full of dishes, he was shocked. "Landlady Auntie, what's the occasion today? Why are there so many dishes? Is someone else coming? How many people are eating?"

Rao Aimin stir-fried some vegetables as she said, "It's just the three of us."

"Then that's too much. How can the three of us have such big appetites?" Zhang Ye found it extravagant.

Rao Aimin did not even look at him, "Why are you saying so much crap? Just wait and eat." Pausing, she said, "Chenchen's teacher called me just now and told me what happened in school. Not bad; I didn't know that you were quite that famous. Even the teacher knows you?"

Zhang Ye flaunted, "That's right. It's only you who keeps trampling on me. I'm not bragging. My popularity... Let's not talk about it!"

Rao Aimin shrugged her shoulders, "Hur Hur."

Following that, Rao Chenchen, who just came in, also smirked, “Hur Hur.”

The two ladies had given the mocking laughter at almost the same time. Even their expressions looked identical, like they were carbon copies, making Zhang Ye extremely depressed.

You’re the Hur Hur! Your whole damned family is Hur Hur! [*]

...

In his own house.

After returning home, he held his stomach and burped. It was too delicious. The landlady might be unsparing with her words, and could be as negative as she could, but her cooking was par excellence. Anyways, Zhang Ye had completely succumbed to the landlady’s culinary skills. Although he had previously eaten Rao Aimin’s cooking, it was clear that she had not put her heart into it. It was like the food had been prepared by a completely different person. It could be seen that the landlady was using such a method to thank him for his help today, which was why she put in so much more effort into the meal.

Delicious!

His stomach was exploding!

Zhang Ye climbed before his computer. As he digested, he surfed the internet. Ever since he entered the E-list celebrity ranks, there were many people who @ him. He did not find it tiring, and looked at every one of them. After spending an hour, he finally saw the newest one and was immediately focused on it.

The person who posted it was called “The Skies for the Children”.

“Today I saw my idol Teacher @Zhang Ye. Due to certain reasons, I won’t say how I met him. But thankfully, I received two of Teacher Zhang Ye’s autographs. And I’m very honored to have listened to Zhang Ye recite his new work live, which was a prose. Weibo doesn’t allow too many words, so I’ll include the essay in an attached picture. The words are written by a child, so everyone can ignore that.”

The entire text of “Tribute to the White Poplar” was posted.

This was a picture of Chenchen’s notebook, taken using a cellphone.

Zhang Ye knew at once that the person who posted it was the language teacher. He immediately helped by forwarding it.

“Teacher Zhang’s new work?”

“Zhang Ye also knows how to write prose?”

“How can’t he? Wasn’t ‘The Song of the Stormy Petrel’ a prose poem? It’s about the same.”

“I’ve seen it. It’s really impressive. It indeed looks like it was written by Teacher Zhang Ye.”

“Ah, Teacher Zhang also forwarded it and gave it a like. It’s definitely Teacher Zhang Ye’s work!”

“Everyone, quickly push it to the top. The next big work after ‘Dead Water’! Don’t let it sink!”

“After seeing ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’, my mind suddenly had these words, ‘Tribute to Zhang Ye’. What sort of talent is needed to create so many works worthy of being classics!?”

“You really saw him? What does Teacher Zhang look like? Is he handsome?”

The language teacher replied, “You can’t describe him with handsome, but I think his eyes are quite charming. Haha, my husband is coming home soon, so I’ll delete this reply in a short while.”

That afternoon, ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ did not receive as many forwards or clicks as Zhang Ye’s previous works, perhaps because it was more educative in nature. But many teachers and scholars who worked in education treated it as a treasure as they

forwarded it and discussed about it. It did not draw in a large audience, but it was surprisingly well-acclaimed! This was Zhang Ye's only work that did not have much controversy. Those who had seen it did not have any doubts!

[*] This is a popular Chinese slang in the form of “You’re the one XXX! Your whole damned family XXX!”. It came from “My Own Swordsman”’s character, Mo Xiaobei. The original text goes along the lines of someone saying to Mo Xiaobei, “Mo Xiaobei, you are a child who matured early!”, before Mo Xiaobei replies “You’re the one who is maturing early! Your whole damned family is maturing early!”